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THE NEW YORKER

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82 years later, his son George kept that promise.

"Last year, my wife Ruth (Japanese name: Asako) and I got the chance to go. And took it.

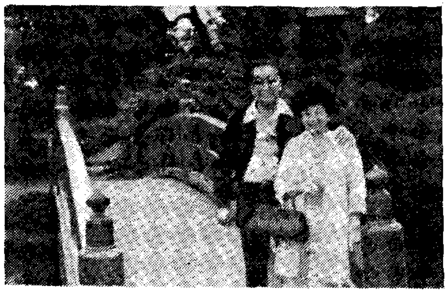
"There's a funny feeling you get: a slight chill it is as you come over Tokyo Bay and approach your father's homeland.

"I thought of him and the courage it must have taken to pull up roots, cross an ocean, and begin life in a place where he knew neither the language nor the customs.

"Strangely for me who has become so Americanized (Dodger and Rams fan, two sons in the service), I wasn't uncomfortable.

"Our Japanese gave us away as nisei and the people seemed as interested in us and our life in America as we were in them and their life in Japan. (They seemed especially proud of the latest restaurant in Tokyo, McDonald's®.)

"When we left after two weeks, we promised ourselves, as my father did, that we'd come back."



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

THE ACT—Liza Minnelli in a vehicle that, though designed to accommodate her youthful talents, creaks like a one-hoss shay. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

AFRICAN INTERLUDE—Martie Evans-Charles' very promising play, still in the works, about a young, attractive American black woman headed for spinsterhood who is rescued by a brief affair with a visiting African. With Michele Shay and Lou Ferguson as the principals, and Roger Hill, Elaine Jackson, Elaine Graham, and Jimmy Smith in supporting roles. Shauneille Perry directed. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, March 12. Free.)

BRONTOSAURUS and **CABIN 12**—A pair of one-acters, the first by Lanford Wilson, the second by John Bishop. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CHAPTER TWO—A writer lacerated by memories of a beloved dead wife and by the presence of a beloved new wife, intensely alive. The author, Neil Simon, makes a lot of jokes in the course of telling this sad story. The four-person cast is admirable. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

COLD STORAGE—Two men are dying of cancer in a New York hospital. In spite of the subject matter, the play is often humorous as well as enthralling, thanks in part to the fact that it was written by Ronald Ribman and in part to the performances given by Martin Balsam and Len Cariou. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CURSE OF THE STARVING CLASS—There is more originality and humor (to say nothing of talent) in Sam Shepard's profound tragedy about a California family well endowed with land but literally penniless than one finds in most comedies. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is in every way distinguished. With James Gammon, Olympia Dukakis, Pamela Reed, Ebbe Roe Smith, and Kenneth Welsh, among the able actors. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

DA—A comedy by Hugh Leonard. Previews Wednesday and Thursday March 8-9. Opens officially on Friday, March 10, and will run through Sunday, April 2. (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9810. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

DEATHTRAP—A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With John Wood, Marian Seldes, Victor Garber, Marian Winters, and Richard Woods. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

DRACULA—Frank Langella and a splendid company in a charming adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. With marvellous sets and costumes by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE EFFECT OF GAMMA RAYS ON MAN-IN-THE-MOON MARIGOLDS—A revival of a play by Paul Zindel, with Shelley Winters and Carol Kane. Directed by A. J. Antoon. Previews Thursday through Sunday, March 9-12. Opens officially on Tuesday, March 14. (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of Cole Porter's musical GAY DIVORCE will be the sixth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, March 8. Opens officially on Thursday, March 9, and will run through Sunday, March 26. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE GIN GAME—Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in a new comedy about the horrors of old age. Harsh, but at the same time extremely funny. The playwright is D. L. Coburn. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

HELLO, DOLLY!—Carol Channing once more on Broadway, in the show she starred in back in 1964. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A LIFE IN THE THEATRE—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

THE MANDRAKE—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

MUSEUM—Tina Howe's delightful, episodic comedy takes place at an exhibit of modernist

TABLE OF CONTENTS

THE TALK OF THE TOWN 27
"THE ARTIST" . . . . *Eileen Wallington* 32
"PARASITES" . . . . *Ruth Prawer Jhabvala* 34
"INEVITABLE FRONTIER" (POEM) . . . . *Robert Penn Warren* 36
"DISCUSSION OF THE VICISSITUDES OF HISTORY UNDER A PINE TREE" (POEM) . . . . *Katha Pollitt* 40
PROFILES (JEANNE MOREAU) . . . . *Penelope Gilliatt* 44
THE THEATRE . . . . *Brendan Gill* 56
OFF BROADWAY . . . . *Edith Oliver* 57
ANNALS OF MEDICINE (ALLERGIES) . . . . *Berton Roueché* 61
"BIJOU" (POEM) . . . . *Beth Joselow* 84
REFLECTIONS (FASHION) . . . . *Kennedy Fraser* 87
THE CURRENT CINEMA . . . . *Pauline Kael* 106
THE RACE TRACK . . . . *Audax Minor* 111
MUSICAL EVENTS . . . . *Andrew Porter* 113
POPULAR RECORDS . . . . *Douglas Watt* 126
BOOKS . . . . *Robert Coles* 134
BRIEFLY NOTED 142

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

American art, and the action is entirely a matter of the responses of the viewers to the invisible paintings and visible artifacts. The performance of the young, refreshing company, under Max Stafford-Clark's direction, is all that any playwright could wish for. Admirable set, costumes, and lighting by Robert Yodice, Patricia McGourty, and Jennifer Tipton, respectively. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Offering—An old man, who years ago moved out of Harlem to the West Side; a younger man, once an apprentice of his and now a professional killer; the wife of the first; and the white girl friend of the second—these are the characters in Gus Edwards' taut, often threatening (and sometimes funny) drama of sexual urgency and rivalry. The play is fascinating, and the acting, by Douglas Turner Ward, Charles Weldon, Olivia Williams, and Katherine Knowles, is entirely worthy of it. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30.)

On the Twentieth Century—A musical comedy (book and lyrics by Comden and Green, music by Cy Coleman) based on the old Hecht-MacArthur play "Twentieth Century" and showing its age. John Cullum and Madeline Kahn are its stars. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Othello—Earle Hyman gives a performance of great distinction as the Moor, but there is almost no one to catch his fire in this pedestrian production. With Carmen de Lavallade as Emilia, and Nicholas Kepros as Iago. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday at 2:30; Thursday at 11 A.M.; Friday at 8; and Saturday at 2 and 8. Closes Saturday, March 11; will reopen March 27.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—James Earl Jones struggles superbly but in vain to bring Robeson to life, for the text, by Phillip Hayes Dean, has already embalmed him. Reopens Thursday, March 9. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)

The Play's the Thing—George Rose's funny performance as an aging, embarrassed actor forced to pronounce the unpronounceable; Kurt Kasznar as a cynical librettist; a lavish suite in a castle on the Riviera (setting by Santo Loquasto); and lavish, witty clothes (costumes by Nancy Potts) are among the delights on hand. A few clinkers are struck as well, but not enough to impair this glorious, frothy comedy by Ferenc Molnár (as adapted by P. G. Wodehouse), which in a sense is about harmless deception but actually is about theatre itself. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays and Saturday, March 11, at 2:30. Closes with a matinée on Sunday, March 19.)

A Prayer for My Daughter—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Alan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Allan Rosenberg, Stephen Keep, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Promise—A play by Aleksei Arbuzov. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

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S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

Runaways—A show (with music) about today's teen-agers, with a teen-age cast. Elizabeth Swados is the moving force behind it. Preview Wednesday, March 8. Opens officially on Thursday, March 9. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Statements After an Arrest Under the Immorality Act and **Scenes from Soweto**—A pair of one-acters. "Statements," the most recent of Athol Fugard's strong, affecting plays dealing with the inhuman racial predicament in present-day South Africa, is about the clandestine (and illegal) love affair of a "colored" school principal and a white librarian, and it is very well acted by Robert Christian and Veronica Castang. "Scenes," by Steve Wilmer, which suffers somewhat by comparison, tells of a black South African who returns to Johannesburg from Oxford, is caught up in the racial riots and eventually murdered by the police. Again, Mr. Christian is splendid as the hero, and John Vennema does as well as possible playing the white men in his life. all of them setups. Direction by Thomas Bullard. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

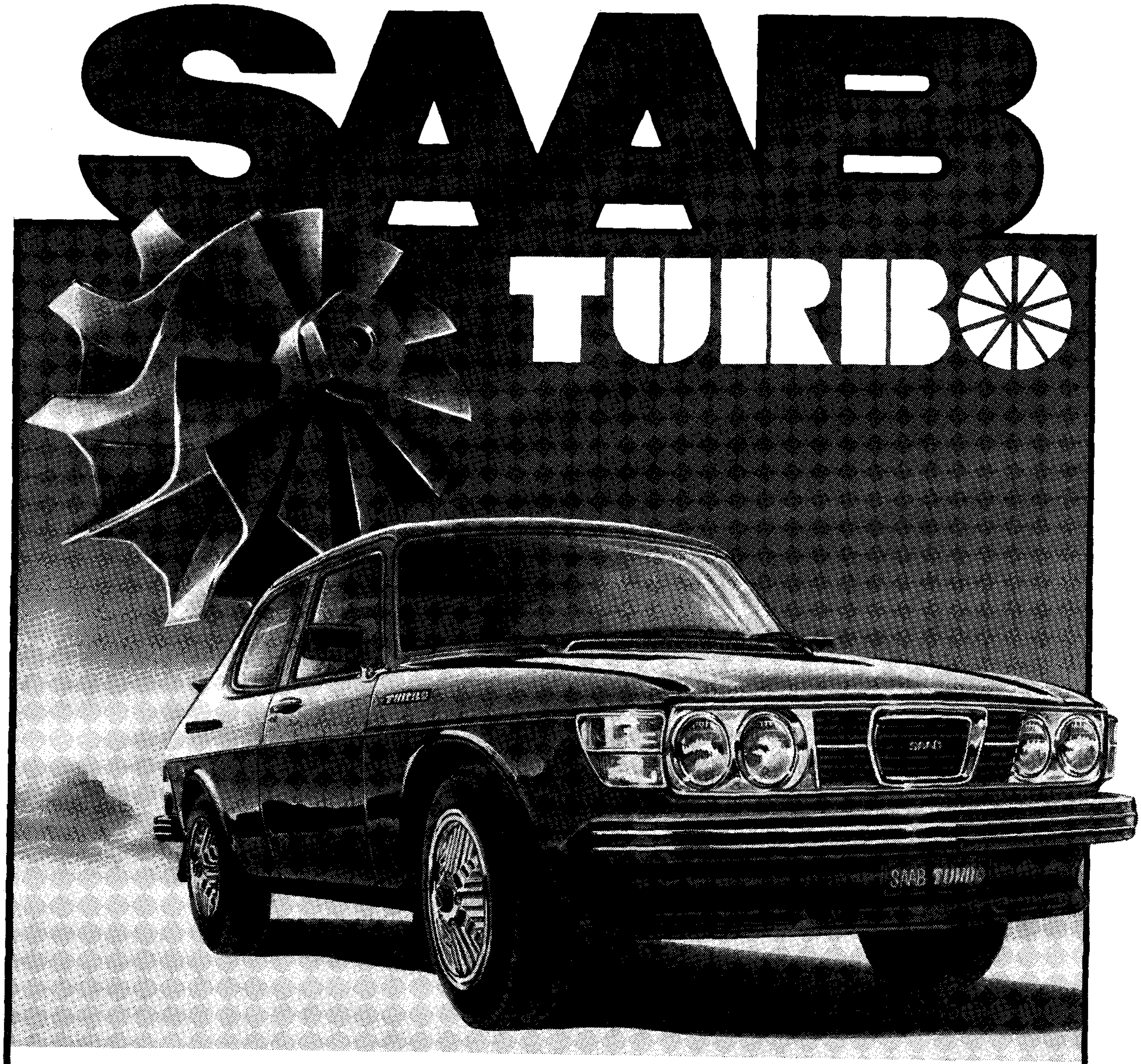
13 Rue de l'Amour—Louis Jourdan, Patricia Elliott, Bernard Fox, and Kathleen Freeman in Georges Feydeau's 1892 farce, adapted and translated by Mawby Green and Ed Feilbert. Directed by Basil Langton. Previews through Wednesday, March 15. Opens officially on Thursday, March 16, and will run through Sunday, May 21. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Timbuktu!—Eartha Kitt, Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins in a silly reworking of the musical "Kismet." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Touch of the Poet—Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, Milo O'Shea, and Kathryn Walker in an implausible O'Neill melodrama about a drunken Irish major and his family. The time purports to be the eighteen-twenties, and the place purports to be near Boston, but it is all yallery-greenery O'Neillery. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Water Engine—David Mamet's play has moved from Off Broadway to Broadway. It's about a young scientist who invents an engine that runs on water. Set in a Chicago radio studio in the thirties, it is itself disguised as a broadcast, but in spite of many good touches, the play doesn't work, partly because the disguise is not quite secure. It is well acted, though. Performed along with it is "Mr. Happiness," a new play by Mr. Mamet. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Friday, March 10, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5:30.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical, conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,424 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating result. Choreography by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A rather simple-minded little study of attempted wife-swapping in Trenton, New Jersey. Some lively songs by Cy Coleman, and some lively performances, especially by Lenny Baker. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE KING AND I:** The Rodgers and Hammerstein success of twenty-six years ago. Yul Brynner is better than ever as the King—and what songs! (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A comedy as neatly put together as a Cartier watch and with scarcely more heart. Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham are the cast. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **SIDE BY SIDE BY SONDHEIM:** An



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excellent display of Sondheim songs, with Nancy Dussault, Carol Swarbrick, Burr Tillstrom (with Kukla and Ollie), and Jack Blackton. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays and Tuesdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** A black musical version of that well-remembered movie "The Wizard of Oz." The stars of the occasion are Tom H. John, who did the sets, and Geoffrey Holder, who did the costumes and also directed the show. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

BEATLEMANIA—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

MASK & WIG SHOW—A musical revue, "Pow! Zowie! Zap!," is this year's University of Pennsylvania undergraduate production. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, 106 Central Park S. Thursday, March 16, at 8. For tickets, call 244-4660.)

DANCE

DANCE UMBRELLA—Final performances of a five-week season. **ELIZABETH KEEN DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday evening, March 8; Friday evening, March 10; Saturday matinée, March 11; and Sunday evening, March 12.... **LAURA DEAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS:** Thursday evening, March 9; Saturday evening, March 11; and Sunday matinée, March 12.... **DAN WAGONER AND DANCERS:** Tuesday evening, March 14; Thursday and Friday evenings, March 16-17; and Sunday matinée and evening, March 19.... **SOLOMONS COMPANY/DANCE:** Wednesday evening, March 15, and Saturday evening, March 18. (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

MURRAY LOUIS DANCE COMPANY—Thursday, March 9, at 7:30; Friday, March 10, at 8; Saturday, March 18, at 6; and Sunday, March 19, at 2:30: "Schubert" (New York première), "Déjà Vu," and "Glances."... ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 8; Sunday, March 12, at 2:30; and Thursday and Friday, March 16-17, at 8: "Hoopla," "Geometrics," and "Porcelain Dialogues." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

JUILLIARD DANCE ENSEMBLE—Benefit programs of works by Wendy Hilton, Kazuko Hirabayashi, José Limón, Anna Sokolow, and Helen McGehee, performed by students of the Juilliard dance department, with the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble conducted by Ronald Braunstein. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Saturday, March 11, at 3 and 8; Sunday, March 12, at 3; and Monday, March 13, at 8. For tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

MERCE CUNNINGHAM AND DANCE COMPANY—Varied programs of dances set by Mr. Cunningham to the music of John Cage, David Behrman, David Tudor, Takehisa Kosugi, Jon Gibson, and Meredith Monk. (The composers will be on hand to perform their own works.) A two-week engagement opening with a benefit on Tuesday, March 14, and running through Sunday, March 26. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

RIVERSIDE DANCE FESTIVAL—Performances by two companies. **BALLET REPERTORY COMPANY:** Thursday and Friday, March 9-10, at 8; Saturday, March 11, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, March 12, at 2.... **PEPSI BETHEL AUTHENTIC JAZZ DANCE THEATRE:** Wednesday, March 15, and Friday, March 17, at 8, and Saturday, March 18, at 2. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929.)

KENNETH KING AND DANCERS—A program of contemporary dance. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Thursday, March 16, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, at 8; and Sunday, March 19, at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

•

"WORDS AND MUSIC BY IRVING BERLIN" (Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. 758-2272. Through Saturday, March 11, from nine-fifteen.)—A nervous, frittering attempt to demonstrate the glorious variety of Irving Berlin, who will soon be ninety and who has probably composed—starting in 1907—some three thousand songs. He has written everything—novelty tunes ("*Oh, How I Hate to Get Up* in the Morning," "At the Devil's Ball"), ballads ("How Deep Is the Ocean?"), rhythm songs ("Puttin' on the Ritz," "I Got the Sun in the Morning"), patriotic songs ("God Bless America"), waltzes ("What Is Love?"), folklike songs ("I'm a Bold Bad Man"), and near lieder ("Supper Time," "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow"), and all have his tight, gifted professional stamp. Berlin's songs don't leak. The show has been put together by the cornettist and critic **DICK SUDHALTER**, and with him are **EDDIE BAREFIELD** and **JOHNNY MINCE** (reeds), **MICHAEL RENZI** (piano), **FRANK TATE** (bass), and **DON REID** (drums). **BERNIE KNEE** does the singing. Sudhalter identifies and dates most of the songs (one set last week included "It's a Lovely Day Tomorrow," "Heat Wave," "Puttin' on the Ritz," "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody," "How Deep Is the Ocean?," and "When I Lost You"), but their treatment is superficial. The musicians don't get a chance to stretch out, and neither do Berlin's songs, which smile and are gone.

•

ALI'S ALLEY, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A musician-owned night-club loft on a stretch of Greene Street that hasn't changed much since the neighborhood—the desolate and gray Factory District—turned into SoHo. Bassist Stafford James is in charge of a quartet through Saturday, March 11; saxophonist David Murray will arrive with a quartet on Tuesday, March 14. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

BALLROOM, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—A cabaret that, with its white walls, white slatted-back chairs, white Formica tables, and pale-blue ceiling, is as light and airy as a breakfast room. The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini-revue put together by composer Charles Strouse, who scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Gary Beach, Maureen Moore, and Gail Nelson sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows Tuesdays through Sundays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

BAR NONE, 167 E. 33rd St. (684-3223)—Sort of thirties chophouse. The pianist **DARDANELLE** is on hand (after seven) only through Saturday, March 11—so hurry. Her playing is genteel Tatum, but her singing is pure, effortless, and delightful.

BEEFSTEAK CHARLIE'S, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Situated amid the high-rise dorms of New York University, the pleasantly relaxed cocktail lounge of this restaurant lures in good players. Three very good players—pianist **KENNY BARRON**, bassist **BUSTER WILLIAMS**, and drummer **BEN RILEY**—are here through Saturday, March 11. Pianist **STEVE KUHN** will be on hand with a quintet Wednesday through Saturday, March 15-18. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, and from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—NRBQ, a rhythm-and-blues band from New England, trades sets with the rock outfit Redbone Wednesday and Thursday, March 8-9; Friday through Sunday, March 10-12, will be dominated by **LOU REED**, the father of punk rock; and on Monday and Tuesday, March 13-14, folksinger and actor Keith Carradine will perform. Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—An attractive little bar where business *always* seems to be booming. Pianist **RONNIE MATTHEWS** and bassist **SAM JONES** perform together through Saturday, March 11. Pianist **JIMMY ROWLES** will work with bassist **EDDIE GOMEZ** for a week beginning Sunday, March 12. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle, **GEORGE SHEARING**, the piano stylist and, lately, a breathy vocalist, too, is substituting for Bobby Short while B. S. takes his midwinter leave of absence. "Lullaby of Birdland" and other tunes Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper. ... **TEDDY WILSON**, as elegant, understated, and swinging as ever, is back in the Bemelmans Bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to one.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Punk-rock bands on the bandstand; punk-rock-band entourages in the audience—an interesting jumble of torn T-shirts, dirty sneakers, rear-guard platform shoes, jeans, feathered boas, slicked-down hair, leather, and a wholesome flannel shirt or two. Monday is showcase night. The music usually begins after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works weeknights. **SAMMY PRICE**, the boogie-woogie pianist and dry-witted raconteur, performs on Sundays. Music from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—**BUCK CLAYTON**, one of the stars of the Count Basie band in the thirties and forties, is starring here with a trio Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The audiences are largely characterized by coats and ties and cigars, and they come here (and to Jimmy Ryan's, just thirty paces west) to hear traditional small-band jazz. The house band, which begins weeknights after nine-thirty, is a low-keyed and controlled sextet headed by bassist-proprietor Red Balaban. On Tuesday, March 14, trumpeter **JIMMY MAXWELL** will sit in with the regulars. On Sunday, March 12, tenor saxophonist **SCOTT HAMILTON'S** quintet will play from eight-thirty. Dinner.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **HOD O'BRIEN**, guitarist **JOE PUMA**, and the sparkling bassist **FRANK LUTHER** play standards and O'Brien compositions, and they also support conscientious vocal work by Alicia Sherman. They're here Wednesdays

You can tell a lot about an individual by what he pours into his glass.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays from ten to three, and on Sundays from seven to three. Mondays from ten belong to pianist **AL HAIG**, guitarist **EDDIE DIEHL**, and bassist **JAMIL NASSER**; Tuesdays from ten are claimed by guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**, bassist Nasser, and pianist Bill Triglia. Weeknights, Gene Roland, Jim Watkins, and Morris Edwards hold sessions from seven to ten.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**MICHAL URBANIAK**, the jazz-rock electric violinist, has moved into these somewhat subdued quarters with a trio. They play Mondays through Thursdays, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty, and on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is buoyed by the resident blowers—pianist Johnny Morris, drummer Eddie Locke, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, bassist Ted Sturgis, and trombonist Bobby Pratt. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky leads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—**BROOKS KERR**, the young stride pianist and Ellington admirer, performs for all of *his* admirers, along with trumpeter **FRANC WILLIAMS** and bassist **AARON BELL**, both genuine Ellington exes. **SHELTON GARY** is their drummer. The quartet performs Thursdays through Saturdays; Kerr and Bell team up with drummer **SONNY GREER** on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—"Words and Music by Irving Berlin" (see above) will be presented through Saturday, March 11, from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—An often crowded upper West Side contemporary-music hangout that mostly features rhythm and blues but Thursday through Saturday, March 9-11, will feature drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his **JAZZ MESSENGERS**. Music from ten to three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea. Bob Neuwirth, a folkie from way back, performs through Saturday, March 11; Monday through Wednesday, March 13-15, Joe Ely, a country singer from Lubbock, Tex., will be here with his band; and Thursday through Saturday, March 16-18, Brewer & Shipley will be singing their folk-inspired tunes. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty; on Fridays and Saturdays, at nine and midnight.

Peter Brown, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—A spiffy room with recessed ceiling lights, smoked-glass partitions, brown tweed carpeting, and a few potted dracaenae. Flutist Sherry Winston heads up a combo Thursday through Saturday, March 9-11; Thursday through Saturday, March 16-18, have been reserved for trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON** and his quartet. Music Thursdays through Saturdays from ten. Dinner.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—Lester Lanin and his orchestra leave Art Deco City on Sunday, March 12; and on Tuesday, March 14, the **SY OLIVER** dance septet will return. Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Sarah Dash, who used to be one-third of Labelle, winds up a week here on Sunday, March 12. Shows at nine and midnight. Beginning Tuesday, March 14, singer and actor Carleton Carpenter will do the nine-o'clock show, and Geraldine Fitzgerald will go on at eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—A knotty-pine-and-brick-walled jazz room with the kind of informal coziness you'd expect to find in Aspen. Guitarist **JOHN ABERCROMBIE** leads a quartet through Sunday, March 12; on Monday, March 13, John Scofield, another young and up-and-coming guitarist, will work with a quartet; on Tuesday, March 14, pianist **BOB DOROUGH** will bring in a trio. Music from nine-thirty. Dinner.

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Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN**, guitarist **EDDIE BERG**, and bassist **LISLE ATKINSON** collaborate on Thursdays in the ground-floor bar area from ten to midnight. Downstairs, Fridays and Saturdays, tenor saxophonist Stanley Turrentine leads his soul-disco-jazz quartet opposite guitarist **TINY GRIMES'** trio. Shows at ten. On Mondays, at eight-thirty, a jazz-rock organization called Turning Point takes charge. Meanwhile, in the Top of the Gate, upstairs, Bob January leads a fifteen-piece swing band on Sundays from seven to eleven. Dinner and dancing in this room.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—The air quality in this world-famous jazz institution is unacceptable, but go anyway. **WOODY SHAW**, an important, influential, and entertaining trumpeter and composer, directs his Concert Jazz Ensemble through Sunday, March 12; on Tuesday, March 14, drummer **MAX ROACH** will arrive with his quartet. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** big band streams right along. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A soul-food *boîte* with a friendly staff, hundreds of gold Christmas ornaments hanging (year round) from the ceiling, a near-impenetrable layer of sawdust on the floor, and some glowing piano-bass duos. Mondays through Wednesdays are assigned to pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. Armen Donelian has the Thursday-through-Sunday shift at the keyboard. Music begins at eight.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A hangout for students and aging swing musicians who can still swing. For two weeks, beginning Friday, March 10, the **COUNTSMEN—DICKY WELLS, EARLE WARREN, DILL JONES, FRANKLIN SKEETE**, and **JO JONES, JR.**—will be the featured performers. Music from nine most nights. On Monday, March 13, at eight, tenor saxophonist Earle Warren will play rare records and comment on them. Student food at student prices.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway, (226-3444)—A friendly bar and candlelit back-room restaurant in beautiful downtown SoHo. But don't expect an evening of artist-watching—most of the patrons look strictly from uptown. Pianist **HAROLD DANKO** is here Tuesdays through Saturdays. **JILL MC MANUS**, an animated Wynton Kelly-inspired pianist, works on Sundays. Music from nine.

DISCOTHÈQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays from six; recorded disco music from nine on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music from nine on Sundays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, March 8, at 5:45: **JACK GILFORD**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 15, at 5:45: **PHYLLIS NEWMAN**.

Jazz Legends on Film—Performances by, among others, Louis Armstrong, Billie Holiday, Fats Waller, Bessie Smith, John Coltrane, Duke Ellington, Lionel Hampton, and Roy Eldridge. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

Art Ensemble of Chicago—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday and Thursday, March 8-9, at 11, and Friday and Saturday, March 10-11, at 10 and at midnight.

Willie Dixon & the Chicago All-Stars—With Delbert McClinton. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Friday, March 10, at 8 and 11:30.)

Angel, Judas Priest, and **the Godz**—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Friday and Saturday, March 10-11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Brass Construction—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Saturday, March 11, at 7 and 11.

Ron Carter—Town Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 8.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Pat Martino. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, March 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

Taj Mahal, the Persuasions, and **the Son Seals Blues Band**—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Saturday, March 11, at 8.

Doc and Merle Watson and **Bill Harrell and the Virginians**—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. Saturday, March 11, at 8 and 11. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

Heavenly Jazz Concert Series—The fifth in a series of six benefit concerts, this one performed by pianists John Lewis and Teddy Wilson. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, March 12, at 5. For tickets, call 369-8040.)

Jimmy Buffett—With the Coral Reefer Band and Sanford & Townsend. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, March 12, at 7:30.)

Chieftains—Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8.

Ramsey Lewis and **Freddie Hubbard**—Avery Fisher Hall. Tuesday, March 14, at 7:30.

Directions with Jack DeJohnette—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. Wednesday and Thursday, March 15-16, at 11, and Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, at 10 and at midnight.

John Denver—Madison Square Garden. Thursday and Friday, March 16-17, at 8.

Clancy Brothers—With Mary O'Dowd. (Town Hall. Thursday, March 16, at 8:30.)

Oscar Brand—Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 17, at 8. No tickets necessary.

Dickey Betts & Great Southern—Palladium. Friday, March 17, at 8.

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8.

Tommy Makem and Liam Clancy—Town Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8.

Styx—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday and Sunday, March 18-19, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Yannis Amoryanos—Self-consciously naïve paintings of placid jungle animals browsing

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[illegible] Royal Hawaiian.

[illegible] on Waikiki Beach. One of [illegible] great Sheraton hotels in Waikiki.

[illegible] there's a Sheraton in Waikiki that's your kind [illegible] it might be the Royal Hawaiian, "Pink Palace [illegible] famous for its elegance, [illegible] classic service. [illegible] the King Kamehameha Suite for [illegible] or a charming garden view room for [illegible] a day for two. Or choose a deluxe [illegible] a day double. [illegible] the Royal Hawaiian might be right for you. [illegible] the informal Surfrider . . . the contemporary glitter of the Sheraton-Waikiki . . . the good taste of the Princess Kaiulani . . . the South Seas charm of the Moana. Ask your Travel Agent. [illegible] he knows there's a Sheraton in Waikiki that's right for you.

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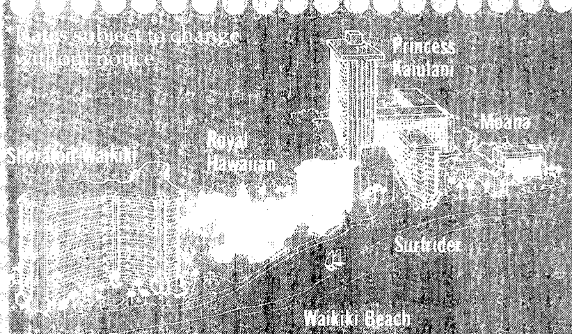
*Rates subject to change without notice.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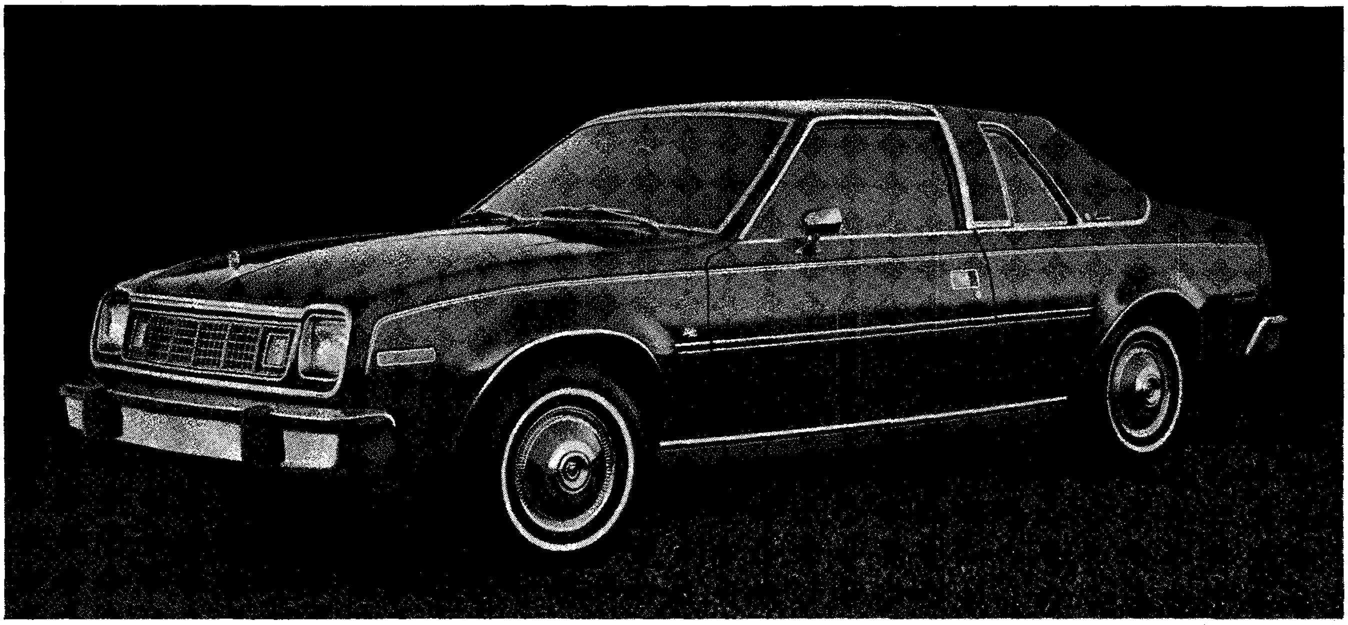

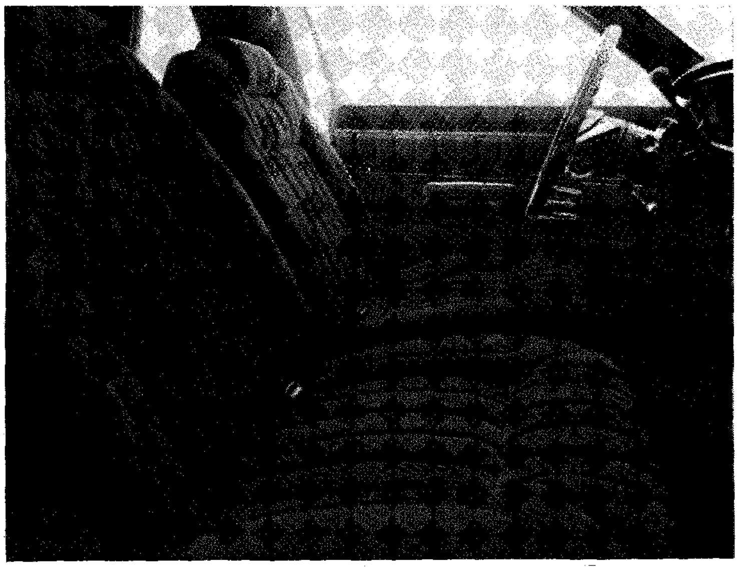

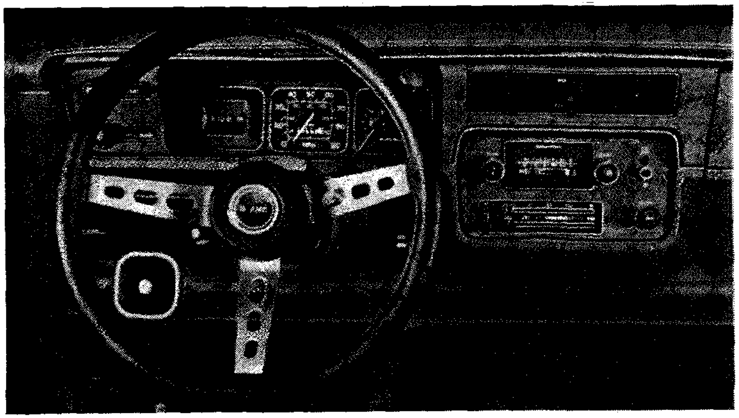

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Individual reclining front seats	N/C
Pleated crushed velour upholstery	N/C
Woodgrain instrument panel	N/C
Digital clock	N/C
Plush color-keyed carpeting throughout	N/C
Extra Quiet Insulation	N/C
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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among pretty flowers. Through March 19. (Clay, 1162 Madison Ave., at 86th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Benny Andrews—"Women I've Known" is the provocative title of this showing of portraits in mixed mediums on canvas and paper. Through March 30. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Nieves Marschaleck Billmyer—Sweeping, unbridled brushstrokes full of strong colors characterize these oils done in the de Kooning tradition. Through Saturday, March 11. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Julius Bissier (1893-1965)—Small, beautifully colored abstracts done in various mediums and reminiscent of Klee. Through Saturday, March 18. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Oscar Bluemner (1867-1938) **and Marsden Hartley** (1877-1943)—Landscape paintings from the twenties and thirties by two early members of the Stieglitz gallery group. Through March 25. (Knowlton, 19 E. 71st St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Brightly colored, sharply defined, and neatly balanced abstract designs painted on shaped canvases (oval, diamond, triangular), plus a new series of his equally brightly colored wood columns, a couple of them eight feet tall. Through March 24. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rosemary Cove—Sculptures of reclining female figures, a few of them larger than life. Through March 29. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Whitney Darrow, Jr.—Cartoons. Through April 1. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

George Inness (1825-94)—Of the forty known watercolors by this American landscape artist who turned out two thousand oils, twenty-three are on view in this exhibition—most of them quiet and restful sylvan scenes, except for a large, head-on presentation of Niagara Falls and one of Ausable Chasm. Through March 25. (Davis & Long, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

William Kienbusch—Small semi-abstract pastel-on-paper works based on country scenes. Through March 25. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Ron Martin and Henry Saxe—Representative works by two Canadian artists. The former, a painter, piles black acrylic on black acrylic; the latter, a sculptor, uses rough slabs of cement and metal structural materials in his pieces, one of which takes up a whole room. Through March 26. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Katherine Porter—Large abstract paintings. Through April 1. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

William Ridenhour—New abstract paintings. Through March 30. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Fritz Scholder—The artist's customary American Indians, in oils, plus paintings of dogs. Through April 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Jim Sullivan—Shoes are the main current interest of this artist, specifically a low, blucher-type model, which is depicted in acrylics and with oil sticks. Through Wednesday, March 15. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Helen Miranda Wilson—Oil paintings, mostly small, of waterfront scenes, cityscapes, and still-lifes. Through Saturday, March 11. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Group Shows—At the **acquavella**, 18 E. 79th St.: Dubuffet, Herbin, Miró, and other European painters. Through March 30. (Open Mondays.) . . . **fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St.: A de Kooning landscape, a vintage Braque, and a large Lichtenstein are included in a select show of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures. Through April 8. . . . **perls**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: An unusual Raoul Dufy depicting a jaunty-looking gardener, and a spirited Léger centered on a sadly abused tree trunk are among the paintings now on exhibition. Through April 8. . . . **sabarsky**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Drawings and watercolors by German and Austrian Expressionists: Kokoschka, Nolde, Schiele. Through March 31.

Sculptures—Early figurative pieces by four Americans: Chaim Gross, Gaston Lachaise, Elie Nadelman, and Hugo Robus. Through March 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Sydney Butchkes—Nonobjective paintings. Through March 30. (Alonzo, 30 W. 57th St.)

Rackstraw Downes—Panoramic landscapes of Manhattan and Maine, painted with a patient, almost primitive attention to detail and with a masterly skill in handling oils. Through Friday, March 17. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

David Fredenthal (1914-58)—Paintings of Manhattan dominate this show by a vigorous realist whose works seem to be an amalgamation of all the leading artistic influences of the nineteen-thirties. Through Saturday, March 11. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St.)

Allan Hacklin—Sculptures made of a pale Russian plywood polished with white plaster. Through Saturday, March 18. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

James Hagan / Bisson Frères—Rough-hewn abstract wood sculpture, some of it ceiling high, chopped out of oak logs for the most part, and some of it totemic in feeling. / Nononsense photographs, taken in 1861, marking the "Première Ascension Photographique au Mont Blanc." The *frères* are Louis-Auguste and Auguste-Rosalie Bisson. Additional Alpine pictures by the same pair are also shown. Through March 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

James Juszczyk—Abstract paintings by a colorist. Through Saturday, March 11. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Alex Katz—Recent works, most of them studies of heads, ranging from preparatory pencil drawings and small cutouts done in oil to huge, billboard-size faces, in which every detail is carefully attended to but the result is somehow a flat, frozen, bloodless image. Through March 25. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Elena Kepalas—Small, precise pencil drawings preparatory to her abstract sculptures, plus some of the works themselves. Through Thursday, March 16. (Phoenix, 30 W. 57th St.)

Winifred Lutz—This artist pays homage to redwood in a series of handsomely carpentered sculptures. Several drawings, incorporating thin slices of the wood, round out the exhibit. Through Wednesday, March 15. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

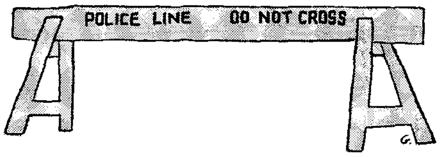
Lowell Nesbitt—Still-lifes of fruit. Through March 25. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Rodney Ripps—Friezelike wall pieces built up of cloth leaves caked over with several inches of oil paint mixed with wax in riotous colors. Through Saturday, March 18. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Morgan Russell (1886-1953)—Small, sensitive figure drawings done under the tutelage of Matisse, color notes for formal works, and memorabilia make up a show of this Synchromist artist's work that is running concurrently with one at the Whitney. Through Saturday, March 11. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Lucas Samaras—New works consisting of fabric pieced together to form chaotic patterns. Through Saturday, March 18. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Bleak landscapes in England, Scotland, and Maine, most of them transfigured by the glow of spectacular sunsets. Through March 25. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)


POLICE LINE DO NOT CROSS

Joan Snyder—New works by this feminist polemicist, who uses clippings about sex crimes as collage in her paintings. Through March 25. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Pat Steir—Oil on canvas, pencil on paper. Through March 25. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Bill Taggart—A bravura display of versatility, ranging from drawings made up of infinitesimal pen-and-ink cross-hatching to lively abstracts that are like fireworks against the night sky. Through Saturday, March 18. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Glass Paperweights—Sixty-five classic nineteenth-century paperweights from French and American factories, the finest example of which is a Clichy-made weight shaped like a flower-filled basket. A benefit exhibit. Through April 1. (Steuben, Fifth Ave. at 56th St. Open Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **frumkin**, 50 W. 57th St.: A watercolor aerial view of Machu Picchu by Philip Pearlstein, and Joan Brown's acrylic-on-paper portrayals of men and women in her so-called Dating Series are some of the recent works on paper here. Through March 30. . . . **hammer**, 51 E. 57th St.: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings by Pissarro, Bonnard, and others. Through Saturday, March 18. (Open Mondays.) . . . **multiples-goodman**, 38 E. 57th St.: A Dada-esque show called "Objects" offers such varied prizes as H. C. Westermann's "Old Indian Implement," which is an ovate stone couched in a handsome chest lined with pigskin; Andy Warhol's pickle jar filled with semi-precious stones; and a construction by Jasper Johns involving a cast of the late Frank O'Hara's foot. Through April 1. (Open Mondays.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Vito Acconci—This videotape specialist, who keeps trying to see how far he can go, is putting on something called "VD Lives/TV Must Die," which is strictly X-rated. Through Saturday, March 11. (The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. Opens at 1.)

Carl Andre—Steel-plate floor pieces, uniform in size. Through March 28. (Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St.)

Alice Aycock—Two large wood constructions and the drawings for them. Through March 28. (Weber, 420 West Broadway.)

Maureen Connor—Wall sculptures constructed of clothing. Through March 29. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Joan Gardner—Childhood memories (and fantasies) are the subject of these works, in which painted and crayoned figures are cut out of linen and affixed to canvas. Through Saturday, March 11. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

George Green—Large trompe-l'oeil oils in which mill-end remnants of leathery-looking materials are seen hanging down the face of the canvas, like a curtain. Through March 23. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Jane Greengold—This artist has filed away all sorts of oddments in thirty-three of those rotary desk files called Rolodexes; gloved hands bulge out of one of them, tiny pillows from another, and still others are given over to mementos of her friends in the form of lipstick smacks, fingerprints, and eyelashes. Viewers are free to play with most of them. Through Thursday, March 16. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Lisa Roggli—Shafts of pure white marble make up these sculptures. Through Wednesday, March 15. (14 Sculptors, 75 Thompson St. Opens at noon.)

Fred Sandback—A perfectly aligned row of taut black strings running from ceiling to floor (they look as if they had been drawn in the air) seems to partition the space in this large white-walled gallery. Through Saturday, March 11. (Friedrich, 393 West Broadway. Opens at noon.)

Paul Waldman / Donald Judd—Abstract oils and drawings. / A large plywood box. Through March 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

John Walker—Big abstract collages—painted canvas on painted canvas—that are done in industrial colors and look as if they might be made of boiler plate instead of a fabric. Through Wednesday, March 15. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St.)

Joe Zucker—Huge, blurry compositions in

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"The Rocket"—Rod Laver. The racquet—Dunlop Fort.

Dunlop. It's a name known round the world for superb tennis equipment. (Fame would have been hard to avoid, with more players at Wimbledon using Dunlop racquets than any other kind.)

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which in a hard-hitter is almost unbe-
lievable. It's also lightweight and extra
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developed an oversized frame that no
one notices is oversized. Its monster
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surface will be your secret. And your
secret weapon—the same aluminum
alloy as in the Volley offers full power
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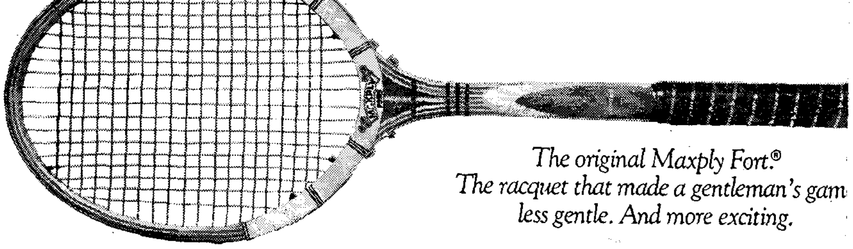

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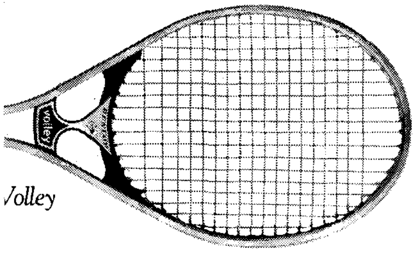

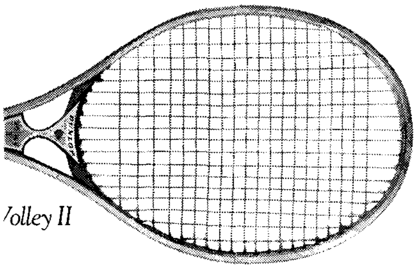

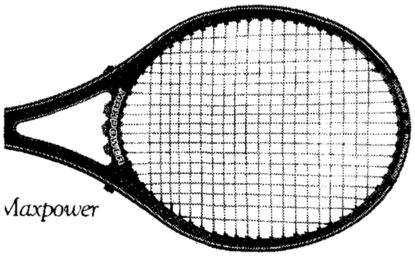

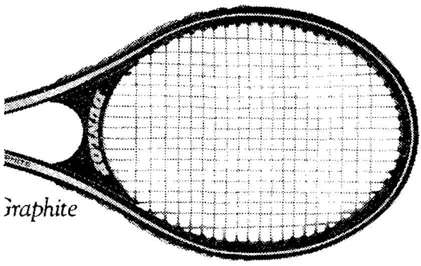

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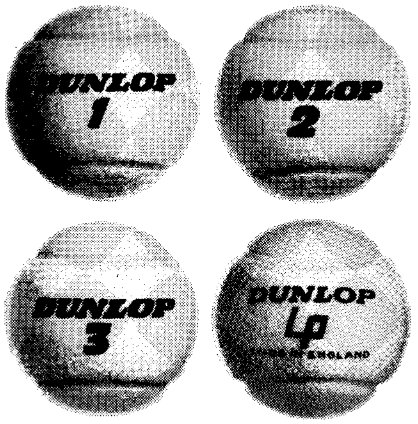

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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			8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18

which one can discern pirate ships and related symbols, all done with a jolly air by an artist whose medium is cotton balls soaked in acrylic and glazed over with Rhoplex. Through Saturday, March 18. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Group Show—Large abstract canvases in a sort of happy-go-lucky grid system by Bette Berger and Jeff Pullen; sombre, dark canvases with a burnished, metallic look by John Schiebold; and Styrofoam sculptures by Frank Palaia. Through March 25. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Sculpture—New works by Lyman Kipp and Peter Forakis include a painted aluminum structure by the former that is eighteen feet tall, stands on six legs, and resembles the underpinnings of a rooftop water tank; and a complicated piece of interlocking wooden semicircles by the latter that is ten and a half feet tall, painted blue, and suggests a triumph of origami; its title is "Explorer I." Through Saturday, March 18. . . . ¶ Richard Fishman is showing sculptured abstract wall pieces made of steel rods and free-form shapes of copper foil; a piece called "Five Verticals" suggests a row of furled flags leaning against a white wall. Through March 25. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Don Freeman (1908-78)—A memorial exhibition of his oils, drawings, watercolors, and lithographs. Through March 31. (Feiden, 51 E. 10th St. Open Mondays; Saturday hours are 12:30 to 4:30.)

Nancy Graves—What look like the skeletal remains of several prehistoric monsters—skulls, rib cages, leg bones, vertebrae—all heaped together in a five-thousand-pound bronze sculpture. Through April 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

Patrick Ireland—Sculptures of painted rope suspended from the ceiling. Through March 27. (Visual Arts, 209 E. 23rd St. Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 9; Fridays, 11 to 4:30.)

Gerry Morehead—Two acrylic paintings of whales and a representation of a galaxy are included in this exhibition of recent works. Through Saturday, March 18. (Sragow, in a new location at 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Ann Norton—Ten-foot poles of red cedar, barely nicked by the sculptor's axe, plus photographs of her large red-brick chimney-like pieces, and related watercolors. Through Saturday, March 18. (The Clocktower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Designs for the New York Stage—Joseph Urban's costume sketches for the Metropolitan Opera's 1925 "Pelléas et Mélisande;" Gordon Craig's sets for a 1928 "Macbeth;" and more recent work by Cecil Beaton, Ming Cho Lee, and others—sixty in all. Through Tuesday, March 14. (Pace University, 41 Park Row. Open Mondays.)

Group Show—Drawings in which graphite markings are transferred to masking tape by Merrill Wagner are on view through Friday, March 10. . . . ¶ Among the entries in an exhibit of conceptual art are a locked, metal-bound casket containing (according to the artist, John Baldessari) the ashes of his entire oeuvre from 1959 to 1966; a blinking neon palindrome, "RAW WAR," by Bruce Nauman; and an anagrammatic piece by Lawrence Weiner. Through Wednesday, March 15. (Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Henry Hamilton Bennett (1843-1908) / **Erwin Blumenfeld** (1897-1969)—Panoramic and other views of the Wisconsin Dells. / Manipulated prints (female nudes and abstractions), plus portraits. Through April 8. (Witkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

Linda Connor / Anthony Dubovsky—Gold-toned soft-focus prints of landscapes, mostly. / Photomontages. Through March 25. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jan Groover and David Haxton—The Whitney Museum is presenting an all-color exhibition of Miss Groover's series on Manhattan buildings and suburban scenes, and Mr. Haxton's abstractions. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

F. A. Rinehart (1861-1928)—Platinum-print studio portraits of American Indians made at an Omaha fair in 1898. Through Saturday, March 11. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Edward Steichen (1879-1973)—A group of about seventy-five prints made prior to the outbreak of the First World War is on view at the Museum of Modern Art. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

John Thomson (1837-1921)—A record of his travels in China, Cyprus, and Cambodia, as well as an early essay on street people in London. Through April 1. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

James Van DerZee—An exhibit of his photographs chronicling black life in America, and in particular Harlem, has been mounted by the Brooklyn Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Show—Lisette Model, Louis Faurer, and Robert Frank are among the photographers whose works are being exhibited at the Museum of Modern Art in a show centered on streets of America in the forties and early fifties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Fifteenth-century Italian drawings from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ Views of Rome by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and other prints and drawings constitute a show called "Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century." Through April 30. . . . ¶ A show of twentieth-century decorative objects, including silver designed by Georg Jensen; woodwork designed by James Prestini; and a wall hanging by Anni Albers, from the permanent collection. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred items in the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A huge, open-sided cube, eight feet tall and painted in white enamel, stands near the entrance to the Sol LeWitt retrospective, and permutations of this simple form—some in tiny sketches on graph paper and some (hundreds) in three-dimensional stark-white honeycombs of steel or wood—continue throughout the exhibition. Through April 4. . . . ¶ A show of ninety architectural drawings that Le Corbusier made for half as many projects (studio assistants had a hand in some of the sketches) between the years 1912 and 1962. Through March 26. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Early Steichen prints. Through March 28. . . . ¶ Group show of street photography. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Through April 23. . . . ¶ Collages by the contemporary Czech artist Jiří Kolář which incorporate written and printed texts, maps, photographs, and so forth. Through March 26. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—"Synchromism and American Color Abstraction, 1910-1925" brings together the works of the founders of Synchromism—Morgan Russell and Stanton Macdonald-Wright—with works by twenty-eight American and three European artists (Marsden Hartley, Joseph Stella, and Robert Delaunay among them), all of whom were early experimenters in pure-color abstraction. Through March 26. . . . ¶ A show of Duane Hanson's startlingly realistic polyester and fibre-glass life casts—twenty-nine pieces in all, including "Hard Hat," "Rita the Waitress," and "Photographer." Through April 16. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Color prints by Jan Groover and David Haxton. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of Stuart Davis's work, including a large-scale mural and seventy paintings supplemented by watercolors and sketches. Through March 19. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** Works by James Van DerZee. Through Sunday, March 12. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to the present). Through May 7. . . . ¶ French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—A show devoted to representations of dogs in such folk-art forms as pottery, needlework, furniture, and paintings. Through April 2. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Social history, decorative styles, and macabre deaths are evinced in a small, choice showing of New York City tombstone rubbings by Cecily Firestein. Through April 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"Street Kids: 1864-1977," an exhibit of photographs that includes examples by Alice Austen, Weegee, and Jack Manning. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit of children's literature and illustrations that includes some original drawings for "The Wizard of Oz," a manuscript of Kate Greenaway's "Mother Goose," and a first edition of "Alice in Wonderland." Through April 2. . . . ¶ "Literature in Exile" is the title of an exhibit of original letters, manuscripts, and early printed editions drawn from the Berg Collection. Through April 29. (The library is open daily except Thursdays and Sundays. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 9. The Berg Collection, however, always closes at 6.)

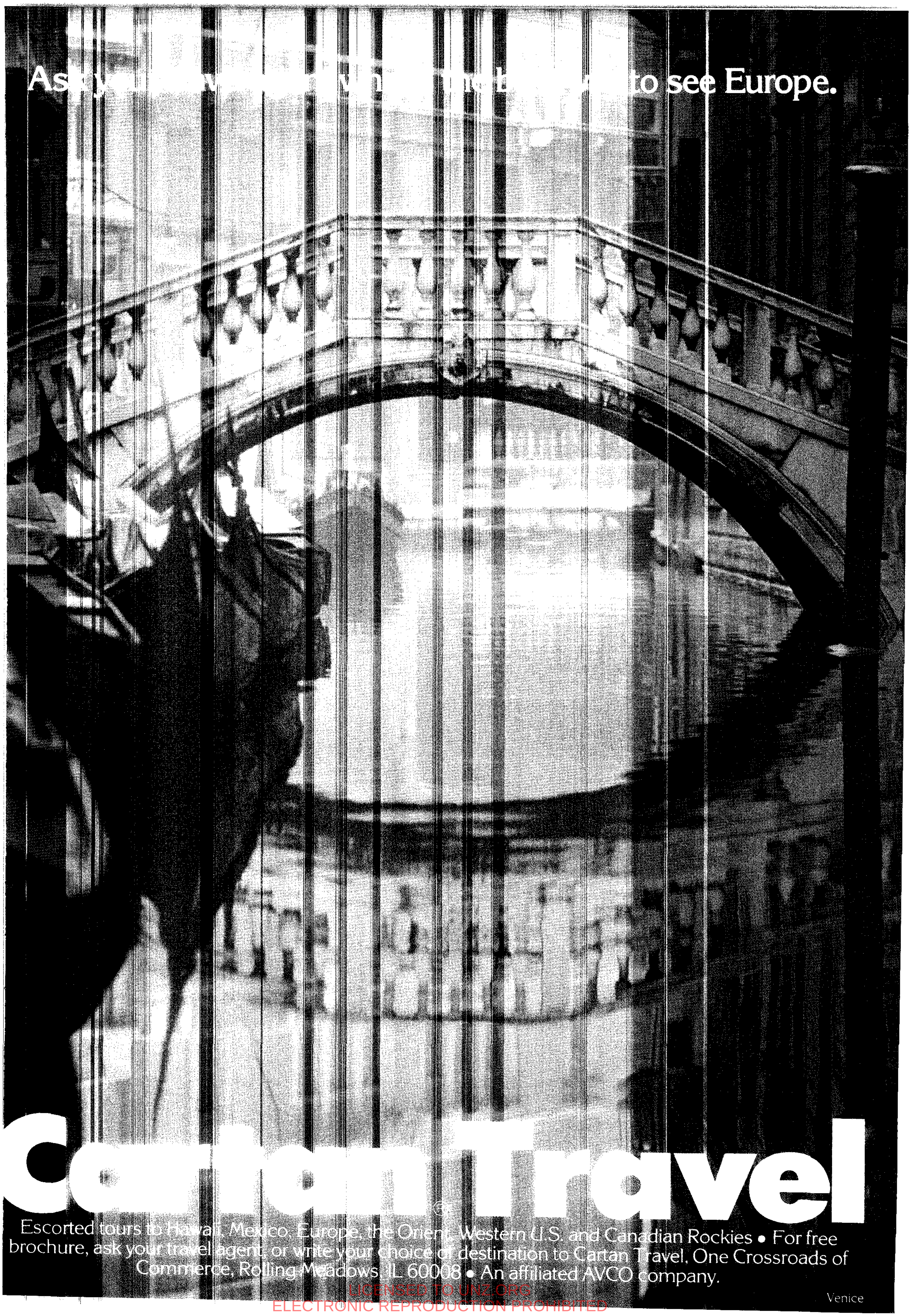
Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Sculptures by Mel Edwards, including freestanding abstract works combining steel and industrial materials. . . . ¶ Arthur Carraway's paintings incorporate traditional African art forms. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.) Both shows through March 26.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, March 8: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, John Alexander, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; conducted by Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, March 9: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Loretta Di Franco, José Carreras, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Sarah Caldwell. . . . ¶ Friday evening, March 10: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, Allan Monk, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, March 11: "La Favorita," with Shirley Verrett, Alma Jean Smith, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, March 11: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos. . . . ¶ Monday evening, March 13: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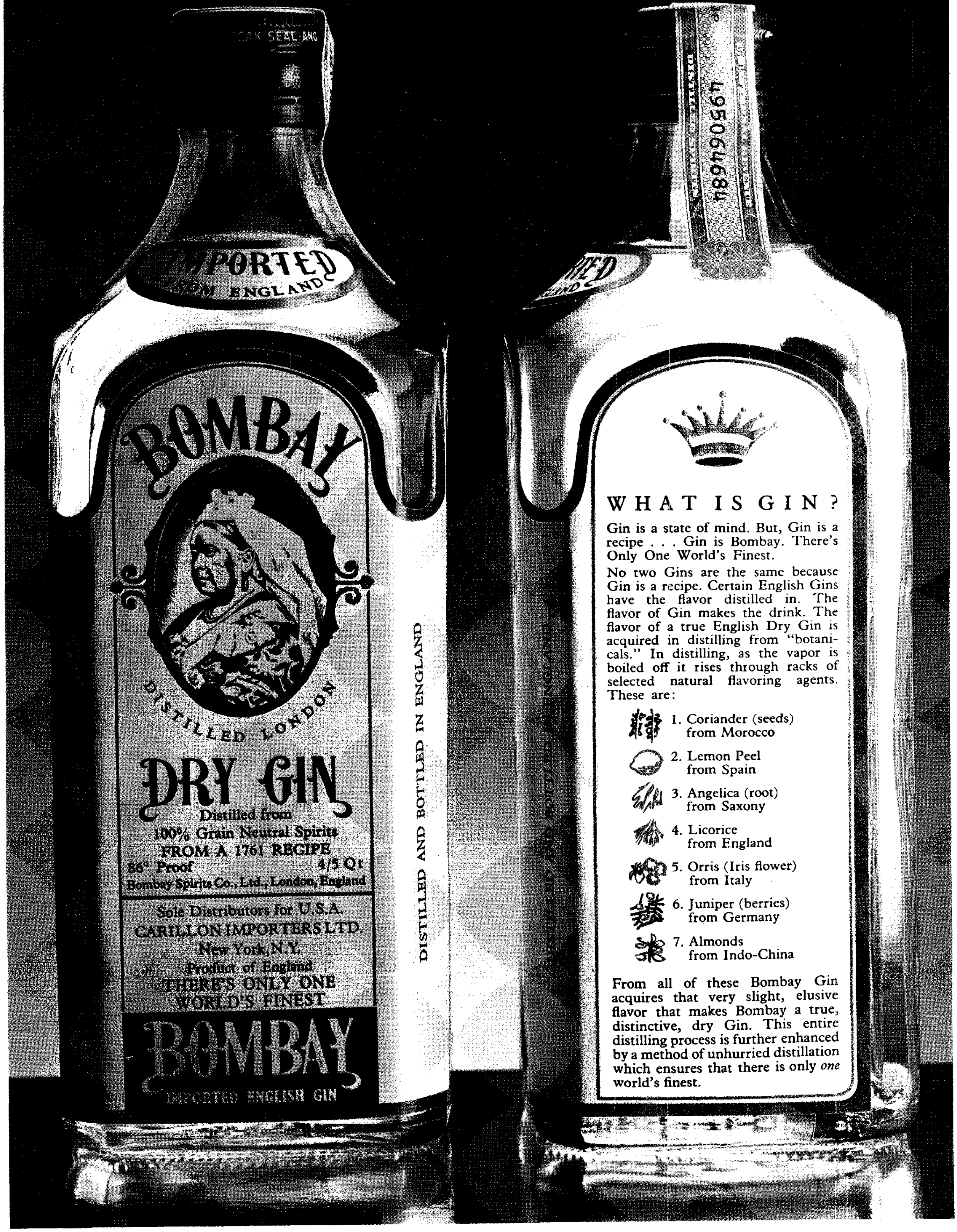
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2. Lemon Peel from Spain
3. Angelica (root) from Saxony
4. Licorice from England
5. Orris (Iris flower) from Italy
6. Juniper (berries) from Germany
7. Almonds from Indo-China

From all of these Bombay Gin acquires that very slight, elusive flavor that makes Bombay a true, distinctive, dry Gin. This entire distilling process is further enhanced by a method of unhurried distillation which ensures that there is only *one* world's finest.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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"L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Loretta Di Franco, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Tuesday evening, March 14: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Montserrat Caballé, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos.... ¶ Wednesday evening, March 15: "La Favorita," with Shirley Verrett, Alma Jean Smith, Luciano Pavarotti, Sherrill Milnes, and Bonaldo Giaiotti; Jesús López-Cobos.... ¶ Thursday evening, March 16: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, Allan Monk, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge.... ¶ Friday evening, March 17: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Scotto, Fiorenza Cossotto, José Carreras, Louis Quilico, and Ivo Vinco; Jesús López-Cobos. ... ¶ Saturday matinée, March 18: "L'Elisir d'Amore," with Judith Blegen, Loretta Di Franco, Luciano Pavarotti, Mario Sereni, and Fernando Corena; Sarah Caldwell.... ¶ Saturday evening, March 18: "Don Giovanni," with Joan Sutherland, Julia Varady, Huguette Tourangeau, James Morris, John Brecknock, Gabriel Bacquier, Allan Monk, and John Macurdy; Richard Bonynge. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 8, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Patti Allison, Gianna Rolandi, Henry Price, Charles Roe, Thomas Jamerson, Harlan Foss, Richard McKee, and Coley Worth; conducted by Imre Pallo.... ¶ Thursday, March 9, at 8: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Glenys Fowles, Jacque Trussel, and David Holloway; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Friday, March 10, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Eileen Schauler, Eunice Hill, Lando Bartolini, and Charles Long; and "Pagliacci," with Sherry Zannoth, Kenneth Collins, and Richard Fredricks. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. ... ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 2: "La Fanciulla del West," with Arlene Saunders, Jacque Trussel, Frederick Burchinal, and Thomas Jamerson; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 8: "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Henry Price, Pablo Elvira, and Andrew Foldi; John Mauceri.... ¶ Sunday, March 12, at 1: "Madame Butterfly," with Patricia Craig, Luis Lima, and David Holloway; Judith Somogi.... ¶ Sunday, March 12, at 7: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Ermanno Mauro, and William Justus; Cal Stewart Kellogg.... ¶ Tuesday, March 14, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Judith Ehrlich, Sandra Walker, Eunice Hill, Samuel Ramey, and Kenneth Collins; John Mauceri.... ¶ Wednesday, March 15, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with RoseMarie Freni, Eunice Hill, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; and "Pagliacci," with Heather Thomson, Ermanno Mauro, and Richard Fredricks. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both.... ¶ Thursday, March 16, at 8: "La Traviata," with Faye Robinson, Luis Lima, and William Justus; Imre Pallo. ... ¶ Friday, March 17, at 8: "The Turn of the Screw," with Eileen Schauler, Ellen Faull, and John Lankston; Christopher Keene.... ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 2: "Carmen," with Ann Howard, Faye Robinson, Dennis Bailey, and Richard Fredricks; Imre Pallo.... ¶ Saturday, March 18, at 8: "Tosca," with Marisa Galvany, Ermanno Mauro, and William Justus; Cal Stewart Kellogg. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

John Brownlee Opera Theatre—Benefit performances of the New York première of Nino Rota's "Italian Straw Hat," in English. Conducted by John Crosby and staged by Louis Galterio. (Borden Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Thursday, March 9, and Saturday, March 11, at 8, and Sunday, March 12, at 2:30. For information about tickets, call RI 9-2802, Ext. 503.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—James Levine conducting Thursday through Saturday, March 9-11, at 8:30 (all with Lynn Harrell, cello).... ¶ Andrew Davis conducting on Thursday, March 16, at 8:30; Friday, March 17, at 2; Saturday, March 18, at 8:30; and Tuesday, March 21, at 7:30 (all with Henryk Szeryng, violin).

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Sixten Ehrling conducting, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8.)

Tarack Chamber Ensemble—A chamber group that performs without a conductor. The last in a series of concerts. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, March 10, at 8:30.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Paula Robison, flute. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 11, at 8. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Gerard Schwarz conducting, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 11, at 8.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Rossini's opera "Tancredi" in concert form, with, among others, Katia Ricciarelli, soprano; Marilyn Horne, mezzo-soprano; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, March 14, at 8.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Claude Frank, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing three Bach secular cantatas, with Rosalind Rees, soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 8.)

Pro Arte Chorale and Orchestra—Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Haydn's oratorio "The Creation," in English, with Sheri Greenawald, soprano; John Aler, tenor; and John Cheek, bass. (Avery Fisher Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 3.)

Canby Singers—Edward Tatnall Canby directing. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

Gundula Janowitz—Soprano. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

Alan Marks—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

Galina Vishnevskaya and Mstislav Rostropovich—Soprano and piano, with Isaac Stern, violin. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, March 8-9, at 8, with Pinchas Zukerman, viola.... ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 10, at 8, the fifth in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold for this program, and only standing room is left.)

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music, with Judith Nicosia, soprano, and others. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 8, at 8.)

Sharon Robinson and Samuel Sanders—Cello and piano, in a benefit recital. (Brotherhood Synagogue, 28 Gramercy Park S. Thursday, March 9, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Claude Savard—Piano. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, March 9, at 8.)

Ann Zalkind—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall. 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 9, at 8.)

Marion Feldman—Cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 10, at 8.)

Sandra Warfield—Mezzo-soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 10, at 8.)

Toby Appel—Viola. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 11, at 2.)

Beethoven Society—The Cleveland Quartet in the second in a series of five concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, March 11, at 3. For information about tickets, call 682-3900.)

Vladimir Ashkenazy and Itzhak Perlman—The second and third in a series of three recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven sonatas for piano and violin. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, March 11, and Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

Mark Zeltser—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, March 11, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680. ... ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 15, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—Three twentieth-century chamber works, with the Summit (N.J.) Chorale. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, March 11, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Ani Kavafian, Ronald Roseman, Kenneth Cooper, and Richard Taruskin—Violin, oboe, harpsichord, and viola da gamba, in a program of baroque music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 11, at 8:30, and Sunday, March 12, at 2.)

Lynn Harrell and Friends—The cellist in the second in a series of three recitals, this one with the Guarneri Quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 3.)

Vladimir Horowitz—Piano, in two performances of a program celebrating his Golden Jubilee. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, March 12, and Sunday, March 19, at 4.)

Michel Chapuis—Organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, March 12, at 8.)

Canadian Brass—A brass quintet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, March 12, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinettist/composer, in a program of new music written by him and his friends, with assisting artists. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Cecile Licad, piano; Young Uck Kim, violin; and Paul Tobias, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, March 13, at 8.)

Michel Block—Piano, in an all-Schumann recital. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, March 14, at 8.)

Fritz Jahoda—Piano, with a chamber orchestra. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, March 15, at 8.)

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 15, at 8, the third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle.... ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 18, at 3, with John Graham, viola; the fourth in a series of five all-Mozart concerts presenting the ten "great" quartets and the cycle of quintets.)

Jean-Philippe Collard—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, March 16, at 8.)

Tatiana Troyanos—Mezzo-soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 16, at 8.)

Misha Dichter—Piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 17, at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8, with the Juilliard String Quartet.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, March 18, at 8:30, a program of flute sonatas, with John Steele Ritter, harpsichord.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Osian Ellis, harp; James Atherton, tenor; Jaime Laredo, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Paula Robison, flute; Gervase De Peyer, clarinet; and Charles Wadsworth, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8, and Sunday, March 19, at 5.)

League-ISCM—The fourth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one to honor Roger Sessions and Beveridge Webster, played by Mr. Webster, piano, and the Audubon String Quartet. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 17, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

Music from Aston Magna—The last in a series of concerts, this one with Albert Fuller, harpsichord, and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 18, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Knicks vs. Nets, Saturday, March 11, at 8. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Tuesday, March 14, at 7:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Saturday, March 18, at 8. . . . RUTGERS UNIVERSITY ATHLETIC CENTER, Piscataway, N.J.: Nets vs. New Orleans, Friday, March 10, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Detroit, Sunday, March 12, at 1:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Phoenix, Wednesday, March 15, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Friday, March 17, at 8:05. (For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

Boxing—Golden Gloves New York City finals. Sponsored by the News Charities, Inc. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, March 10, at 8.)

Gymnastics—The American Cup International Gymnastics Competition. (Madison Square Garden. Saturday and Sunday, March 11-12, at noon.)

Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Cleveland Barons, Wednesday, March 8, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, March 12, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Phildelphia Flyers, Wednesday, March 15, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Boston Bruins, Saturday, March 18, at 1:15. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, March 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. St. Louis Blues, Tuesday, March 14. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Saturday, March 18. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At AQUEDUCT: Thursdays through Saturdays, and Mondays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1:05; last day Monday, May 22. The Swift, Saturday, March 11; the Correction Handicap, Sunday, March 12; and the Toboggan Handicap, Saturday, March 18. . . . BOWIE, Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Friday, March 17. The John B. Campbell Handicap, Saturday, March 11.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 29. . . . MEADOWLANDS RACETRACK: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

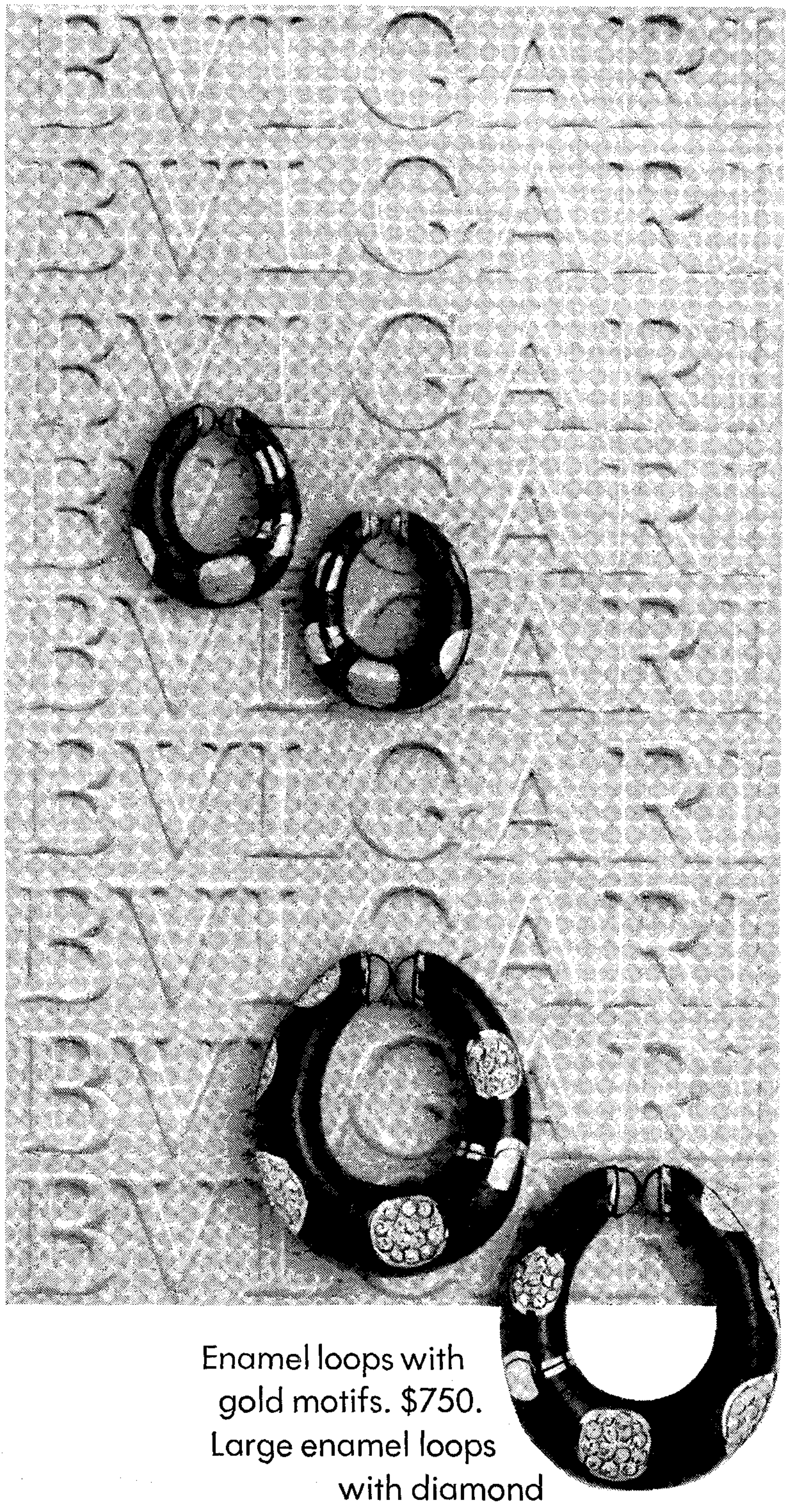
(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Larry Levis and Stan Rice reading from their own works. (Donnell Library Auditorium, 20 W. 53rd St. Thursday, March 9, at 6:30. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Denise Levertov and Alice Walker reading from their own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, March 13, at 8.)

Park Avenue Antiques Fair—American and European furniture, silver, art, porcelains, and other objects from the past. Also on display is the Newport Casino's collection of antique tennis racquets and tennis memorabilia (7th Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 66th St. Wednesday through Saturday, March 8-11, from 12:30 to 9:30, and Sunday, March 12, from noon to 6.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St. Friday and Saturday, March 17-18, noon to 7, and Sunday, March 19, noon to 5.

Auctions—At SOTHEBY PARKE BERNET, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Friday, March 10, at 2: Wedgwood and other English pottery; the property of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Victor. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 2: Old Master paintings, from various owners. . . . ¶ Wednesday, March 15, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Janet K. Bird and from other sources. . . . CHRISTIE'S, 502s Park Ave., at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 8, at 10:30 and 2: English, American, and Continental silver, watches, and *objets de vertu;* from the estate of George D. Widener and from other sources. . . . ¶ Friday, March 10, at 10:30 and 2:30: American furniture and decorations, from the estate of Jean Reybold Davis and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 11, at 10:30: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from various owners.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Saturday Night Fever."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 14: "Equus" and "Short Eyes."
From March 15: "Semi-Tough" and another feature, to be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through March 14: "Coma."
From March 15: "The Big Sleep."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The One and Only."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
Through March 9: "The Betsy."
From March 10: "Gray Lady Down."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
Through March 14: "Blue Collar."
From March 15: "The Big Sleep."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"The Duellists."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Coma."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
To be announced.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Serpent's Egg."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"The Goodbye Girl."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Fingers."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Little Night Music."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Blue Country."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through March 13: "The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain."
March 14: Theatre closed.
From March 15: "House Calls."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through March 14: "Saturday Night Fever."
From March 15: "Semi-Tough."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through March 14: "Julia."
From March 15: "Coma."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Betsy."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"The Boys in Company C."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 14: "The One and Only."
From March 15: "The Fury."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Blue Collar."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8000)
Through March 9: "The Turning Point."
March 10-14: "The Goodbye Girl."
From March 15: "The Big Sleep."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through March 9: "The Goodbye Girl."
From March 10: "Gray Lady Down."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"The Betsy."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through March 14: "The Goodbye Girl."
From March 15: "Coma."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Sebastiane" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: "The Children of Theatre Street."

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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Operation Thunderbolt."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"Crossed Swords."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Julia."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through March 14: "A Special Day."
From March 15: "Semi-Tough."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through March 11: "High Anxiety."
From March 12: "Summer Paradise."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Furtivos."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Annie Hall."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Julia."
Theatre 2: Through March 14: "The Goodbye Girl." From March 15: "Coma."
Theatre 3: "Saturday Night Fever."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through March 9: "A Special Day."
From March 10: "The Man Who Loved Women."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 14: "Saturday Night Fever."
From March 15: "Semi-Tough" and "Demon Seed."

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 8: "Claire's Knee" (1970), in French, directed by Eric Rohmer, with Jean-Claude Brialy and Beatrice Romand; and "Bed and Board" (1971), in French, directed by François Truffaut, with Jean-Pierre Léaud and Claude Jade.
March 9: "The Sandpiper" (1965), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Eva Marie Saint, and Charles Bronson; and "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (1970), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand.
March 10-11: "Death in Venice" (†) and "Contempt." (†)
March 12: "Adam's Rib" (1949), directed by George Cukor, with Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn, Judy Holliday, Tom Ewell, and David Wayne; and "Pat and Mike." (†)
March 13: "High Sierra" (†); and "Ceiling Zero" (1935), directed by Howard Hawks, with James Cagney, Pat O'Brien, June Travis, and Stuart Erwin.
March 14: "Rashomon" (†) and "The Scandalous Adventures of Buraikan." (†)
March 15: "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (†); and "Man Is Not a Bird" (1966), a Yugoslavian film, directed by Dusan Makavejev.
March 16: "The Servant" (†) and "The Birthday Party." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 8: "On a Clear Day You Can See Forever" (1970), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Barbra Streisand and Yves Montand; and "A Matter of Time" (1976), directed by Vincente Minnelli, with Liza Minnelli, Ingrid Bergman, and Charles Boyer.
March 9: "Au Hasard, Balthazar" (1966) and "Mouchette" (1966), both films in French, directed by Robert Bresson.
March 10: "Stavisky" (1974), in French, directed by Alain Resnais, with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Charles Boyer; and "Pierrot le Fou." (†)
March 11: "The Virgin and the Gypsy" (†) and "Under Milk Wood." (†)
March 12: "Othello." (†)
March 13: "Ordet" (†); and "Symphonie Pastorale" (1948), in French, directed by Jean Delannoy, with Michèle Morgan, Pierre Blanchar, and Jean Desailly.
March 14: "Weekend" (1968), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Mireille Darc; and "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig.
March 15: "The Asphalt Jungle" (†); and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.
March 16: "The Seven Samurai" (1954), in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through March 9: "The Misfits" (1961), directed by John Huston, with Clark Gable, Marilyn Monroe, and Montgomery Clift; and "The Stripper" (1963), directed by Franklin Schaffner, with Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer, and Claire Trevor.
March 10-11: "Barbarella" (1968), directed by Roger Vadim, with Jane Fonda and David Hemmings; and "Flesh Gordon" (1974), directed by Howard Ziehm and Michael Benveniste, with Jason Williams.
March 12-13: "Queen Christina" (1934), directed by Rouben Mamoulian, with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "Sylvia Scarlett." (†)
March 14: "Lenny" (†) and "The Lenny Bruce Performance Film." (†)
March 15-16: "Bobby Deerfield" (1977), directed by Sydney Pollack, with Al Pacino and Marthe Keller; and "The Panic in Needle Park." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through March 11: "Top Hat" (1935), directed by Mark Sandrich, with Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire; and "Dance, Girl, Dance" (1940), directed by Dorothy Arzner, with Maureen O'Hara, Lucille Ball, and Louis Hayward.
March 12-13: "Little Women" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Katharine Hepburn, Joan Bennett, Edna May Oliver, Frances Dee, and Spring Byington; and "I Remember Mama." (†)
March 14-15: "The Window" (1949), directed by Ted Tetzlaff, with Bobby Driscoll, Arthur Kennedy, and Barbara Hale; and "The Spiral Staircase." (†)
From March 16: "Citizen Kane" (1941), directed by Orson Welles, with Mr. Welles, Joseph Cotten, Dorothy Comingore, Agnes Moorehead, and Everett Sloane; and "The Magnificent Ambersons" (1942), directed by Orson Welles, with Dolores Costello, Joseph Cotten, Tim Holt, and Agnes Moorehead.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through March 14: "A Doll's House"

(1973), directed by Joseph Losey, with Jane Fonda, David Warner, Trevor Howard, Delphine Seyrig, and Edward Fox.

From March 15: To be announced.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

March 8: "Washington Merry-Go-Round" (1932), directed by James Cruze, with Lee Tracy and Constance Cummings; and "A Man's Castle" (1933), directed by Frank Borzage, with Spencer Tracy, Loretta Young, Glenda Farrell, Marjorie Rambeau, and Walter Connolly.

March 9: "This Is the Army" (1943), directed by Michael Curtiz, with George Murphy and Ronald Reagan; and "Private Buckaroo" (1942), directed by Edward Cline, with the Andrews Sisters, Joe E. Lewis, and Dick Foran.

March 10-11: "To Be or Not to Be" (†) and "We're Not Dressing." (†)

March 12: "It's a Wonderful Life" (†); and "My Son, My Son!" (1940), directed by Charles Vidor, with Madeleine Carroll, Brian Aherne, Louis Hayward, Laraine Day, Henry Hull, and Josephine Hutchinson.

March 13: "The Stars Look Down" (†) and "Kipps." (†)

March 14: "You Were Never Lovelier" (†) and "You'll Never Get Rich." (†)

March 15: "This Thing Called Love" (1940), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rosalind Russell, Melvyn Douglas, Binnie Barnes, and Allyn Joslyn; and "She Wouldn't Say Yes" (1946), directed by Alexander Hall, with Rosalind Russell and Lee Bowman.

March 16: "Sanders of the River" (†); and "Song of Freedom" (1936), an English musical, directed by James Elder Wills, with Paul Robeson and Elisabeth Welch.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 9 at 2:30: Two programs of new French short films, with English subtitles.... ¶ March 9 at 6: "La Question" (1977), in French, directed by Laurent Heynemann; English subtitles.... ¶ March 9 at 8:30: "Closet Children" (1977), in French, directed by Benoit Jacquot (who will be present); English subtitles.... ¶ March 10 at 2:30: "The Exercise of Power" (1977), in French, directed by Philippe Galland; English subtitles.... ¶ March 10 at 6: "Why Not!" (1977), in French, directed by Coline Serreau (who will be present); English subtitles.... ¶ March 11 at noon: "Joey" (1975), directed by Luis San Andreas, with Carla Pinza and Jean-Paul Delgardo.... ¶ March 11 at 2:30: "Closet Children."... ¶ March 11 at 5: "Why Not!"... ¶ March 12 at noon: "Joey."... ¶ March 12 at 2:30: "At Night All the Cats Are Gray" (1977), in French, directed by Gérard Zingg; English subtitles.... ¶ March 12 at 5: "Olympia: Part 2" (1936-38), directed by Leni Riefenstahl, a German documentary with English narration.... ¶ March 13 at noon: New French short films, with English subtitles; Program One.... ¶ March 13 at 2:30: "For Clemence" (1977), in French, directed by Charles Belmont (who will be present); English subtitles.... ¶ March 13 at 6: A retrospective of cutout animation: an introduction by Ian Birnie.... ¶ March 14 at noon: New French short films, with English subtitles; Program Two.... ¶ March 14 at 2:30: A retrospective of cutout animation: Expressionists, not recommended for children.... ¶ March 14 at 6: "How Yukong Moved the Mountains: The Fishing Village" (1973-75), in Chinese, with English voiceover, directed by Joris Ivens and Marceline Loridan, the fifth section of a twelve-part documentary on life in the People's Republic of China.... ¶ March 16 at 2:30: "Love Under One Umbrella" (1975), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; English subtitles.... ¶ March 16 at 6: "Tora-San, Our Lovable Tramp" (1968), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; English subtitles.... ¶ March 16 at 8:30: "Tora-San's Selected Poems" (1977), in Japanese, directed by Yoji Yamada; English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through March 15: "Residual Regions" (1976-78), an installation by Francesc Torres.... ¶ Starting March 18: A video installation by Peter Campus. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45 (9 on Tuesdays). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Vertov, Vigo, Snow, Sonbert, Warhol, Brakhage, Anger, and others. Showings March 8-9 at 7 and 9; March 10 at 8; March 11 at 2:30, 7, and 9; March 12 at 8; March 14 at 7 and 9; March 15 at 7; and March 16 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—A program of six short documentaries under the title "Working." Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Metropolitan Museum, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of international films made in 1935, together with short features, newsreels, animated films, documentaries, and experimental films. March 8: "The Mark of the Vampire," directed by Tod Browning, with Lionel Barrymore, Elizabeth Allan, and Bela Lugosi.... ¶ March 9: "The Youth of Maxim," directed by Grigori Kozintsev and Leonid Trauberg; in Russian with English subtitles.... ¶ March 14: "The Case of the Lucky Legs," directed by Archie Mayo, with Warren William and Genevieve Tobin.... ¶ March 15: "The Arizonian," directed by Charles Vidor, with Richard Dix, Margot Grahame, and Preston Foster.... ¶ March 16: "Oil for the Lamps of China," directed by Mervyn LeRoy, with Pat O'Brien, Josephine Hutchinson, and Jean Muir. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/25/77.) (Embassy 72nd St.)

The Asphalt Jungle (1950)—A competent (often overrated) thriller by John Huston about a group of crooks who plan a jewel robbery and how their characters determine the results. The rogues' gallery includes Sterling Hayden, Sam Jaffe, James Whitmore, and Louis Calhern; Jean Hagen and Marilyn Monroe are among the ladies. From the W. R. Burnett novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 15.)

The Betsy—The director, Daniel Petrie, aims low and misses his target—maybe through taste and halfheartedness as much as ineptitude. This adaptation of Harold Robbins' novel about three generations of a Detroit automobile dynasty lacks the juicy vulgarity of soul which Robbins requires—it's so tranquil it's like a reverie on the clichés of the genre. As the superabundantly sexed patriarch of the family, Laurence Olivier keeps on acting after everyone else has given up. He must be doing it for himself—for the sheer love of testing himself as an actor. His energy blasts through the film's largo style; it's a personal triumph. With Tommy Lee Jones, Robert Duvall, Katharine Ross, and Jane Alexander. (2/27/78) (U.A. East, and Waverly.... ¶ Eastside Cinema; through March 9.)

The Big Sleep—Based on the Raymond Chandler novel, with Robert Mitchum as Philip Marlowe. Directed by Michael Winner. (Bay Cinema, Trans-Lux East, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; starting March 15.)

The Birthday Party (1968)—The early Harold Pinter play, directed by William Friedkin, with an expert cast (Sydney Tafler, Robert Shaw, Patrick Magee, and Dandy Nichols). Lacking the excitement that Pinter's plays usually generate on the stage, the material became frozen and arbitrary. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16.)

Blue Collar—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader makes his début as a director with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat. (2/27/78) (86th St. East. ... ¶ Trans-Lux East; through March 14.)

Blue Country—With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Boys in Company C—With Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, Craig Wasson, and Andrew Stevens; directed by Sidney J. Furie. (Loews Orpheum.)

The Children of Theatre Street—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Quad Cinema.)

Close Encounters of the Third Kind—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's-try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

Coma—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Plaza.... ¶ Bay Cinema; through March 14.... ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; starting March 15.)

Coming Home—Allowing for the differences in the wars, this may be the post-Vietnam equivalent of the post-Second World War movie "The Best Years of Our Lives," which also dealt with returning veterans in smooth, popular terms. Throughout, there's a strong element of self-admiration in the film's anti-Vietnam attitude. The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in the veterans hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

Contempt (1964)—Jean-Luc Godard's strange, beautifully filmed, sometimes maddening movie about a director (played by Fritz Lang) shooting "The Odyssey," and a woman (Brigitte Bardot) who is contemptuous of her husband (Michel Piccoli). With Jack Palance. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10-11.)

Crossed Swords—With Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Mark Lester, Ernest Borgnine, George C. Scott, Rex Harrison, David Hemmings, and Charlton Heston; directed by Richard Fleischer. (Music Hall.)

Death in Venice (1971)—Visconti's film of the great Thomas Mann story of 1911, with Dirk

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Bogarde as Aschenbach, turned by Visconti from an author into a composer based on Mahler. The film is an odd mixture of unearthly beauty and almighty carrying-on, with something suffocatingly literal made of the purity of Aschenbach's love for the fourteen-year-old whom he meets at the Hôtel des Bains on the Lido. Many, many things here are wonderful, though. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 10-11.)

Demon Seed—With Julie Christie and Fritz Weaver, directed by Donald Cammell. (Olympia; starting March 15.)

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

The Duellists—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful; its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions. The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (1/23/78) (Fine Arts.)

The End of the World in Our Usual Bed in a Night Full of Rain—Except for flashbacks, Lina Wertmüller's first film in English takes place during one very wet night. A Communist Italian journalist (Giancarlo Giannini) and a rich American feminist photojournalist (Candice Bergen) have been married ten years, and in all that time they've been having sexual intercourse only in the missionary position. On this night, she suggests that she'd like to try something else, and there's much dishevelment, hysteria, shrieking, and running out into the rain—and the marriage collapses. The entire film has a tutti-frutti romanticism, and parts of it rank with such classics of camp as "Young-blood Hawke" and "The Barefoot Contessa." (2/6/78) (Loews Tower East; through March 13.)

Equus—Careful, unimaginative version of Peter Shaffer's play; the sensitive-important-picture pacing is like a black armband. As the tormented psychiatrist, Richard Burton does his elocutionary thing. Directed by Sidney Lumet. (11/7/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 14.)

Fingers—With Harvey Keitel, Tisa Farrow, and Jim Brown; directed by James Toback. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

Furtivos—Directed by Jose Luis Borau. In Spanish. (Cinema Studio.)

The Fury—With Kirk Douglas, John Cassavetes, Carrie Snodgress, Charles Durning, and Amy Irving; directed by Brian De Palma. (Loews Ciné; starting March 15.)

The Goodbye Girl—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through March 9. . . . ¶ Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex; through March 14. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; March 10-14.)

Gray Lady Down—With Charlton Heston, David Carradine, and Stacy Keach; directed by David Greene. (*Eastside Cinema, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting March 10.*)

High Anxiety—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton. . . . ¶ Cinema 3; through March 11.)

High Sierra (1941)—This Humphrey Bogart picture, directed by Raoul Walsh, was imitated widely both abroad and here, and it set a new style in gangster movies—the gangster as an anachronism in a changing world. Bogart's performance as the weary Dillinger-like gangster is a classic, and about half the movie is definitive in setting the new pattern. With Ida Lupino, Joan Leslie (as a lame girl, in an expendable subplot), Arthur Kennedy, Alan Curtis, and Cornel Wilde.

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John Huston and W. R. Burnett adapted the Burnett novel. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 13.)

House Calls—With Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, Art Carney, and Richard Benjamin; directed by Howard Zieff. (Loews Tower East; starting March 15.)

I Remember Mama (1948)—Kathryn Forbes' novel about her Norwegian family in San Francisco is used as the framework for a mother image of formidable proportions. This image is held to with the serene nostalgia that we reserve for our very best fantasies—Mama (Irene Dunne) is tall and beautiful, wise and omniscient. Except for a few gooey lapses (the worst is a bathetic hospital scene), George Stevens directed with warmth and intelligence; it's not a bad movie, though it has a too careful look, with meticulous reconstructions of San Francisco streets circa 1905-10. Philip Dorn is Papa, and Barbara Bel Geddes does well as daughter Katrin. As the rakehell Uncle Chris, Oscar Homolka goes in for too many flourishes and loiters too long on his deathbed. Edgar Bergen is the timid undertaker who marries Mama's sister, and Cedric Hardwicke and Rudy Vallée are also around. The movie seems too hemmed in, maybe because De Witt Bodeen's script sticks too closely to the stage adaptation by John van Druten. (Regency; March 12-13.)

It's a Wonderful Life (1946)—Frank Capra's best-sustained piece of sentimentality after the war (though the postwar public wasn't in the Capra mood, and the picture didn't catch on). James Stewart is the man on the brink of suicide who is given a vision of what life would be like for his family and his town if he had never been born. Donna Reed plays his wife, and the excruciatingly familiar cast includes Lionel Barrymore, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers, Beulah Bondi, Ward Bond, H. B. Warner, Gloria Grahame, and Samuel S. Hinds. In its own icky, bittersweet way, it's terribly effective. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 12.)

Julia—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Quad Cinema, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St.; through March 14.)

Kipps (1941)—Carol Reed directed this genial, endearingly noiseless version of the H. G. Wells novel, with Michael Redgrave as the orphan who works in a draper's shop and becomes a whiz of a bourgeois success. (The story was later inflated to the point of unintelligibility in the musical "Half a Sixpence.") With Diana Wynyard, Phyllis Calvert, Max Adrian, Michael Wilding, Edward Rigby, and Hermione Baddeley; the script is by Frank Launder and Sidney Gilliat. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 13.)

Lenny (1974)—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine bit as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (Cinema Village; March 14.)

The Lenny Bruce Performance Film (1974)—An actual Lenny Bruce performance, recorded, however, at the end of his career, in August, 1965, at Basin Street West, San Francisco. (Cinema Village; March 14.)

A Little Night Music—Based on the Stephen Sondheim musical, with Elizabeth Taylor, Diana Rigg, Len Cariou, Lesley-Anne Down, and Hermione Gingold. Directed by Harold Prince. (Columbia I.)

The Man Who Loved Women—The dedicated skirt-chaser of Truffaut's film is meant to be irresistibly charming, but his compulsion looks about as exciting as building a two-foot replica of the Pentagon with toothpicks. With Charles Denner, Nelly Borgeaud, Brigitte Fossey, and Leslie Caron. In French. (12/5/77) (New Yorker; starting March 10.)

The One and Only—With Henry Winkler and Kim Darby, directed by Carl Reiner. (34th St. East. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné; through March 14.)

Operation Thunderbolt—About the July, 1976, Israeli rescue at Entebbe. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Guild.)

Ordet (1955)—A modern Resurrection, treated with extreme literalness by Carl Dreyer. Considered a masterpiece by many, interminable by others. From the Kaj Munk play. In Danish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 13.)

Othello (1966)—A filmed record of the theatrical production starring Laurence Olivier; the techniques employed are pitifully inadequate. But there he is: the most physical Othello imaginable—deep voice, with a trace of foreign music in it; happy, thick, self-satisfied laugh; rolling buttocks; grand and barbaric and, yes, a little lewd. As a lord, this Othello is a bit vulgar—too ingratiating, a boaster, an arrogant man. Who can afford to miss this performance? With Frank Finlay as the pale, parched little Iago—a man consumed with sexual jealousy—and Maggie Smith as the quietly strong, willful Desdemona. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 12.)

The Panic in Needle Park (1971)—Boy (Al Pacino) meets girl (Kitty Winn), but he is a heroin addict and she becomes one. The movie doesn't tell you much you don't know. Worthy, but a drag. Directed by Jerry Schatzberg. (Cinema Village; March 15-16.)

Pat and Mike (1952)—Katharine Hepburn and Spencer Tracy play together so expertly that their previous films seem like warmups. The script, by Ruth Gordon and Garson Kanin, isn't up to the best of "Adam's Rib," but the stars have achieved such teamwork that their sparring is more beautiful than punch lines. Hepburn plays a phenomenal all-around athlete, and in the course of the picture she takes on Gussie Moran, Babe Didrikson Zaharias, and other professionals, touching off the comic possibilities in various sports with grace and ease. With Aldo Ray as a sulky boxer. George Cukor directed—beautifully. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 12.)

Pierrot le Fou (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's unresolved, disturbing film. The narrative encompasses a satire of advertising, an existential stalemate, political violence, and romance, all shot—in color—in a hard-edge style. With Jean-Paul Belmondo and Anna Karina. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 10.)

Rashomon (1951)—In ninth-century Kyoto, a nobleman's bride is raped by a bandit; the nobleman lies dead. This double crime is acted out in the versions of the three participants and a witness. Akira Kurosawa's great enigmatic film created a new interest in Japanese cinema. With Machiko Kyo, Toshiro Mifune as the bandit, Masayuki Mori as the husband, and Takashi Shimura as the witness. From stories by Ryunosuke Akutagawa. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

Sanders of the River (1935)—One of those all-for-the-glory-of-the-British-Empire specials. Paul Robeson plays Bosambo, a trustworthy Congo chieftain, so loyal to the British that he helps the colonial officials crush a native revolt. Robeson, who had apparently expected this English film—an Alexander Korda production, directed by Zoltan Korda—to have a very different point of view, fought its release. However, despite the junkiness of the Edgar Wallace story on which it is based, and despite the flagrant racism of the noble-savage conception, Robeson himself has a nobility that transcends the picture's terms. He's magnificently stirring in his African bangles, especially when his chants roll out over the waters. Bosambo and his similar role in "King Solomon's Mines" were among his most popular performances. With the elegant Nina Mae McKinney, and Leslie Banks. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 16.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty

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and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (Art, Gramercy, and Loews 83rd Triplex. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; through March 14.)

THE SAVAGE IS LOOSE (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

THE SCANDALOUS ADVENTURES OF BURAIKAN (1970)—Mid-nineteenth-century Japan, and not a bit scandalous, though the picture—directed by Masahiro Shinoda—has a bright sense of mischief. About feudalism and rebellion. Any Japanese picture must be about this, even if it is about contemporary business executives struggling onto the world's most advanced trains and playing weekend clock golf. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 14.)

SEMI-TOUGH—Starting from Dan Jenkins' popular 1972 novel, an anecdotal burlesque about professional football players, the director Michael Ritchie and the screenwriter Walter Bernstein made a movie that's a loose series of riffs on the human-potential, consciousness-raising movement, with the two football stars (Burt Reynolds and Kris Kristofferson) involved in a romantic comedy triangle with the team owner's daughter (Jill Clayburgh). The movie is like a low-grade fever—you slip in and out of it painlessly. (12/12/77) (St. Marks Cinema, 72nd Street East, Playboy, and Olympia; starting March 15.)

THE SERPENT'S EGG—Set in Berlin in 1923, this Ingmar Bergman film, made in English in Munich, is about a Jewish-American trapeze artist (David Carradine) and his sister-in-law (Liv Ullmann), who are entrapped by a mad doctor (Heinz Bennent)—a prophet who dreams of what the Nazis will accomplish in the thirties. The movie, which fills the screen with images of fear and blood, of head-splitting pain and death, and then throws in gothic political theories, is a crackpot tragedy. Everything is strained, insufficient, underfelt. (1/30/78) (Coronet.)

THE SERVANT (1963)—A gentleman's gentleman reduces his gentleman to a state of squalid servitude. Dirk Bogarde is the brilliant star of the picture, which Joseph Losey directed. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 16.)

SHORT EYES—Robert M. Young directed Miguel Piñero's adaptation of his own play—an insider's view of life in a men's house of detention, centering on the revulsion that prisoners feel toward child-molesters ("short eyes"). Parts of this disorganized, somewhat pedestrian movie seem as good as they could possibly be. Shot entirely in the Tombs. (9/26/77) (St. Marks Cinema; through March 14.)

A SPECIAL DAY—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. (10/17/77) (In Italian, with subtitles, at the New Yorker; through March 9. . . . ¶ In dubbed English at the Playboy; through March 14.)

THE SPIRAL STAIRCASE (1948)—Set in New England in 1906, it's about the activities of a finical strangler engaged in eliminating young women who don't measure up to his ideas of physical perfection. His preoccupation sets him in murderous pursuit of Dorothy McGuire, a harmless, attractive mute who serves as companion to gruff Ethel Barrymore, the bedridden mistress of a spooky mansion decorated with the hides of various wild animals and full of creaking doors, gates, and shutters. Robert Siodmak directed this little horror classic; it has all the trappings of the genre—a stormy night and a collection of psychopaths—but the psychopaths are quite presentable people, and this, plus the skillful, swift direction, makes the terror convincing. With George Brent, Kent Smith, Sara Allgood, Elsa Lanchester, and Rhonda Fleming. (Regency; March 14-15.)

THE STARS LOOK DOWN (1939)—Though this Carol Reed film contains nothing as imaginative as the first sequences of his "Odd Man Out," it's a remarkably beautiful work, and until the sixties it was one of only a few English movies with a strong contemporary subject. It sustains an emotional tone like that of a Thomas Hardy novel, and the hero (Michael Redgrave, in his first really distinguished screen performance) is a frustrated idealist, not unlike Hardy's Jude. Growing up in a Welsh mining town, this hero dreams of improving the life around him, but marries naively, and disastrously. Margaret Lockwood plays the stupid, vulgar, unhappy girl who snares him, and Emlyn Williams is the little sharpie she's instinctively drawn to. With Edward Rigby as the hero's father, Nancy Price as his mother, Desmond Tester as his younger brother, and Ivor Barnard and Cecil Parker. From a novel by A. J. Cronin. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 13.)

SUMMER PARADISE—With Birgitta Valberg and Sif Ruud, directed by Gunnel Lindblom. In Swedish. (Cinema 3; starting March 12.)

SYLVIA SCARLETT (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her con-man father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (Cinema Village; March 12-13.)

THAT OBSCURE OBJECT OF DESIRE—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, worldly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Columbia II.)

TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)—Some people have great affection for this anti-Nazi comedy-melodrama, with its knockabout seriousness. The stars are Carole Lombard and Jack Benny, bizarrely cast as a famous Polish actress and her actor-husband; the plot involves actors disguising themselves as Nazis in order to foil the Nazis. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who is far off his usual delicate style. With Robert Stack, Lionel Atwill, Stanley Ridges, and Felix Bressart. It was Lombard's last film; two weeks after completing it, she was killed in a plane crash while on a tour to sell defense bonds. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10-11.)

THE TURNING POINT—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77)

(Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie. . . . ¶R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1; through March 9.)

Under Milk Wood (1973)—An affectionate and beautiful reading of the Dylan Thomas play for voices, with a fairly modest visual accompaniment. Andrew Sinclair adapted and directed. Richard Burton is the principal speaker and performer; with Peter O'Toole, Elizabeth Taylor, Victor Spinetti, Glynis Johns, and Vivien Merchant. Seeing the people seems to clarify and set the play in one's mind, though one may lose the unkempt luxuriance of Thomas's vision, and perhaps also lose the freedom not to think of the voices in terms of characters—the freedom not to visualize the material. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view, he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts, he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Paramount.)

The Virgin and the Gypsy (1970)—Maurice Denham is an Anglican vicar with a taste for depressing hymns; he sends one of his virgin daughters (Joanna Shimkus) into the arms of a gypsy (Franco Nero). Christopher Miles' movie is intelligent, a bit studied, true to D. H. Lawrence. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; March 11.)

We're Not Dressing (1934)—Light, easygoing Paramount musical comedy about the wreck of a yacht on a desert island, taken (very loosely) from J. M. Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton," one of the most serviceable of screen sources. Bing Crosby is the sailor; he doesn't bat the spoiled heiress, Carole Lombard, around the way the hero of the shrill "Swept Away" does. The other passengers are lecherous Ethel Merman (who sings "It's Just an Old Spanish Custom"), and Ray Milland and Leon Errol as rich prigs. The island, fortunately, isn't deserted; Gracie Allen and George Burns turn up, as naturalists living there. Norman Taurog directed; the Harry Revel and Mack Gordon songs include "Love Thy Neighbor" and "She Reminds Me of You." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 10-11.)

WR—Mysteries of the Organism (1971)—Controversial, comic collage-movie by Dusan Makavejev that mixes and parodies left-wing politics and Wilhelm Reichian psychology; the point of view is so unstable that it seems to be more sophomoric than anything else. With the gifted actress Milena Dravic, as well as Jackie Curtis and Tuli Kupferberg. A Yugoslavian film. (Bleecker St. Cinema; March 15.)

You'll Never Get Rich (1941)—Fred Astaire and Rita Hayworth, and it doesn't work out too well, partly because she's too physical—too radiantly, youthfully overpowering for him (she works better with Gene Kelly in "Cover Girl")—and partly because the mixture of the backstage-musical plot and the Second World War enlistment-in-the-Army theme weighs down the songs and dances. Cole Porter did the lyrics and music (which don't stick in the mind); Robert Alton was dance director; Michael Fessier and Ernest Pagano did the script; Sidney Lanfield directed. The cast includes Robert Benchley, John Hubbard, Osa Massen, Donald MacBride, Frieda Inescort, Gwinn Williams, the singer Martha Tilton, and, among the guardhouse inmates, the Delta Rhythm Boys and a jazz group that contains Chico Hamilton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14.)

You Were Never Lovelier (1942)—Fred Astaire, Rita Hayworth—with Astaire pursuing her by the route of her matchmaking father, played by Adolphe Menjou. Quite endearing punk, with tunes including "You Were Never Lovelier" itself, "Dearly Beloved," and "I'm Old-Fashioned." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; March 14.)

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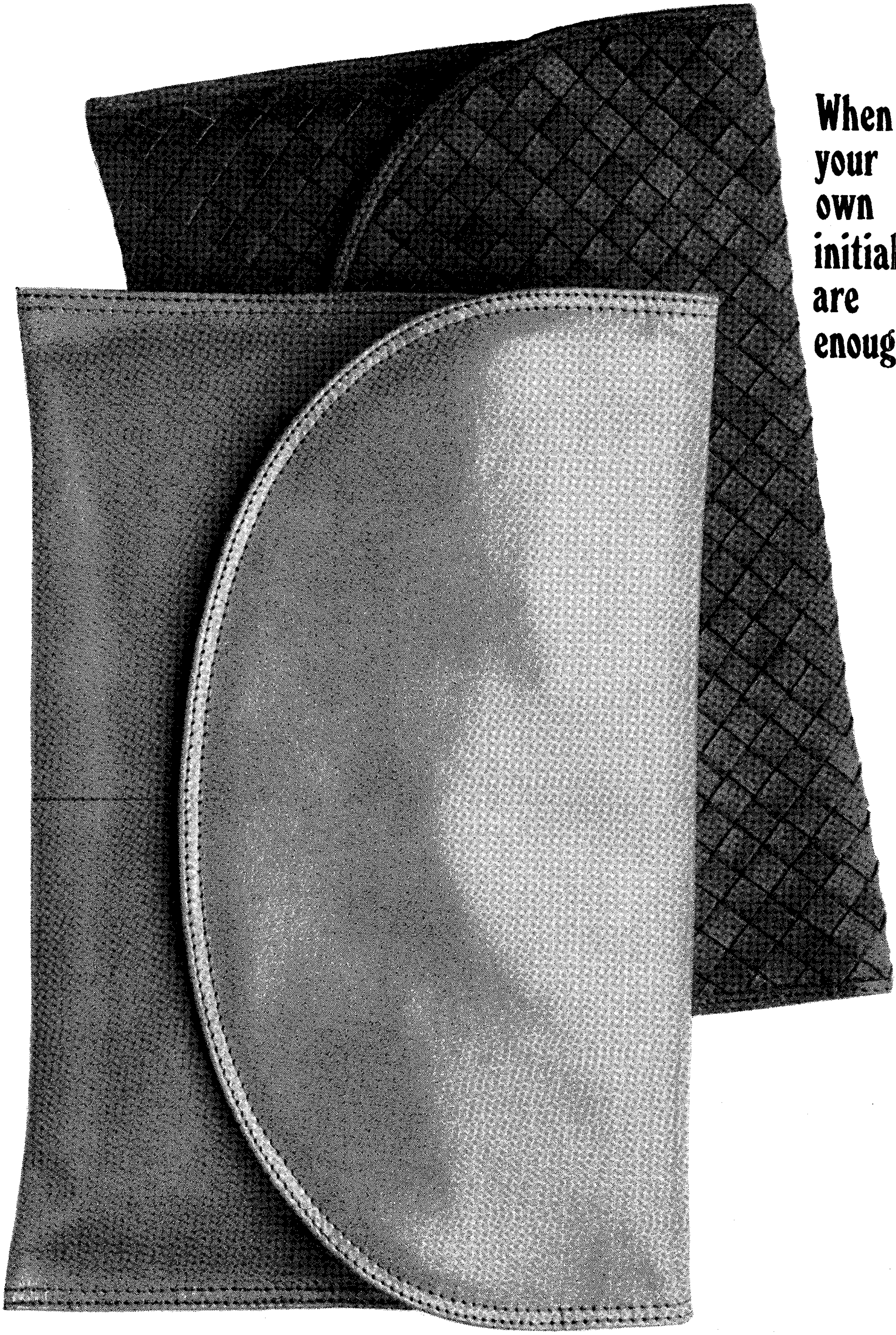

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THE NEW YORKER

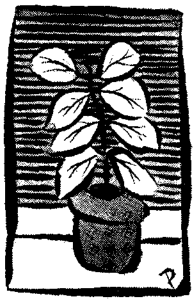
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

COLD-WEATHER thoughts from a woman we know in New England:

I'd like to offer a few words on the topic of keeping warm as it is seen from up here. I'll begin with coal from the sea. I've just learned that from time to time lumps of anthracite coal, presumably spilled from cargo vessels that sank many years ago off our treacherous coast, come up in the nets of fishermen. If the fishermen are thrifty, they bring the coal home. It burns beautifully, with a flickering blue-green flame, and makes a slow, steady fire that keeps a stove warm all through the night. To me there is something wonderful and a bit eerie about this coal—coal that was mined such a long time back and intended for burning in nineteenth-century furnaces, and is now warming twentieth-century houses. A hundred years and more ago, before railroads took over, coal and other cargo came to New England in coastal schooners. The schooners carrying the coal that is now being netted off our shores might have been bound for Newport or Providence or Boston and come to grief off Point Judith, which was once notorious for the number of wrecks it caused. I've been thinking of the spilled coal waiting on the timeless bottom of the ocean while eventful generations went by on land. Perhaps some of these pieces of coal were mined at the beginning of the great revolution brought on by the fossil fuels and are finally being consumed in its twilight.

I heard about the coal from the sea in what seems an unlikely place. I was having a haircut in Sue's Beauty Cottage, on Main Street. Sue was born a Browning, and a lot of past and present Brownings were or are fishermen. Sue has had two husbands, also fishermen, and has three sons who are fishermen. She is an attractive, dark-eyed woman with a keen business mind and old-fashioned thrifty ways. When she told me about her sons' bringing home coal, I realized that a surprising number of things in this town are tied together by fuel. They include Main Street, the Beauty Cottage, Sue's Yankee business skill, and a new way of life—as far as heating goes—that has been sweeping New England in the wake of a new phenomenon: the rediscovery of the parlor stove. Sue's Beauty Cottage is on Main Street because of fuel. Main Street used to be the business center of our town. After the war, automobiles strangled it and left it for dead. One by one, the stores closed; Stedman's market, Palmer's men's furnishings, Clarke's shoe store, and a number of others disappeared, while chain stores sprang up out along the highway. Main Street's empty stores became available at low rents for small businesses like Sue's. A couple of years ago, when the oil crisis hit, Sue was one of the first people in town to realize which way the wind would blow. She became a dealer in a line of stoves called Jøtul, which are imported from Norway, and which burn wood or coal. She rented premises next door to the Beauty Cottage to display them in, sharing the space with Gladys Watson's antiques. The stoves looked much at home surrounded by Mrs. Watson's old rockers, patchwork quilts, and pine chests. The stove business took off beyond Sue's most optimistic dreams. Though the stoves were far from low-priced, she was soon selling them as fast as she could get them. Even in August, she would have to drop her scissors a dozen times a day and dash from the Beauty Cottage to the stove display to talk to a customer. Last autumn, she told me she was making three times as much out of stoves as out of beauty.



I am as interested in a stove as other householders around here who are paying horrifying oil bills. (Sue says with satisfaction that her oil bill for October, November, and December was forty-seven dollars. Mine was many hundreds.) I have ordered a stove from Vermont Castings, which makes stoves that to my mind are prettier than the Jøtuls, but the makers are so swamped with orders that I won't get it until April. I am looking forward to it eagerly, like a birthday present. At twilight, when the windows turn a cold, dead gray, I would love to light a fire, but I don't start one in the fireplace, because I know that it would suck expensive oil-produced heat up the chimney. Instead, I reach for a sweater and think how cozy it will be next winter when I put wood on my parlor stove, and draw my chair up close. From talking with owners of stoves, I've found that installing parlor stoves is not a matter of grudgingly giving in to necessity. It is something that is being done with real enthusiasm. Stove owners love their stoves. They like to compare notes on money saved, on how to keep a stove burning all night, on how pleasant it is to have a warm stove as the focus of a room. There is also pleasure in freeing yourself from the system. When you light your parlor stove, you throw off the shackles that held you captive to the fuel dealer, the repairman, OPEC, and Sheikh Yamani. You can thumb your nose at Sheikh Yamani. You feel you are dependent on no one—except, perhaps, the person you bought the wood from.

That, of course, is the rub. All these new stoves are going to require a lot of wood. Fortunately, there is a lot of wood in New England. For decades, it has been wasted; fallen trees have been left to rot or have been carted to the dump. Now such wood will be gathered for burning, as it was generations ago. The same is true of coal from the sea. Sue says that until lately fishermen would throw back any coal they found in the nets, along with seaweed and trash fish. Now they carefully collect it, piece by piece, and most voyages produce a respectable heap. She estimates that her sons have brought her a full ton of coal this winter. At night, when she stokes her stove, she puts one or two big lumps in with the glowing wood, and the fire lasts until morning. Of course, I know that coal salvaged from the sea hardly provides an answer to our energy problem. Nevertheless, I find it a delightful circumstance that something our great-grandfathers left behind accidentally is being discovered just at the moment of need.

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Comedy at Avery Fisher Hall

WHEN Victor Borge, the Danish comedian, made his début with the New York Philharmonic last week—as conductor, pianist, and compere—the orchestra's hundred and six musicians were cast in the unaccustomed roles of straight men. The concert took place during the Philharmonic Phone Festival—a radio fund-raising drive that produced almost three hundred thousand dollars in contributions—and the program was a mixture of light classics (Svendsen's "Fest Polonaise" and "Romance," Dukas's "Sorcerer's Apprentice," a Gershwin medley arranged by Borge for piano and orchestra); knockabout comedy (Smetana's "Dance of the Comedians"); and Borge's characteristic deadpan running comment. We arranged to attend the rehearsal that took place the day before the concert. Although Mr. Borge is best known as a comedian, he is also a trained classical pianist, who has played most of the standard concert repertoire. He is now sixty-nine, and spends much of his time touring the world with a show called "Comedy with Music," but over the years he has conducted a number of major orchestras.

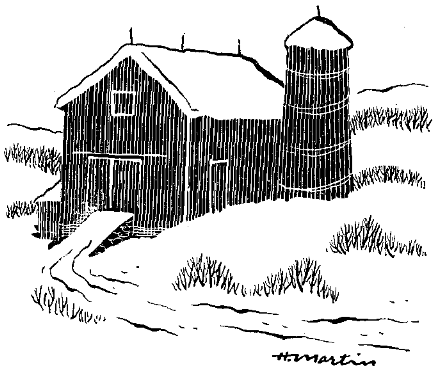
When we arrived at Avery Fisher Hall, we found the Maestro—elegant, gray-haired, and imperturbable—seated at a gleaming black Bösendorfer playing through his arrangement of Gershwin's "Fascinating Rhythm." He was dressed in a short-sleeved white terry-cloth shirt, khaki slacks, black socks, and brown suède moccasins with tassels, and he seemed to be enjoying himself. He tossed off a rippling arpeggio and leaped up from the piano bench to cue a transition to "The Man I Love," which was arranged for brass chords and a bluesy trumpet solo. After a few bars, Mr. Borge halted the orchestra with a brisk chop and asked that the transition be played again. "Please, trumpet, take a little more time and do it completely free," he said. He gave the brasses a downbeat and listened carefully as the trumpet played the solo with considerably more freedom. Then, conducting from the piano bench, he took the orchestra through songs from "Porgy and Bess" ("This should be an absolutely straight reading. No syncopation"), "Swanee" ("What do the basses have in that introduction? D sharp and B? Change it and play an F sharp tremolo for the first eight bars"), and part of the "Concerto in F" ("Somebody is coming in too soon there." Pause. "Or somebody *else* is coming in too late"). Toward the end of the medley, Mr. Borge played a series of resounding chords from the "Rhapsody in Blue" and then tore into an elaborate cadenza that seemed to astonish members of the orchestra.

Having warmed up the skeptical musicians, Mr. Borge mounted the podium and got ready to conduct Smetana's "Dance of the Comedians." "This is the only thing the orchestra does that has comedy in it," he said. "The idea is that I don't know it's on the program, and haven't rehearsed it. Don't follow me. No matter what I do, go ahead and play on your own. And I need one violinist to come in at the wrong moment."

The first violins nominated Theodor Podnos, a short, embarrassed man sitting in the last row, near the door. He stared unhappily at his music and said, "Where do you want me to play?"

"In Philadelphia," replied Mr. Borge. Which got a big laugh from the orchestra.

Then he launched the orchestra into the feather-light Smetana dance, managing to locate and cue each instrumental entrance a few seconds *after* it had taken place. Following the second fermata, the orchestra was supposed to wait while Podnos came in with his solo bar, but he was drowned out by several other violinists. "Out!" said Mr. Borge, pointing at them in mock rage. "That's his solo, and if we do it right it should be funny. You know, this would be much easier to do with a *bad* orchestra."



After the rehearsal, we asked Mr. Borge how he felt about making his Philharmonic début.

"It's a great honor to play with such splendid musicians," he said. "We should have an interesting concert, because we have an understanding that we are serious when we play together, even when I'm being funny. Remember that whether I'm a good or a bad conductor isn't the point. I'm new to them. They have to learn my reactions and learn them fast."

"Is this more difficult than your regular show?" we asked.

"Of course," said Mr. Borge, "because my show is never completely prepared. Within a general framework, I say whatever comes into my mind on any given night. Here we have a program that must be followed—up to a point. The conducting, for me, is relatively simple. I have the scores in my head and I know the kinds of sounds I want to produce from the orchestra. What is difficult is the arrangements for piano and orchestra—such as the Gershwin—because when I finally play something I want to do it exactly right. I'm always terrified of making some mistake. The timing of the Gershwin was perfect today, but I've been worrying for over a week about how it will work out in performance. I have on occasion almost talked myself into a complete blank onstage. In the middle of playing a cadenza, I'll look down at the keyboard and say to myself, 'What key is this in, anyway?' With an orchestra you have to play up to standard, but I'm never tense in a solo performance, because there I can always talk my way out of a mistake."

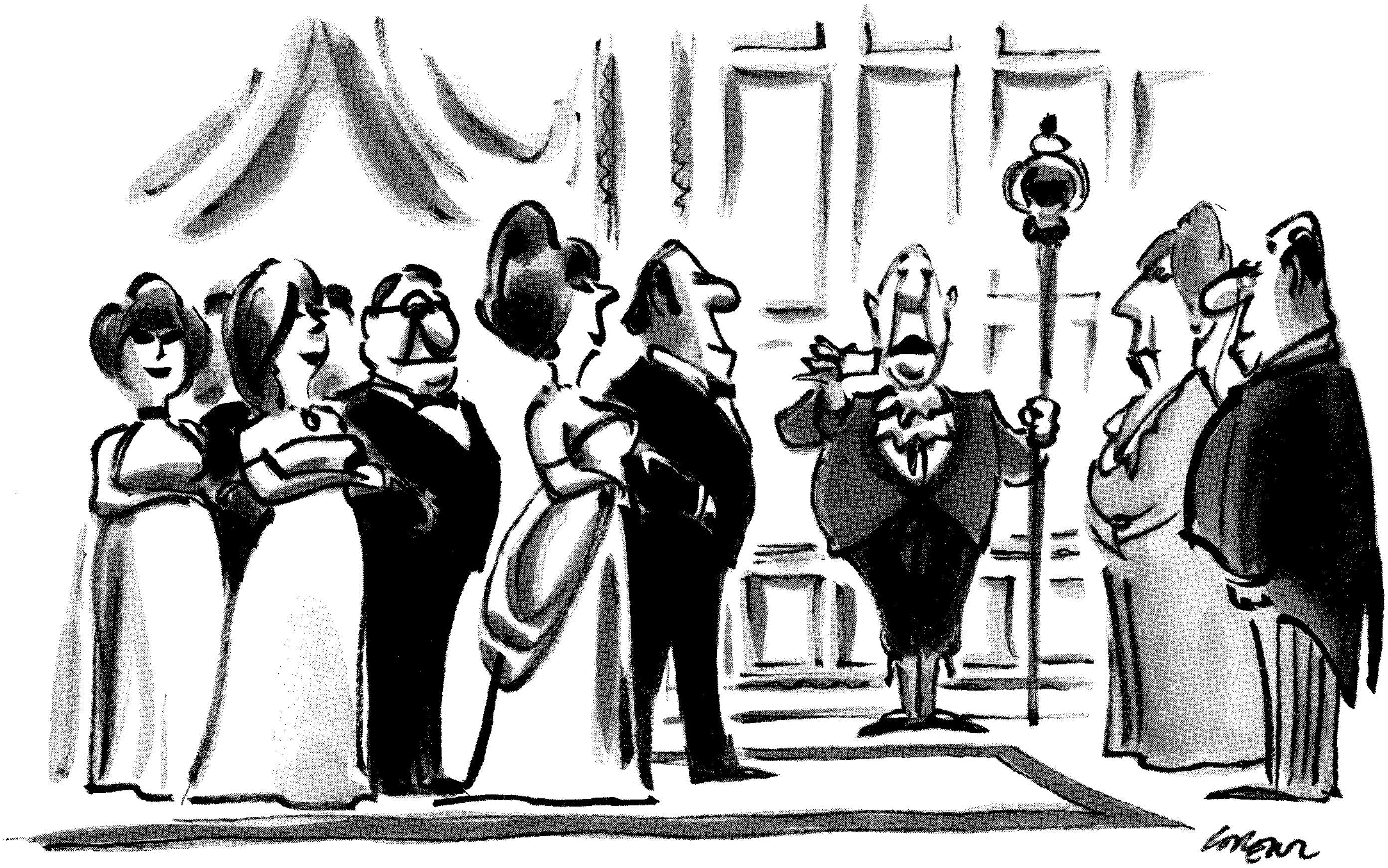
Trance

IT was at a late-running party in midtown last week. We were standing in the kitchen talking to the hostess, who was making two pots of coffee. She suddenly said, "Damn! I've run out of half-and-half. Watch the pots, please. It won't take long."

We said we'd go out with her, and asked where she could get half-and-half around there. It was well after midnight. "I'll drive," she said.

"*Drive?*" we said.

"Sure," she said. "There's a wonderful new Pathmark about the size of a cathedral on Route 17, in Hackensack, just the other side of the Lincoln Tunnel or so, that's open twenty-four hours a day. You haven't been there? Well, my father was a grocer in Queens for twenty years, and, believe me, you should go. Besides, a breath of fresh air will do us both good."



"The Right Honourable Rawlings Gwaltney and friend. His Grace the Duke of Foreshire and friend. Evan W. Prentine, Esquire, and friend . . ."

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She kissed her husband goodbye (he was standing in the living room talking with the two dozen guests still active), we got into her Rabbit, and twenty-five minutes later she parked in an almost empty parking lot in New Jersey in which a number of enormous shopping carts, capable of holding several haunches of venison—or us, for that matter—were scattered about. The supermarket loomed behind. Our hostess (she works in Wall Street; she's about thirty and has blond ringlets) grabbed a cart and propelled it toward the front door, which hummed open at our approach. Inside was a city: a grocery store, a drugstore, a hardware store, a department store, a bakery, a plant store, and a stationery store—in short, a supermarket of the seventies, of a magnificence we thought existed only in California. Seventeen wide aisles were crammed with brightly lighted merchandise marked by overhead signs that looked about the size of interstate-intersection signs. A frozen-food aisle was a frozen-food boulevard—five-foot-high glass-fronted freezer cases facing on a space that was eight giant shopping carts wide and was divided by a line of low-rise median-strip frozen-juice bins. Frozen ready-to-cook rabbit; frozen ground turkey; frozen chicken Kiev; frozen burritos; frozen non-dairy creamer; quart cans of frozen juice; frozen Tabatchnick pea soup; fourteen kinds of frozen pizza; frozen Cracker Jack ice-cream bars—in fact, thirteen five-foot-high-by-three-foot-wide storage compartments full of ice cream. "Oh, my God!" our hostess breathed when we reached the frozen-food boulevard. "Would you like some ice cream?"

"What about the half-and-half?"

"Oh, we've got a few minutes. I want you to take a look around. Ten stores the size of my father's store could fit in here. Of course, we had a cat, and I don't see any cats here. I wonder if they have one. They could have an army of them, for all I know. I'll be right back."

We took the cart and wandered around for a few minutes. We saw machines for cleaning carpets; a cake-icing sign, framed and hung on a wall, that said "GOOD LUCK, JOE;" a shelf of paperbacks that included "Close Encounters of the Third Kind" and "Coma;" a pamphlet called "A Doctor Discusses What Every Teenager Wants to Know;" a pamphlet called "A Doctor Discusses Learning to Cope with Arthritis, Rheumatism, and Gout;" a stuffed toy raccoon with a label that said "Endangered Species;" a nine-pound package of steak (the largest package of steak we've ever seen, enough to feed maybe twenty people at a barbecue); an eighty-five-foot-long aisle of baby food and disposable diapers; plastic bones for dogs to chew on shaped like Hershey bars; four different kinds of "Bionic Woman" books; sheets and pillows; T-shirts and panty hose; Colonial-design electric switch plates; a Donald Duck night-light; plastic spatter shields for the top of electric mixing bowls; house paint; a huge selection of disposable foil trays and baking dishes; "Emergency Candles," which were two wax candles shaped like small electric bulbs, with wicks coming out of the screw-in part; forty-pound boxes of controlled-suds detergent with bleach, borax, and brighteners (no phosphates); packages of Instant Pink Squirrel cocktail mix ("Also makes Pink Cow"); gallon jugs of red and white wine vinegar; sixteen different brands of hot dogs; a display of well over a thousand boxes of Ritz crackers; Maxim freeze-dried coffee in jars designed by Oleg Cassini; boxes of Blammo Sugarless Bubble Gum. The sound system played rock music. We saw two other shoppers—an old black man buying four gallons of apple cider, and a middle-aged white man buying sixteen pounds of electric-perk coffee. We found that we were staring. Our legs felt heavy; the rest of us was curiously weightless.

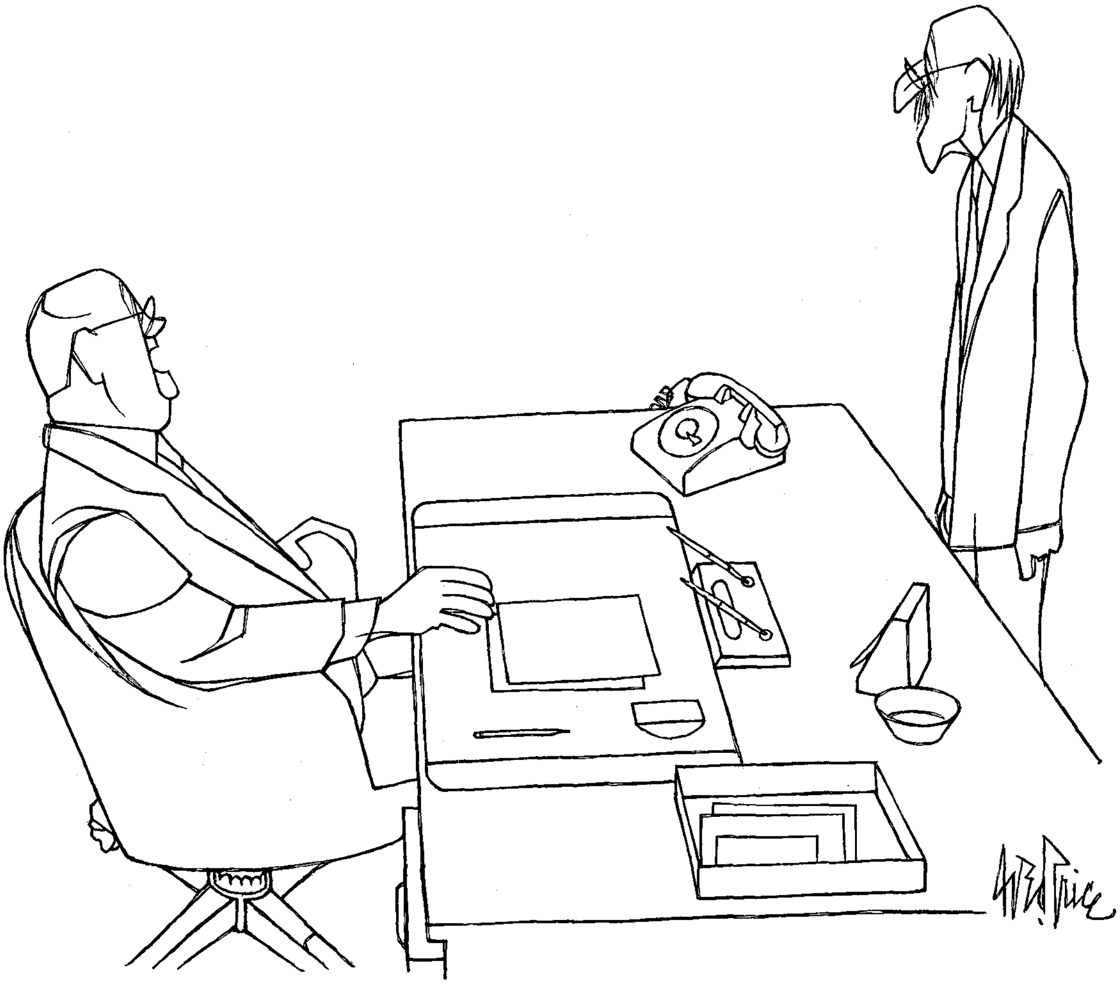
“Stop!” cried our hostess, reappearing around a corner, her arms full of half-and-half, two kinds of hair conditioner, a box of chocolate-covered crullers, a box of envelopes, a bag of toasted coconut marshmallows, and a can of dry gas. “You’re in a trance. It’s a famous phenomenon—supermarket *hypnosis. I’m having a wonderful* time—I’ve never felt so nonchalant in a supermarket. Usually, there are people blocking the way—leaving their carts halfway across an aisle and staring in stupor at the shelves. They don’t seem to realize there are other people using the store. The Muzak in stores usually contributes to the dissociated state—especially the sprightly or dreamy tunes that seem to come out of Nowhereland. It’s just that there are all these things, all these items, grabbing at your attention. And you just walk back and forth in front of all these possibilities, for satisfaction. It can overwhelm a person. A supermarket is one place that people always enter with a certain amount of money—which gives them power, as far as it goes. They get furious when they can’t find what they want, or when an item has no price—furious, and still in a trance. What to do to escape from the trance? Look ahead, look behind. Realize there are other things than the ones in front of your eyes at the moment. Don’t go shopping when you’re hungry—you’ll buy too much food. Listen for specific sounds instead of to the background *hum of droning registers and* carts. Sing along with the Muzak song. Pay attention to your own movements—particularly your feet as you walk and your hands as you reach for an item. Have a shopping list—this will give you an aim. I like this store. There’s a good produce section—and the produce is weighed by the checkers, so you don’t have to stand in line once in the produce section and again at the checkout counter. Fifteen checkout counters! There’s an art to checking out. The checkers ring the different kinds of things on different keys—produce, dairy, meat, non-food. It’s on the label. Look at the labels, group your purchases, put them on the counter with the prices facing the checker. It will save time; the checker will be happy. Non-foods have increased enormously in supermarkets in the past couple of years—stores aren’t making much profit on food anymore. I liked the display of foil dishes here. Most stores just have baking dishes and pie plates—not what you need at the moment. That’s the largest display of baby needs I’ve seen in years. Most stores haven’t been stocking so many since the pill. What *else? Get to know when a store* receives its deliveries. Then you’ll know what’s fresh and when you’ll have the greatest selection of meat or vegetables. I’m glad we came.”

So were we.

A Friend from Calcutta

WE spent a day last week with a friend who is visiting from Calcutta. We had last seen him twelve years ago, in his own city, where he works as a bureaucrat and a poet. Before we met him this time, he told us over the telephone that he was “still very nice.” We were partway relieved, for we hoped he hadn’t changed but were not sure whether he was joking or was just using English in his private fashion. We suspected that he knew we were uncertain and that he enjoyed our uncertainty—and that would mean that at least he still was, as he used to be, a little mischievous. Later, he told us about having puzzled someone else. A tipsy and friendly young woman, perching on a chair arm and leaning against him as they talked one evening here, asked if he had a wife. “Four,” he told her, and she sat up straight. She was trying to recall, he guessed, whether or not Indians practice polygamy. The puzzling, he told us, soon made her quite sober.

“I love New York,” he said to us at one point. “It is just like Calcutta.” We knew what he meant, and we knew that he was complimenting New York, which in some fields, including poetry, has nowhere near his city’s vigor, and which



“I’m sorry, Gilhorn, but J.W. himself has decided you are no longer bright-eyed and bushy-tailed.”

"And that goes for your personalized shirts, shorts, and neckties, too!"

lacks his city's respect for friendship and talk. All his friends write poetry, and they also talk a lot, or they may sit together in silence, reading, drinking tea. In New York, our friends steal time for talk, but just in the day's interstices—in a stretched-out phone call, or over a slow lunch or dinner, and then the meals must be planned.

Sometimes, as we made our way around New York with our Calcutta friend, we felt proud of our city. We stopped to watch some small, sliding clouds darkly reflected in a skyscraper wall. Expensive technology gives us mirrors grander than Calcutta's. Sometimes we were not proud. Our friend's cramped hotel room looked out on the slanting ramps of a parking garage ("It's modern art," he said, with his characteristic merriment), and the utterly charmless hallway and lobbies housed only machines: to provide ice, cola, and plastic-wrapped snacks.

The two of us went to find a friend we have in common—a young woman who works in a small electronics factory as assistant to the company's president. She, too, had known our friend in Calcutta twelve years ago. While we were all standing in the company's small reception area, the president, a young man whom everybody calls Mike, came by. He stopped to greet us, and said he hoped we would enjoy "hanging around, being here, taking a look at our place." Our Indian friend smiled. Mike, the president, wore a short-sleeved print shirt. Our Indian friend, the poet, wore a suit, a sweater, and a scarf—he had dressed, perhaps, on the advice of friends who had visited London. The two men looked at each other in a kind of bafflement. Then a small machine in a glass showcase caught Mike's eye: it was an array of feebly winking little lamps set out on a sort of espaliered wire tree, the whole thing housed in a Plexiglas box. There were several of these machines flickering at us—some of them with colored-light-emitting diodes, some with pale neon bulbs. They had no function, it was explained, other than to divert the eye. (Near them sat small metal boxes stencilled with catchy names like "Electric Mistress" and "Memory Man." We had heard that these devices were "signal modifiers," which the company sells to rock-and-roll musicians.)

Mike asked his assistant, "Have you slapped one of these blinkers on him?"

She shook her head.

Mike said, "Slap one of these on him, to take back home. One of the neons."

She nodded.

Mike again wished us a good visit, and walked off down the hall.

A tour of the factory followed, which took a while, and it seemed that the blinker had been forgotten. For our part, we hoped so, because the restless thing was not pleasing or pretty, and certainly it was not useful. But Mike's assistant hadn't forgotten it, and when our tour reached the stockroom she picked up a Plexiglas-boxed neon tree. The Plexiglas box was put in a plastic bag.

We then told her that a dozen years earlier our friend had nearly refused a record we offered him as we were leaving Calcutta. "If I accept this, I shall have to buy a phonograph," he had explained. "If I do that, then I must give up this flat for a bigger one." And we knew that that was true; his wife and son had gone out for a stroll to make room for four or five of us to gather in his bedroom. "But to afford such a flat I must change my job or divorce my wife—or perhaps I must do both," he went on. He did take the record, finally, in order to be polite, but he never bought the phonograph.

Now our Indian friend looked at the blinker and said to Mike's assistant, "I cannot accept this. Who is to carry it?"

After a pause, she proposed that the company could mail it.

"No," he said. "The customs inspector will decide that this object is to be valued at one million rupees. I shall have to pay a duty of one hundred and twenty per cent, and I will be ruined. No. For my son I will draw a picture, and you may keep this thing for the time when he will visit. Then he may ask, 'Is it true that there were such things in the year 1978? And were they in general use?' "

She put the blinker down.

"All you have to do now," we said, "is explain that to Mike."

She was relieved, and so were we. Our friend from Calcutta was indeed—as we had remembered him—still very nice.

THE ARTIST

BY ANATOLY SHUBOV

(Note: Anatoly Shubov, the émigré miniaturist, is perhaps best known for his *shpetkornyi*—the extraordinary tiny landscapes and detailed architectural studies that he laboriously paints on the heads of thumbtacks, thus continuing, in contemporary idiom, the ancient art of nailhead illumination that has been practiced for centuries by a handful of monks in his native Kazakhstan. His works may be seen on bulletin boards at Cooper Union in New York and at P.S. 19 in Akron, Ohio. Here Mr. Shubov makes his first appearance as a memoirist.)

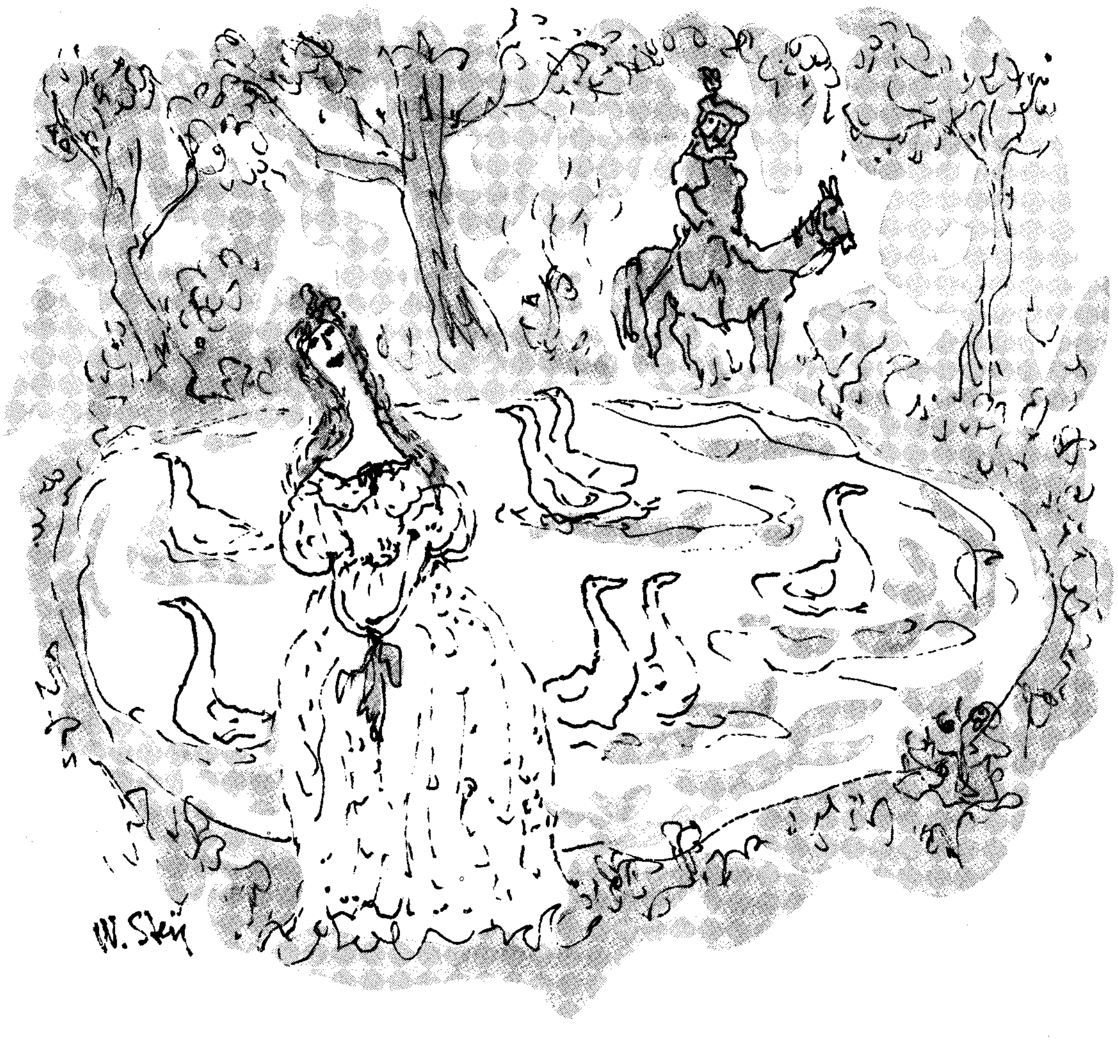
SINCE his death some two years ago, surprisingly little has been written of my friend Pyotr Nicholaevich Derzhavin. I expected, at the very least, a full retrospective exhibit of his work, with one of those learned catalogues which put the artist so well in his place. It has occurred to me that I might not be the very worst person to write an introduction for it, since I myself am a painter and have known Petya, as we called him in the old days, since we were children. In effect, no one has suggested such a prospect to me, nor have I encountered among my artist friends any advice that such a project is in the wind. However, there are few followers of art in America who cannot be not familiar with Derzhavin's œuvre, as he called it at school, and fewer yet who cannot be incurious about this rare and enigmatic artist in his own private life.

Considering the paucity, indeed almost the utter dearth, of any communication regarding this precious being, I am moved to pen here some few of my own personal observations of his life and his art, while cognizant that another might offer an entirely different view. Yet is this not typical of the man, Derzhavin, for whom secrecy, strangeness—enemies have even said falsity—are so elemental, both to the life and to the art?

As one who disclaimed religion in a personal way, Derzhavin seemed strongly to be affected by the ikons of our native land. Though these ikons vary much in style over the centuries, they ever maintain certain elements throughout. Ikons, when they are good, have a fixity. They are intense and unmoving, very still and compelling. Also, good ikons are literal and detailed. They leave little to the imagination in a realm where everything is imagination.

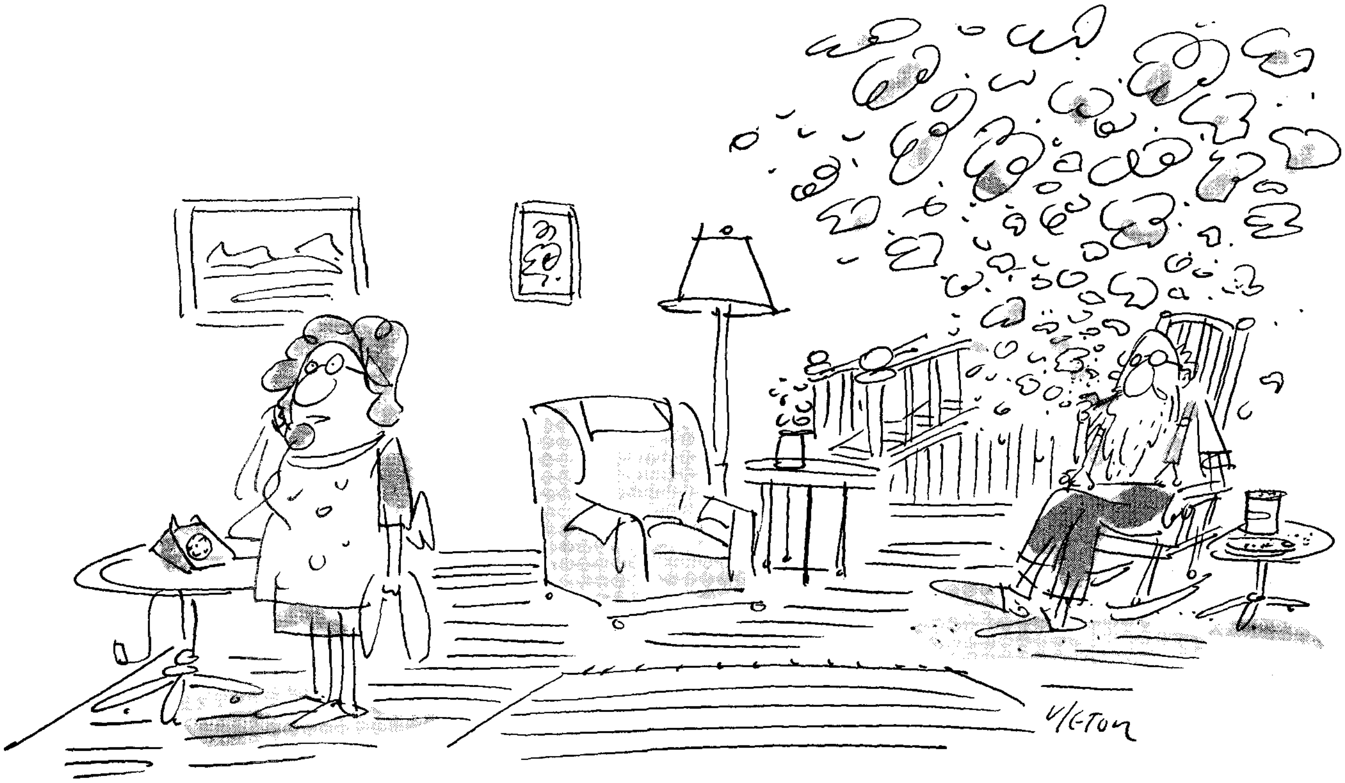
Not to strain at the gnats, it does seem to me that these are some outstanding characteristics of Derzhavin's work. In his paintings, and even his youthful watercolors, there is little sense of action, one might almost say of life. A still fixity pervades. But what a compelling fixity it is! Like some magic box set with cunning mirrors, you peer into a scene that, though unmoving, has myriad aspects scintillating and reflecting to and from each other. The atmosphere is dense with intricate details, details so small and so beautifully executed that it seems one eye can never drink them all in. Yet despite the brilliant realism which appears almost to charm you into its very midst, when one regards a Derzhavin masterpiece it is rare to be sure just what one is seeing.

One knows the beauty. This is a beautiful object. But of the subject one can say less. That bird, will it sing or has it sung already? Surely it is not now singing in the painting. It is a splendid bird with the gaze of being full of songs. But one can never tell if it will sing them, nor imagine what their sound might be. The trees of Derzhavin are quite special trees, full in plumage like the birds. They are radiative, arborous trees—compelling. Again one wonders when these trees had come into such rich leafing. Are these leafs the fresh growth of late spring? Are they trees of midsummer, all filled with buzzing insects soaking in the sun? Or can they be the slightly dusty, starting to curl leafings of the summer's age? Derzhavin's trees are silent.



Fairy Tale

THERE is in Pyotr Nicholaevich's canvases much water—the water of bodies such as lakes or streams or rivers, and the water of rain. The water of bodies is seen in the canvases of the paysage, the landscape. Some might call these the rural subjects. I eschew this word "rural" because it



"Oh, that was nothing. Grandpa Pierce just set off the smoke alarm again."

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seems entirely unfitted to my friend's master works. For me, I find nothing rural in a Derzhavin countryside. Contrariwise, there is a high polish, a sophistication, in these canvases that is inhospitable to rustic. The French painter Watteau had also this skill to make the country seem like the decorations inside a palace.

But the Derzhavin waters in these scenes of paysage are deep: limpid waters into which one may gaze forever without anything being revealed. A great amateur of dragonflys (which I just see from Lafcadio Hearn are much beloved also in Japan), he often fixes an exquisite dragonfly just above the still surface of the water. No painter whom I know can capture better the transparent shimmer in the dragonfly's wing, nor even as well, I doubt.

In the town scenes, where the water appears on the canvas as a fallen rain, it lends to even the most proletarian outlook an aspect of reverie and reflection. Here too the fact of the rain is an enigma. We know that a rain recently has fallen. The pavement is wet. But we never see it falling, nor can we tell from any aspect of the scene if the rain has fallen in squally gusts, in a cloudburst, in a long, gloomy downpour, or in a misty dew. This is one aspect of Derzhavin's mastery. He makes mysterious these happenings of the every day and leaves the viewer always in perturbment and wonder.

But as there is much water in these perfected works, so is there little air. In the landscapes usually it is summer. In the town are winter and summer. There is sun. Sometimes there is snow. There are houses and trees and parks. But climate there is not. One feels no cold, no hot. Has any viewer ever imagined himself pulling tighter his coat when he sees a Derzhavin scene of snow? Or can one imagine that he might perspire in a sun-filled Derzhavin landscape?

As my own view, I cannot imagine these happenings. For all these scenes, as in the ikons, seem to transpire in a climeless time where light exists without air, sunshine without warmth, and snow without cold. Like moonshine which is not itself light but its reflection, Derzhavin's scenes stand in the air so pure it is not to breathe but to imagine. My own small powers are severely taxed in attempting to convey even the least of the subtle beauty and rare refinement of my compatriot's œuvre.

I HAVE promised some notes on the private side. Like most artists, Pyotr Nicholaevich was unending in his work. Effort was no obstacle in his way. From early days, when I knew him best, his work and his private life predominated. We saw each other every day at school. And during each week we had at least one class the same, sometimes two, which meeting every day means we were in company five, sometimes ten hours in the week.

Petya was a fine student. He always prepared well for his studies or was absent. He was a handsome boy and, despite his wealth, entirely democratic. Once I invited him to a small gathering in celebration of my birthday, after we had been some three years at school together, and he expressed regret so sincerely that I knew he would have come, even into my parents' simple home, had he not had an engagement with his mathematics tutor that same afternoon. Later, after the first war, we were both at the University in Göttingen, where our ways drifted apart, though I did sometimes see him splendid in evening dress, hurrying off to some revelry, and when we did so meet he always paused to utter a warm and friendly greeting.

When, in the forties, he came to America where I had been living for some time with my family, I invited him and his wife, Zenaida Arkhadova, to our rooms by letter. And I still treasure the charming reply, decorated in one corner by an incomparable Derzhavin dragonfly.

My friend! Your memory I shall cherish! Your art I shall treasure! As we learned to say in school, *"Où sont les neiges d'automnes?"*

—EILEEN WALLINGTON

PARASITES

PAUL opened the door of the brownstone, and Dora asked, "How is she?"

"Stella's fine! Great!" Stella called in a stentorian voice from the stairs.

Actually—she knew it, everyone knew it—she was dying. The doctors had said six months. So when she claimed to be fine and great, Dora, her niece, looked wry. She went into the drawing room, and in the few moments before Stella could get down the stairs Paul said to Dora, "She really has been all right—not bad at all."

"Guess who's here, upstairs," Stella said to Dora, smiling to herself with pleasure.

Dora couldn't guess who it was, and Paul didn't give her any help. He was very busy dusting some of Stella's treasures—her Mogul box, her Wedgwood bowl—doing it carefully and with pursed mouth, like a very good servant. He tended to turn himself into a servant whenever he wanted no part in something, and no one could object to that, because, as a matter of fact, he *was* paid for his services.

"It's Annette," Stella said finally. She stretched out one stout leg to the small fire in the fireplace and smiled down at it, still with that same mysterious pleasure.

Paul continued dusting, giving no help to Dora, nor did he look up when Annette herself came in.

"Dora, darling!" cried Annette, in a rather high, shrieky voice. "All grown up! A real big grown-up lovely girl!" She seized both of Dora's hands and looked up into her face with dancing black eyes.

Annette was small, smart, and animated; Dora rather stringy, somewhat dowdy. When Annette said that about her being a lovely grown-up girl and looked at her with those amused eyes, Dora knew that what she was really thinking was something quite different. She disengaged her hands from Annette's tiny, plump, warm hands as soon as she could.

But Stella was so obviously pleased at this meeting, at having her favorite niece and her favorite friend (not to mention dear Paul) under her roof at the same time, that they all knew they would have to make the best of it.

Annette, in any case, did not have to pretend to be pleased to be there; she really was. She loved Stella's house. It was a heavy, five-story brownstone in Murray Hill, with a broad, old-fashioned front stoop, and brass railings that ran up the stone bannisters. Although in recent years the neighborhood had grown shabby and decayed, Stella's house had retained its well-kept appearance. Inside as well as outside, it was as polished, as prosperous, as comfortable as it had ever been. Stella did not stint on her living arrangements, and Annette knew how to enjoy them to the brim. Nor did Annette hesitate to make full use of Paul's services, since these happened to be available. After all, she might have argued, that was what he was being paid for—to cook and clean and look after Stella and her guests.

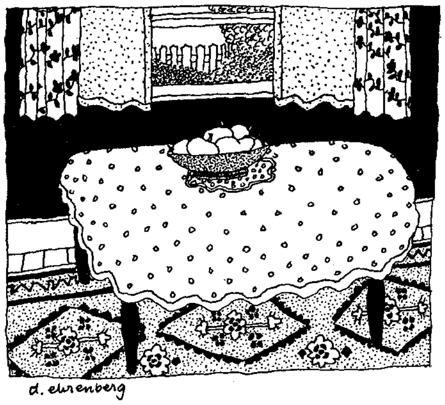
Dora had an apartment of her own and also a job to go to, in the conservation department of a small museum, but she came every day to see her aunt. And every day she saw that Annette had dug herself in a little deeper. Paul and Dora realized that Annette had come to stay till the end—till Stella's end.

Dora's mother phoned often from the Vineyard, where she now lived year round, to ask about her sister Stella. "Should I come?" she asked. "Does she want me?"

"Not yet," Dora kept saying.

Dora's mother was much disturbed by Annette's presence in the house. It had been bad enough, she felt, with just Paul there, but now this other one as well. . . . The whole family, all Stella's relatives, were upset. The only counterbalance was the presence of Dora, and for the first time the family really appreciated her and no longer thought of her (in contrast to her successful, married cousins) as poor Dora.

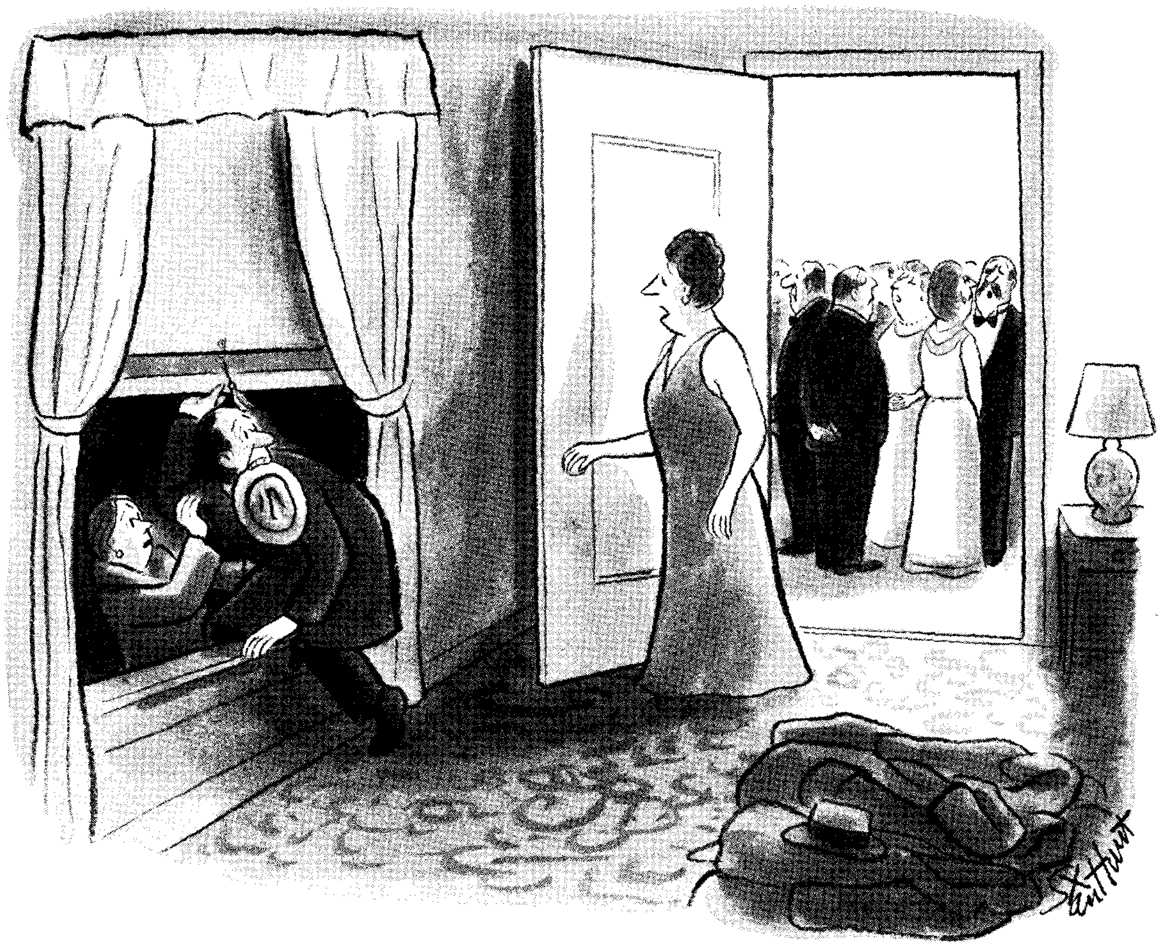
Apart from Dora, Stella had never cared for her family. She had always gone her own way and made her own friends. These had always included one special friend—usually someone like Annette, many years younger than herself. Before Annette, there had been a German woman called Lisa, and before Lisa various other women, almost all of them Europeans of assorted nationalities (though once there was an Indian girl, a great beauty). But after Annette left her, eight years ago—walked out on her, actually—Stella did not make any more special friends. Perhaps she felt too old by then, or perhaps she had been disappointed too many times. Also, her illness (though at that time undiagnosed—indeed, unsuspected) may have begun secretly to undermine her. In those years, the person she drew closest to was Paul, who had been a waiter in an expensive and fashionable hotel restaurant that she frequented. He left that job when she invited him to come and live with her. Although he was quite a young man—about Dora's age—Paul was extremely responsible and took good care of her, and of her house and possessions, which he loved passionately. Between him and Dora, she had had all the company she needed in these last years, and she had seemed more contented than she had ever been before.



Nevertheless, she had sent word for Annette to come back again. "As soon as I got the letter," Annette told Dora, "I gave up everything and came at once. At once," she added, satisfied at her own behavior. She did not specify what it was she had given up. She had been living in London, and she also didn't specify what she had been doing there. But that was just typical of Annette—the details of her life were always left vague, a subject for the speculations of anyone who cared to speculate. But she herself was a very definite little person.

She told Paul, "I came because she needed me." Paul didn't ask why Stella should have needed Annette, when he himself was there. Paul was a disciplined young man, and he did not allow himself to ask questions that people might not wish to answer. Instead, he tightened his face and busied himself with household tasks; there was always something to do around the house, and he did it. His discipline was partly that of a conscientious servant and partly of a military officer—not that he had been in the army, but he was German, and it must have been something in his blood. Though of humble origin, he looked like a German officer. He held himself very erect and had brushed-back fair hair and clear eyes and thin lips.

Never would he allow any word of complaint to escape through those lips. He did not like Annette—he could not stand her—but since she was there, a guest in the house, he was prepared to serve her. He cooked her meals and cleared up after her and cleaned out



"Oh, Mr. and Mrs. Desmond, leaving so soon?"

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her bathtub, silently, uncomplainingly, and very thoroughly. Annette took all this for granted—or, rather, she didn't even notice it; she was the sort of person who ate and drank and dressed herself, and walked away and let someone else clean up after her. If there was no one, then she lived in such disorder, such squalor, that sooner or later she had to abandon that place and start again somewhere else.

Dora didn't like to see Paul do so much for Annette. But when she told him this, one afternoon, he said it was all right, he didn't mind doing his duty. Dora bridled at that last word, but before she could say anything more he said, "Sh-h-h, *she's* coming." Although they were in Paul's own room at the top of the house, where they might have thought themselves private, Annette had not hesitated to follow them up there, and she walked straight in.

She began at once to question them about Stella. She was always doing that, wanting to know exactly what the doctors had said, what was wrong with her, and was it really true that she had only a few months to live. This last Annette would not believe at all; she pooh-poohed it as one of those doctors' things—doctors trying to make themselves important and then sending in fat bills. And anyway, she suggested, everything was changed now that she had come. There wouldn't be any more nonsense—she would see to that. And she looked at Paul and Dora as if they were part of the nonsense. It was no use their giving her medical details about Stella; she wouldn't listen to them. "Well, we'll see" was all she said. She seemed to be mentally rolling up her sleeves, ready to clear up this mess that they had managed to create during her absence. Then she looked around Paul's room, which was very comfortable, with some of Stella's excellent pieces of furniture in it, and she said, "So this is your room," as if it were one more thing that might have to be looked into and changed.

It was really true that with Annette there Stella's condition seemed to improve. Annette certainly kept her very cheerful, from early morning on. In the few weeks since she had arrived, Stella had spent a large part of each day in bed, and in the morning Paul would come in with her breakfast tray and open the curtains and tidy the room. Annette was a late riser by nature, but from the day she came she made a point of being up at Stella's breakfast hour and going down to her room and slipping in next to her in the big double bed. So now Paul had to bring in two breakfast trays every morning, and while he worked he had to hear the cheering chatter that Annette made to amuse her sick friend. And there was no doubt about it, Stella *was* amused. She just loved every moment of it, having Annette next to her, being so wonderfully loving and entertaining. Most of Annette's chatter pertained to their past together—"Yes, and what about Saratoga?" . . . "Annette! *No*, please!"—and the fun they had had together; and Stella bloomed and thrived in living it over again. Paul listened, too, grimly dusting, except when Annette said, "Darling Paul, I think we need some more toast, thank you, darling"—holding out the empty toast rack to him by dangling it from her finger like bait. He would take it from her without a word and go down to the kitchen, his special domain, and make the toast, and more coffee, too, and when he came back Stella would often be blushing and smiling like some big, heavy girl, and she would say, "Annette, Ann*ette*"—half reproving, half approving—and Annette would toss her head, bold and unrepentant, and say, "That's the way it was, and I'd do the same tomorrow."

DORA'S mother telephoned. "Is she still there?" she said to Dora.

"Of course she is," Dora said, challenging the distressed silence at the other end. "You don't think she'd come all this way and then go off again tomorrow? She's here to stay. Anyway, what's wrong with her?"

"What's *wrong* with her!" Dora's mother repeated incredulously.

So then Dora had nothing to say, until her mother went on, "And he? I suppose *he's* still there?"

"Paul? Things would be in a fine

mess if he wasn't." Dora hung up indignantly.

Annette had the idea, which she shared with Stella, that Dora was in love with Paul. Stella liked this idea and made Annette give her more details. And then Stella asked, "And he?"

Annette gave a little laugh at that. "Naturally, he's pleased. He likes it."

"Yes, but does he feel the same way?" Stella asked.

"Goodness, Stella, if you're in Paul's position, you don't ask yourself such questions. You take what falls down from Heaven and keep quiet. Thank you, darling. Just what we needed," she said as Paul returned with more toast, and she began to butter it at once.

Stella watched Paul and Dora together, but it was difficult for her to see what Annette saw. Paul was always reserved, and, as for Dora—Stella knew that she was, like herself, a person of deep, deep feeling, but everything in Dora's training, her nature, even in her physical presence, was calculated to hide this. "Poor thing, what do you expect, she's so dreadfully repressed," Annette said when Stella complained she couldn't see anything of what Annette had described. "Probably she *doesn't even know it herself.* What she needs is opening up—the way I opened you up?" she said to Stella, who then blushed and smiled again in that big-schoolgirl way.

WHATEVER their feelings for each other were, Paul and Dora certainly spent a lot of time together in the house. That may have been partly because Annette now monopolized Stella. She had taken Stella's regime in hand, and it was she who decided that now it was time for Stella to have her nap, and now it was time to play chess with Annette, and now, perhaps (all bundled up in furs and boots), what about a drive with Annette through Central Park? So it didn't matter whether Paul and Dora liked being together—they had no alternative. They always had plenty to talk about—mostly about Annette, or Stella and Annette. It wasn't long, then, before Paul told Dora about the big scene that had taken place between Stella and Annette eight years earlier. He had never talked about this to anyone, even though it was by no means a secret, for it had been enacted in front of the whole tea-time crowd assembled in the hotel restaurant where Paul had at that time been a waiter.

He knew Stella well; she was a regular patron. She was very generous with her tips and always had a friendly word for the staff. She had quite a large circle of friends—most of them rich, clever middle-aged women like herself—but after Annette appeared this circle gradually shrank, and after a while she came only with Annette. Stella didn't seem to mind the loss of her other friends. She appeared to be very happy, feasting herself on the presence of Annette and basking in her high spirits.

INEVITABLE FRONTIER

Be careful! Slow and careful, for you now approach
The frontier where the password is difficult to utter—or grasp.

Echo among basalt peaks and perilously balanced talus
Has something to do with it, not to mention your early rearing, with

Its naïve logic. For remember, now, this is the frontier
Where words coming out of a mouth are always upside

Down, and all tongues are sloppily cubical, and shadows of nothing are,
Whatever the hour, always something, and tend to bleed

If stepped on—oh, do keep mindful how
Slick the blood of shadow can be, especially

If the shadow is of nothing. As a corollary,
The shadow of something—yourself, for instance—

Provides its own peculiar hazards. You may trip
On it and start falling upward, screaming,

Screaming for somebody to grab you before you are out
Of reach. Your eyes, too, must be readjusted, for

Here people, owl-like, see only in the dark, and grope by day. Here
People eat only in shamefaced privacy, and the great Public Square,

Sparsely planted, is full of gut-wheeze and shamelessly littered with feces
Till the carts come; and later, *à l'heure sexuelle*, waiters wheel out

To the café terraces divans of ingeniously provocative designs,
While clients, now clad in filmy robes, emerge from locker rooms laughing

Like children at tag. Food is, of course, forbidden, but scented drinks
And coffee of strange powers are served till lights, as though a signal, go the least bit dim.

Criminality is rare, and of peculiar definition, but those convicted,
Mystically deprived of the memory of their names, are exiled

To the Isles of the Blest, where they usually end by swallowing their tongues—
This from boredom, for in their language *bliss* and *boredom*

Have the same linguistic root. Yes, many things
Are different here, and to be happy and well adjusted you

Must put out of mind much you have been taught. Among others, the names
Of Plato, St. Paul, Spinoza, Pascal, and Freud must not be spoken, and when,

Without warning, by day or night, the appalling
White blaze of God's Great Eye sweeps the sky, History

Turns tail and scuttles back to its burrow,
Like a groundhog caught in a speeding sports car's headlights.

—ROBERT PENN WARREN

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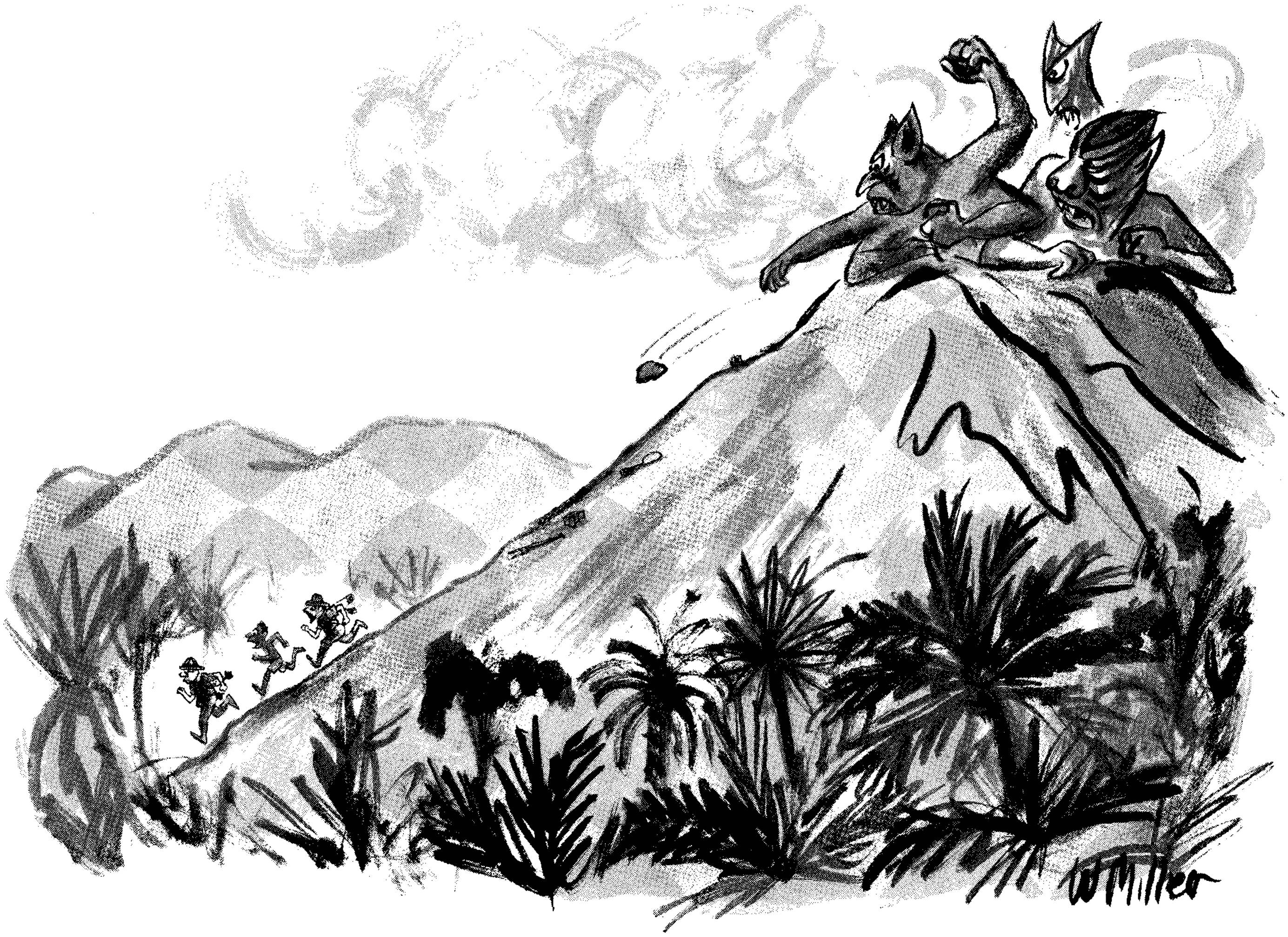
But on the day of the big scene Annette had not been in high spirits. She was an avid consumer of teatime pastries, but on this afternoon she was eating compulsively, angrily. She was



"Demons who dwell in mountain are angry."

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still licking up the remains of one rich, squashy cake when she imperiously waved her hand for the trolley to be wheeled over to her again. Stella also had a fondness for these pastries, but she had to be careful of her weight. When the trolley was summoned for the third time, Stella made a selection of her own, but Annette (her mouth sticky with whipped cream and chocolate flakes) turned on her. "Are you completely out of your mind!" she cried. "Stuffing yourself when—look at you—you're already the size of a buffalo! It's disgusting."

All this was said in front of Paul, who was refilling their cups with tea, and the trolley waiter, who stood there gaping. Paul took charge then, waving his colleague away and also removing himself and his teapot discreetly to other tables. But he kept an eye on Stella. He had always liked her, and he felt protective about her. He thought of her as a wonderful American lady, and admired the expensive suits and shoes she wore, from the best shops. He also watched Annette; he knew *her* type only too well, unfortunately. After those first words, he kept his eye on the two of them as best he could, although it was a very busy time and the place was packed. Every time he looked again, he saw that the scene between them had advanced a stage further, and he was appalled. Annette appeared almost to have lost control of herself. But Paul knew that she hadn't, really; she couldn't afford to. A person like her had always to be in control of herself, and of others, and of situations. She could only survive by manipulation. So she must have deliberately let herself fly into a terrible rage, and although Paul couldn't hear what she was saying (she was almost shouting, but luckily much of what she was saying was drowned out in the teatime roar), he knew it was mercilessly cruel. He could tell this from the expression on Annette's face, which was frightening. Even as she was shouting at Stella, she continued to attack the huge piece of Black Forest cake she had selected from the trolley; her mouth dripped with it, so that she looked like a beast of prey—cruel and greedy.

When Paul looked next, Annette had gone, and Stella sat alone. And now he didn't care how many tables were clamoring for him; he went straight over to her and stood between her and the rest of the restaurant, shielding her with his back while pretending to pour tea for her. "Now," he said, "now, now." She had completely disintegrated. Her shoulders were hunched within her tailored suit, her face was ugly and red, and huge tears rolled down it. "Now, now," he said over and over, not so much to say something as to prevent the sounds that came from her, the helpless sobs, from being heard at adjoining tables.

"I guess I know when that was," Dora said when Paul had told her this story. And Paul confirmed that it was eight years ago when Annette had walked out on Stella and gone off to London with one of her businessman friends. Paul guessed that she had staged the scene in order to rid herself of Stella. In any case, within a day or two she had packed her bags and moved out and flown to London. It was then that Paul began to be really close to Stella, and gradually it had become his life's task to take care of her.

Annette said it was a wonderful arrangement. She said this often—to Stella when they were in bed together and Paul was serving their breakfast, and to Dora, too, looking at her out of the corners of her merry black eyes. "Such a nice person," she said about Paul. "So helpful and good." And once she added, "Of course, he's very lucky, too. He's fallen on his feet here. What a chance for him—a person from his class." She turned her mouth down in utter contempt.

"What class is that?" Dora said coldly.

"Oh, darling," said Annette. Again she looked at Dora with dancing, teasing eyes. "I wonder what your family thinks of him," she went on. "Not quite what they're used to, is it? A waiter." Again she pulled her mouth down. "A proletarian."

"A what?" said Dora.

Annette repeated the word for her, relishing her own contempt.

Dora, of course, did not report this conversation to Paul, but she did ask him what he thought Annette's own background had been. Now it was Paul's turn to pull his mouth down, and he did it in exactly the same way as she had done about him. "Yes, yes," he said, "we all know what she is, where she comes from."

"She says she's Russian," Dora said.

Actually, Annette was vague about her lineage. Sometimes her parents were White Russians who had fled their homeland and settled in Paris, leaving vast estates behind; sometimes only her father was of Russian nobility, and her mother was a French ballet dancer.

"Yes, yes," Paul said again. He added, "And about her age."

"She says she's thirty-five."

"All right," Paul said. "Sometimes a lady likes to take off a year here and there. That is quite natural; we all understand it. But to take off fifteen years!"

"Fifteen years!"

"That's really shameless," Paul said. "She is quite shameless."

After that, Dora looked more closely at Annette. She could not believe she was fifty. Of course, Annette used a lot of makeup, and her hair was not its own color, but all the same there was a youthful vitality in her face and in her plump, active little body. Dora herself, who was not quite thirty, felt almost middle-aged beside her, and of course dowdy. Annette often commented on Dora's appearance, usually in front of Stella. She would study her, with her head to one side and the tip of her rosy tongue thoughtfully protruding. "Yes," she said once, speaking about one of Dora's discreet dresses, "it's nice, smart—but wait!" She jumped up and dashed away, to return with one of her own bird-of-paradise scarves, which she quickly wound around Dora's neck. "There!" she cried in triumph. Stella nodded and smiled, and Annette said, "Paul likes it, too, don't you, Paul?" And when Dora pulled the scarf off, Annette cried, "Oh, why? It looks so *chic!*," and Stella echoed her.

Stella and Dora, as aunt and favorite niece, had always had a lot in common. They liked the same books, and in the past they had often gone to concerts and exhibitions together, and had usually come away with the same reactions. Stella had appreciated the girl's mind, her good taste, and her quiet, withdrawn, modest behavior. But now she no longer seemed to value these qualities, and, just as Annette with the bright scarf, Stella began to suggest changes. She wanted Dora to go out and enjoy herself. She suggested treats: "Why don't you go to a play tonight—Off Broadway? And supper afterward?" Or, "The stores are open late tomorrow. Why don't you let Annette take you shopping?"

"Oh, yes, yes!" cried Annette.

"I don't need anything," Dora said.

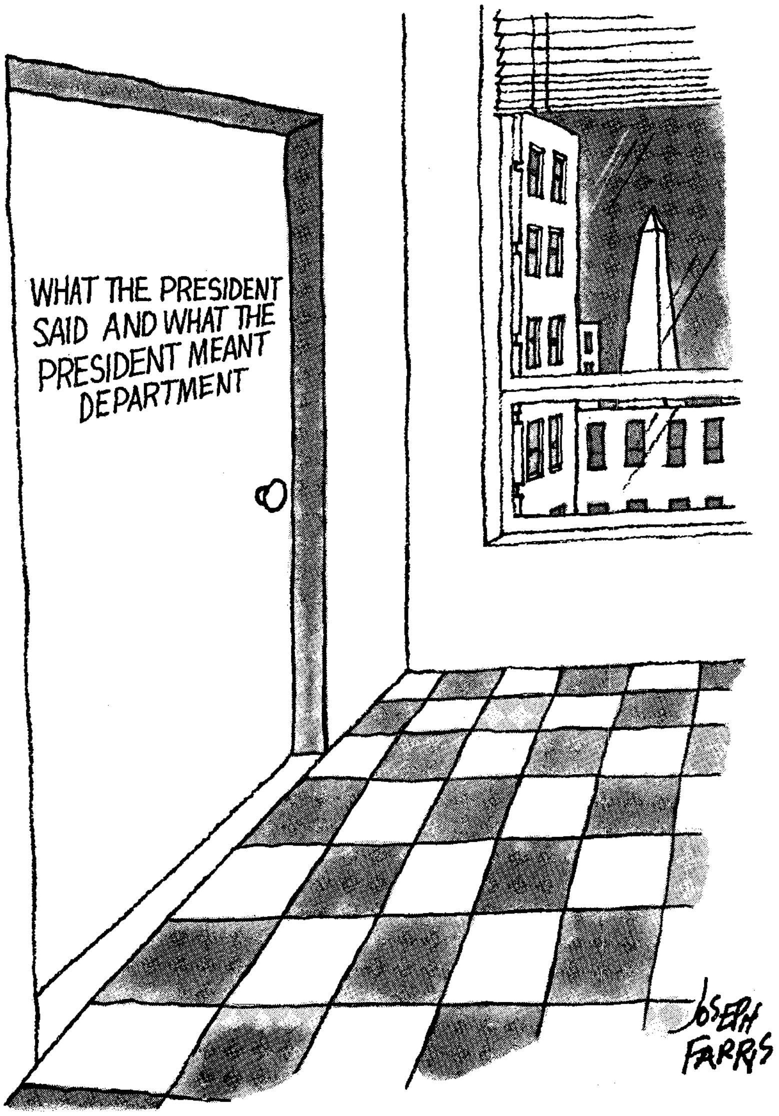
Another time, it might be Annette who suggested an outing—to a film festival, to a musical, to a newly opened restaurant. When Dora refused, Annette would say, "Paul can take you, if you like. He can have the evening off, can't he, Stella?"

"Oh, my dear," said Stella, in horror at the idea that Paul should have to *ask* for such a thing.

But neither Paul nor Dora had any inclination to go. They preferred to stay with Stella.

Dora's mother telephoned more frequently from the Vineyard. "How is she? Is she still there? Should I come?"

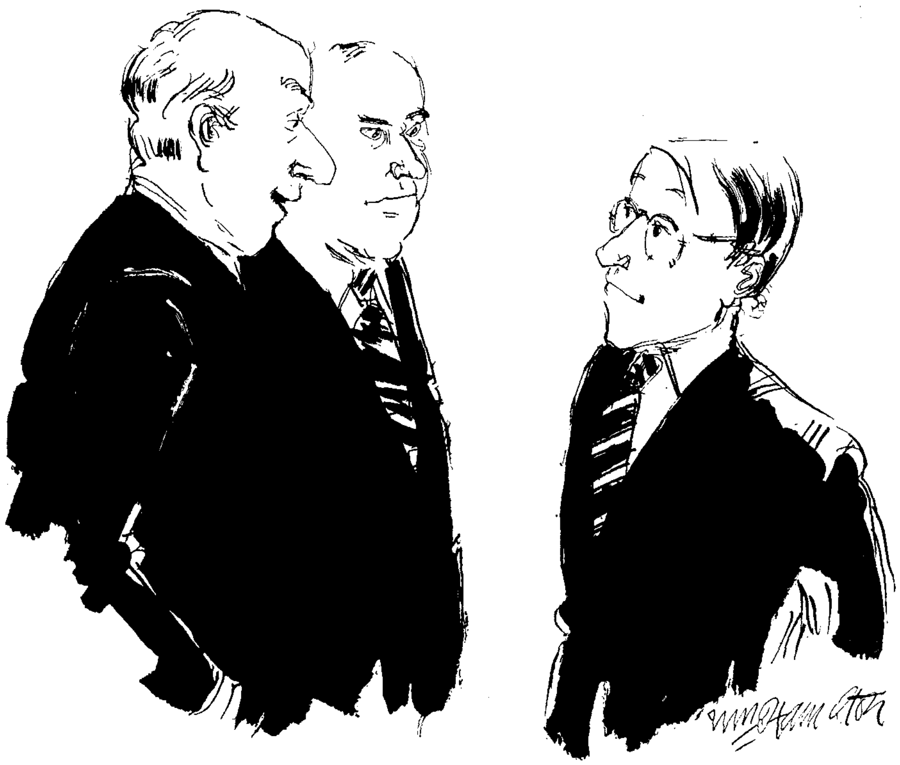
Dora always told her not to. She said it was all right—Stella was the same, no change. But in fact there was a change; Stella was not the same. She had kept active as long as she could, and got dressed at least once a day in her skirt and cardigan, and came downstairs to sit by the cozy log fire Paul had lit. But now as her illness progressed she was forced to stay more


WHAT THE PRESIDENT SAID AND WHAT THE PRESIDENT MEANT DEPARTMENT
JOSEPH FARRIS

and more in her bedroom, and Paul lit a fire in there. In the evenings, when Dora came home from her job in the museum, it was the place where they all congregated, with Stella in bed as their centerpiece. Annette spent most of her days in there. She had an armchair and little table right by the fire, and there she sat, playing solitaire while Stella dozed. Excellent meals were brought in on trays by Paul, and snacks in between, and Annette seemed to be perfectly content to sit there and sit there and let Stella watch her, when she was awake. It was midwinter; the snow fell outside, and the one tree visible from the window was stripped and dead, so it seemed nice to be sitting inside, even in a sickroom.

Sometimes, when Stella was asleep, Paul and Dora became restless. They had a lot of things on their minds and no one else to share them with, so they tended to sneak away together, usually up to Paul's room. Sometimes when Stella woke up, she asked, "Has Dora gone home?" And Annette would kick a log into the fire and say, "No, she is with Paul, upstairs." Stella saw Annette's face lit by flickering flames, and a smile flickering there as well. Stella, too, was pleased to think of Paul and Dora together; it gave her satisfaction to imagine what happiness might be going on between them in her house.

There was no fire in Paul's room. There was a little fireplace, but he liked to keep the room cool, with the radiators turned off and, whenever possible, the window left open. And though Dora usually felt the cold very much, she was glad of this outer coolness, because she felt there were fires within her. The moment they were alone together, they began to speak of Annette. Dora did her very best to be fair and to assume that Annette was living in the house and keeping vigil in the sickroom for love of Stella, for noble motives. But whenever she said that, Paul took on the knowing sneer he always had for Annette. "Listen," he said, "Dora"—there was always the slightest hesitation when he said her name, for she had only recently managed to persuade him not to call her Miss Dora—"listen, she is not the type to do anything for love, that I can tell you. She can't afford to." His thin lips went thinner, and his cold, pale eyes looked at Dora now with dislike. "I'm afraid you wouldn't know about that . . . Dora. About a person like her, the way she has to live all her life."



"Tom, young Mr. Moncure here is that Harvard M.B.A. I was telling you about who has the keen sense of depreciation."

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"How?" asked Dora, curiously excited.

"On her wits, on what she has up here," he said, slapping his forehead. "Yes, and of course what she has down there, too," he said, pointing downward with a coarseness very unusual for him. "Excuse me," he said immediately but in an unrepentant tone. "That's the way it is. If you don't have"—and he rubbed two fingers together in a moneylender's gesture—"then that's the way you have to make do. I've seen hundreds like her—thousands—all over the world. They used to sit around in the restaurants I worked in. They were the first to come and the last to leave. They could never go home, because there was the landlord downstairs waiting to be paid, or maybe the people they were living with had told them to leave. You don't know what that's like, Dora—when you're asked to leave by your host. When they want to be polite to you, they say they've got other guests coming. But they don't always want to be polite; they don't need to be, do they? For instance, now, if this house were yours and you wanted someone to leave, you wouldn't have to pretend anything. You could just say 'Go.' You could say it to Annette, you could say it to me. 'Go'—just like that." He had grown very pale, and Dora, too, grew pale.

Stella's doctor paid regular visits, and he talked gravely to Dora afterward in the drawing room. Annette was always there, and her right to be there was by now indisputable. Each time, Dora had to recover from what the doctor had told her, waiting downstairs to collect herself before going back to Stella. Annette waited with her, to comfort and strengthen her, but if Dora stayed too long, sitting there in silence, with her head bowed, Annette got restless and began to pace the room. There was a cashmere shawl thrown over a grand piano in one corner, and sometimes Annette took it off and wrapped it around herself and modelled it before the pier glass. Once, she sighed and said, "How beautiful," and, picking up a silver box, she sighed again and opened it and shut it, looking at her reflection there, too, for Paul had polished the box to perfection. "He keeps things well," she murmured to Dora. "Quite the little housekeeper. He's going to miss all this, you know. When it's no longer here." She gave a third deep sigh, and, unwinding herself from the shawl, replaced it on the piano—though very slowly, letting her hand linger over the soft wool, as if reluctant to let go.

"What are you going to do with all of it?" she asked, indicating the drawing room and all its contents—all Stella's beloved screens, fans, clocks, and mirrors. "Sell it, I suppose," she went on, now almost talking to herself. "No use keeping it, and, my goodness, it should all fetch a pretty penny. A pretty penny," she repeated wistfully.

Dora still hadn't spoken, sunk in thoughts of Stella and the doctor's prognostication.

"And what about us?" Annette asked. "What are you going to do about us, Paul and me? We won't fetch much, I'm afraid." She laughed at that—a deep, cynical, unfeminine laugh—and, looking at her, Dora believed for the first time that Annette was fifty, for this laugh seemed to come out of years of disappointments.

Annette caught Dora's look of surprise, and she went on, "She's not going to leave much to us, you know that—to Paul and me. It's all going to you, naturally. Naturally," she repeated. "Money like that doesn't go out of the family. It never does." And again she seemed to speak out of long, long experience.

Dora's mother said, "How is she? I could come over for the week-end."

"Mother, it's all right," Dora said into the telephone.

"Dora, are you telling me everything I ought to know? My own sister, after all."

"It's all *right*," Dora repeated.

Dora had always had a room kept ready for her in Stella's house, and now she moved into it, locking up her own apartment. She wanted to be there with Stella all the time. Stella had shrunk so much that her own bed seemed to overwhelm her. Her booming voice, too, was down to its own echo. One day, Annette fell asleep by the fireside, and Dora sat by Stella's bed, holding her hand. For the first time in a long while, aunt and niece had the opportunity to talk privately together. Stella talked about Annette; she kept looking at her fondly as she slept. It was the afternoon of a winter day and the light was failing, so that Annette was mostly in shadow. Her head was supported on her hand, her face was flushed by the fire, and she breathed peacefully.

"She's so kind to me—you have no idea," Stella said. "But that's nothing new. She's always been like that, all goodness and kindness." She smiled at her memories. "Of course, we had our little difficulties sometimes, but everyone has those, don't they? If they're really close to each other. That's part of it—hurting each other because you love each other so much. It's different when people don't care for you, or only pretend to."

DISCUSSION OF THE VICISSITUDES OF HISTORY UNDER A PINE TREE

The moment is what moves us, after all:
as here, in Taiga's painting,
the smoke-colored sky
swells like a breath, gentle,
already full of evening,
and the mountains, rounded by mist or distance,
rise like the natural
completion of a thought.
The light is the neutral fact of November or February,
a calm between weathers.

Under a pine, two old friends consider
vanished cities, conquests. Think of it—
all those horses dust, and the men who rode them.
One speaks of last year's leaves,
dry stalks
rattling in the withered field;
the other gestures
to the usual changeless emblems:
pine, sky, mountain . . .

And what is there to say?
The truth is: neither
can really believe this has happened to him,

that he, who recalls the precise
glance of light and each sharp leaf
in a garden glimpsed on a back street fifty years ago,
has become someone else,
who sits
in a bare field watching the slow
late glow of afternoon
tinge with faintest rose the monochromatic
landscape of an ambiguous season—

hills neither gray nor green,
sky neither blue nor gray.

—Katha Pollitt

• •

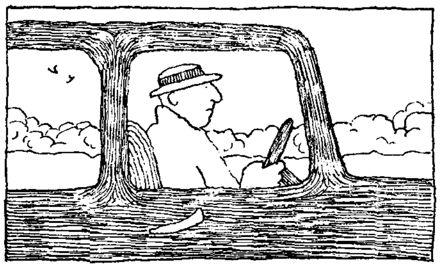
"Mother calls every day to ask after you," Dora said.

Stella nodded, as if she knew that and also knew what it was worth.

"I wish—I wish—I wish—" said Stella, after a long silence, swinging Dora's hand about. This byplay was one of the things they had between them, as if they had spent their childhood together.

"What?" said Dora, smiling.

"I wish that *you* had someone you cared for more than anyone else in the world," said Stella. "I wasn't ever really happy till I had someone like that—a very special person of my own." Again they both looked at Annette, cozily asleep. "I'd like you to have such a person," Stella said to Dora in her weakened whisper, which made everything she said into a significant message.

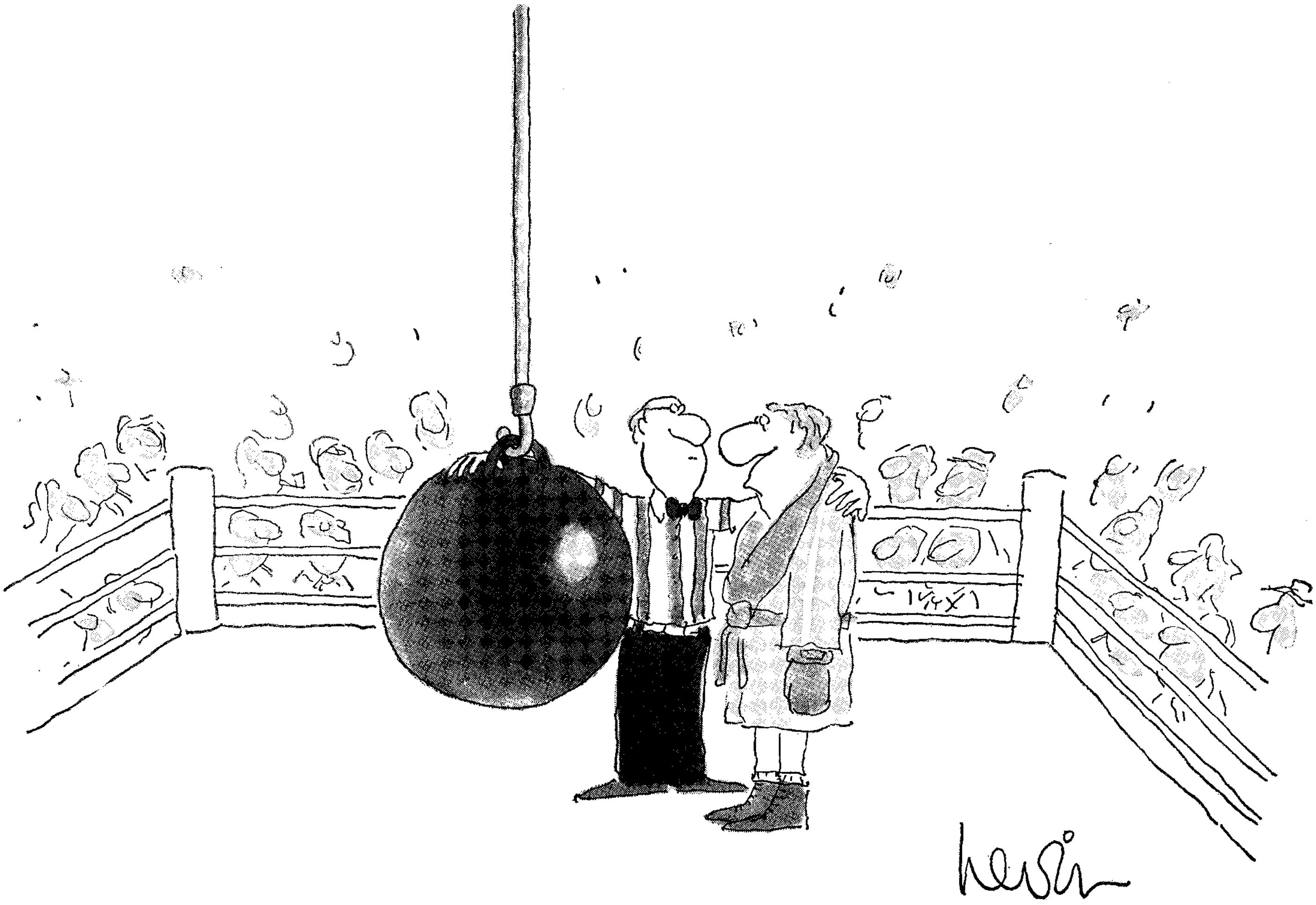


Paul came in with Stella's supper tray. He wanted to turn on the light, but Stella said it would disturb Annette. Now it was almost dark in the room, except for the warm and glowing space where Annette sat by the fire. The window framed the last gleam of winter daylight, through which snowflakes could be seen falling.

"We were just talking about you, Paul," said Stella.

"Nothing but good, I hope," said Paul with his stiff humor.

"Tell him, Dora," said Stella. "Tell him what I wish for more than anything in the world." She squeezed Dora's hand. "Isn't it lovely to be here all together? Isn't it the coziest



thing? God bless this house," she said, "and all of you in it." Annette stirred in her corner, and Paul and Dora remained quite still in the still room, with only their thoughts rustling inside their heads.

At night, in his bed, Paul slept like a lead soldier laid to rest in his box. He slept very soundly, so that Annette had to call him several times that night before he woke up. Then he sat bolt upright and called out like a sentry.

"Sh-h-h," said Annette. "Sh-h-h, sh-h-h. Don't be a fool."

"Something's happened to her," said Paul, and jumped out of bed in a great fright.

"Nothing's happened," said Annette. "Not yet."

Paul realized that Annette had come to him on a personal visit, which might be of some duration. He put on his dressing gown and sat down on a chair, facing her.

"And when it does happen?" she asked him. "What will you do? You'll have to do something." When he shrugged, she said, "Oh, I see. You'll get another job in a restaurant and share an apartment with one of the other waiters. Off Amsterdam Avenue? Or downtown? One of those houses cut up into rooms, with very dark stairs and a lot of security locks? Charming. After this." She indicated his room, which had two armchairs, three Oriental rugs, a Persian wall hanging, and a walnut desk with an enamel inkstand on it. She leaned toward him and looked into his face. "The girl's not bad," she said, with a shrug. "Some would say you were very lucky. *I* think you are. My goodness, yes." She gave her harsh laugh.

Paul cleared his throat. "It's a very difficult position for me," he said.

"I would like to be in such a difficult position," Annette went on. "What's the matter with you? Don't you like girls? I've wondered sometimes." She continued to look into his pale, stubborn, handsome face. "That's nothing," she assured him. "It doesn't matter a damn."

He stared ahead of him. His Adam's apple worked up and down very slightly; otherwise he was motionless.

She said, "You learn to ignore little things like your own personal tastes when you get to my age. Which is thirty-five," she added in parenthesis, smiling at him broadly and tapping her foot. "When you get to that, you don't care the teeniest little bit. Remember when I went off to London? I learned my lesson there, all right."

"I've got nothing to learn," Paul said, still staring over her head.

"You soon will have. You heard what the doctor said."

"I thought you said that was all nonsense."

"We have to be ready for all weathers—that's another thing we learn." She tapped his knee and leaned even closer. "I'm on your side, don't you know that? I'm with you. I want to see you stay here, where you like it so much. Just look at you," she said, amused, watching his knee twitching where she had kept her hand on it. "What are you afraid of? It doesn't hurt with a woman—here, I'll show you." Dexterously, she slipped from her chair onto his lap, and, taking his face between her hands, she pressed her mouth against his. She kept it there a long while and did all sorts of expert things, and when she had finished she laughed and gave his cheek a little slap and said, "There. You see, you've got nothing at all to worry about. You're doing it very well. Absolutely right," she assured him.

Annette's visits to Paul were repeated several times, and then one night she was pleased to find his room empty. She put her ear to the door of Dora's room and heard Dora talking. Annette rolled her eyes in amusement. Dora was just the sort of girl to lead a discussion group in the midst of life's business. Stella had had the same tendency, before Annette had taught her better.

If Annette had bothered to look through the keyhole, she would have been even more amused to see the two of them—Paul on a Victorian love seat and Dora on the carpet, with her arms clasped around her knees. Dora was talking as she hadn't since she was a girl at boarding school. She was telling Paul everything about her life—which wasn't much, except that she felt it all with such intensity. She told him about her family, too, and this was the part he liked best. She seemed to dwell mostly on their shortcomings—their conventionality, their narrow outlook—but what he wanted to hear about was their money and family genealogy. It made him shudder with pleasure to contemplate how the proper investments of one ancestor—a tea importer—had of their own accord and with great dignity (so he liked to think) grown and grown, so that there was now a river of money that flowed without cease for the benefit of the descendants. It gave him an emotion more profound than sexual pleasure to contemplate Dora in the light reflected from this river. But for her the thrill was to think that none of it mattered—the family, the family's position, the family money. Only she and Paul mattered—Paul who possessed nothing except himself, and she, Dora, sitting there so simply on the floor, hugging her knees and revealing herself to him in her entirety, with whatever inward splendors she might have.

DORA's mother was almost beside herself: "Why aren't you in your apartment? Is she worse? Is that why you've moved in? *Tell* me, Dora."

"She's not worse," Dora said, spacing her words. "You don't have to come."

"I can be there on the next plane."

"You—don't—have—to—come. Mother, *please?*"

Dora told Paul how her mother and Stella, although they were sisters, had never got on. They were different from each other in just the same way that Dora was from all the other girls in the family. It made her indignant that her mother should now wish to come into this house, as if she had a greater right to be there than those who truly loved Stella.

"Your mother doesn't like me to be here," Paul said, casting his eyes downward, as if admitting with shame that Dora's mother had reason not to do so. "She doesn't like either of us—me or Annette."

"As if you had anything in common with Annette!"

Paul kept his eyes cast down.

Stella's nights were restless now, and Annette made Paul install a bed in Stella's room, so that she could be with her. Although by nature a very sound sleeper, Annette woke at the least sound from Stella. She seemed to be waiting and watching, not just for Stella but for the others in the house as well.

"What is it? What are they doing?" Stella asked one evening, noticing Annette alert for sounds from elsewhere.

"He is in her room," Annette said.

"Ah," breathed Stella, full of satisfaction.

She dozed off for a while, and when she woke again Annette was still sitting on the side of her bed, although it was very late in the night.

"How good you are, how kind," said Stella, devouring Annette with eyes of love. There was a night light in the room; the snow had again begun to fall.

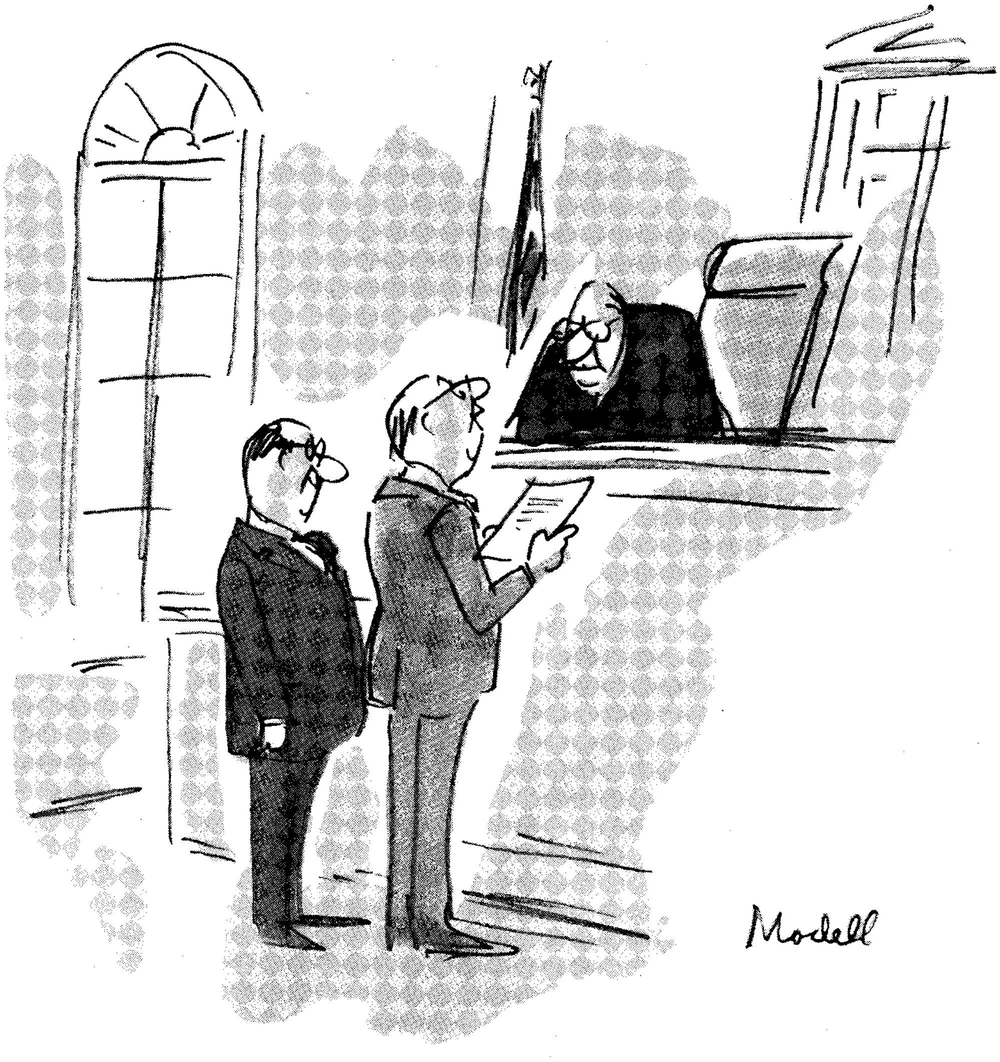
"The family won't like it," Stella said dreamily. "They'll hate it. But I've told her, to hell with the family. When you've found a treasure for yourself, you don't give it up for them. Wouldn't I have been a fool to give *you* up? And not have you sitting here now?" She squeezed Annette's hand in gratitude and shut her eyes.

Annette kept her hand in Stella's, but she didn't pay much attention to her. She was still listening for sounds from the rest of the house. It disturbed her to hear the door of Dora's room open downstairs and then Paul going softly up the stairs, past Stella's door (Annette was so alert that she could hear him breathe), and up to his own room at the top of the house. She waited for Stella to doze off again, and then she disengaged her hand and went up to join Paul.

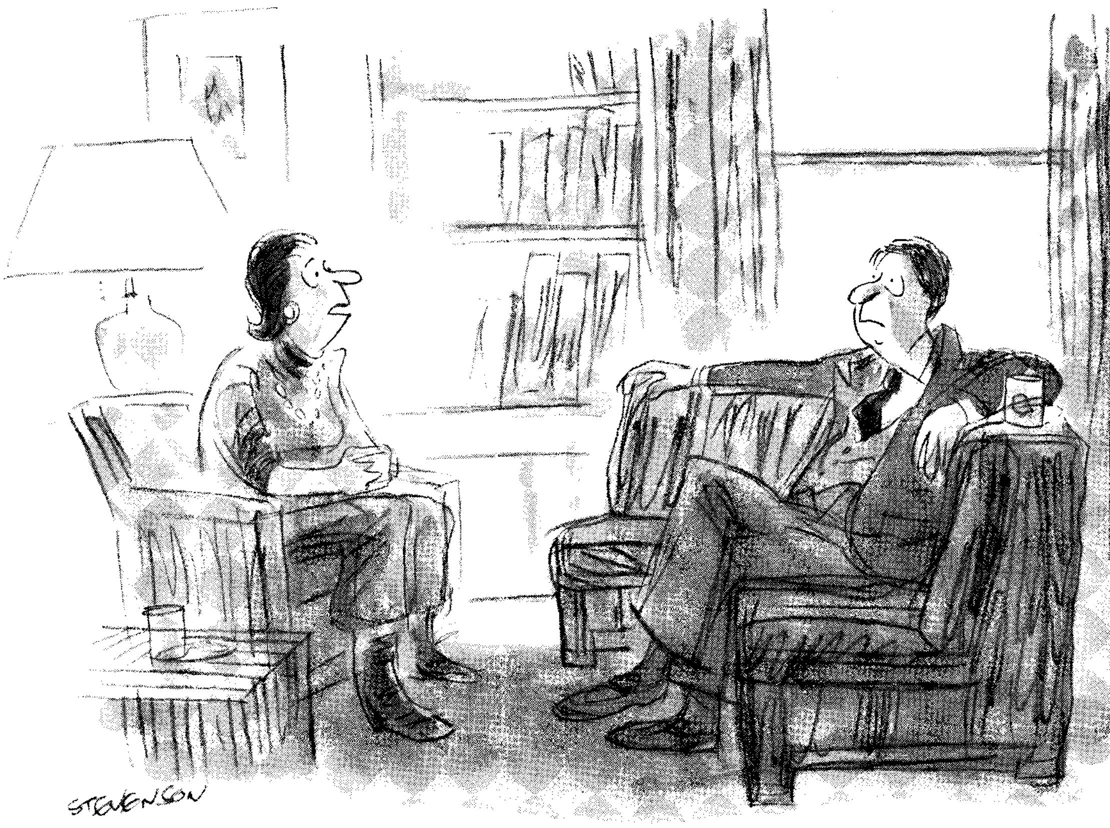
She was quite rough with him. "What's the matter with you?" she said. "Why aren't you with her?"

"We've said good night," he answered defiantly.

She gazed down at him as he lay in



"My client would like to remind the Court that until recently he himself was a member of the bench."



"Let's face it, Larry. You're not a key player."

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bed in his striped pajamas. "Move over," she said.

He was getting quite good with her—so good, in fact, that he had learned to put his hand over her mouth so that her cry could not penetrate the rest of the house.

After a while, she said, "Now go to her." But he didn't move from her side.

"What shall I do with you?" she said, in loving despair.

He had his eyes shut, stretched out beside her like a knight on a tomb. "Just stay with me," he murmured.

"Yes, that would be nice, wouldn't it?" she said sarcastically. She knew only too well that it would be glorious, but she could not afford to indulge herself.

"Get up!" she ordered. "Go down! Why not? You like her."

"I respect her."

She laughed. "And not me?"

He turned his face to her and sank his teeth into the soft, middle-aged, yet still full and luscious flesh of her naked upper arms.

She didn't urge him any further but gave in to the luxury of staying beside him. She knew that Stella might wake up any moment, but she didn't care. It was he who had to remind her.

"Let her wait," she said. She was silent, and her thoughts made her bitter. "We can have these five minutes. We're not going to get much else. Not if you don't go down."

"She doesn't want to," he said.

"Doesn't she!" Annette gave her bark of a laugh. "They don't know what they want, those parasites. We have to teach them everything—what to do with themselves, their time, their money. Even that they don't know! When I first met Stella, I took her shopping. I made her buy all sorts of things: little purses and scarves and some nice pins and a lot of underclothes—mine were in tatters—and at lunch we got a bit drunk on Martinis, and then I felt like going on one of those buggy rides around the Park, so we did that, and, my God, she loved it! Her big fat face went all red, and she said, 'Isn't this fun, Annette?' Such a stupid, silly thing, which she could have done every day if she wanted! But they don't know how to enjoy anything. And me, who was born to enjoy a lot more than a buggy ride around the Park, I had to sit there jog-jogging along with her. Tchk-tchk, tchk-tchk," said Annette in disgust, making coachman noises, while her naked arms above the bedclothes pretended to hold reins.

"I think she's calling," Paul said, sitting up in bed.

"Who cares?" She pulled him down again. "All right, so you'll go back to being a waiter. You'll meet someone in the restaurant—a man, a woman—someone who'll like you and want to take care of you, and you'll start all over. But what'll I do?"

"What you've always done."

"I need to rest, Paul."

The way she said that made him look at her, and he saw that her face was old. But he took no pity on her. He said, "She *is* calling. You'll have to go."

"I don't want to. I've done enough for her."

He pulled the bedclothes back from her, but still she wouldn't get up. Stella was calling louder. Paul leaped over Annette's naked body, and, struggling into his dressing gown, went to the door. At the same time, Dora's door opened below. "Is Stella calling?" she asked.

Paul came down from his room and Dora met him on the stairs. "Something's happened," Dora said. "Where's Annette?"

Then she looked up and she saw her. Annette stood in the doorway of Paul's room, plump and nude, filling it completely; she had one arm raised against the doorpost. "You'll have to give her her pills," she called down.

Dora went in and searched around for the right pills, but it was Paul who knew where they were. It was also Paul who got the water and supported Stella in bed to help her take her medicine. He spoke soothingly to her and said that Annette would be coming soon. Dora saw that Stella was in good hands for the moment, so she went to the telephone and dialled the Vineyard, and when her mother answered she said, "You'd better come now." —Ruth Prawer Jhabvala

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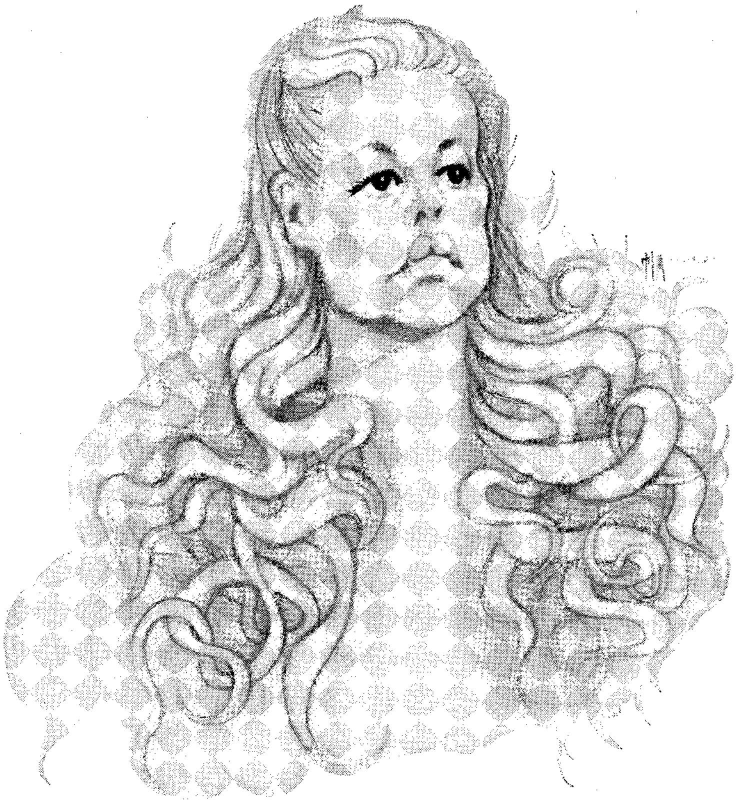
Dedication, discipline and inert talent are what it takes to survive in the music field.—*Kansas State Collegian.*

We'll keep it in mind.

PROFILES

A SENSE OF DREAM



AFTER Jeanne Moreau was in Louis Malle's "The Lovers" (1959), film fans in France began calling her Jeanne d'Arc du Boudoir. People in the profession who knew her better countered with Jeanne la Sage. We were recently in the country in France, together in the beautiful place she has made of a century-old farmhouse above Saint-Tropez. We went for a walk and saw a child watching some piglets. "I like children. I also like the children of pigs," she said solemnly. "Pigs are innocent and honorable." Of this woman, François Truffaut, who directed her in "Jules and Jim" (1962) and "The Bride Wore Black" (1968), said to me, "She has all the attributes of a woman, together with all the qualities one expects in a man, with none of the inconveniences of either." Peter Brook, who directed her in "Moderato Cantabile" (1964), said, "She is one of the most remarkable actresses I have ever worked with. She has a somnambulistic quality." Orson Welles, who directed her in "The Trial" (1963), "Falstaff" (1967), and "The Immortal Story" (1968), said, "She has the sense of drama and the sense of dream." Tony Richardson, who directed her in "Mademoiselle" (1966) and "The Sailor from Gibraltar" (1967), said, "She is more informed, committed, and passionate than any other actress I know."

Yet Jeanne Moreau herself says, "Being another character is an absurd ambition. I hated acting the novelist's wife in Antonioni's 'La Notte,' in 1960. There are people like that poor woman, of course, but not for me. That is not what love is like." There is despair in the beautiful downturned mouth but also ready blitheness. "I hate people who say, 'You're a real pro,'" she says. Her word for what they are trying to get at is "*précise*." "Acting isn't a profession, it's a way of living, and it's one that I may—I don't know—leave behind. I would like to be a good director. I would like to die a good writer." In New York, she had laughed and also said, "I would love to be an architect. How many of these buildings are scaled to the human size? And how many were built by a woman?" In the South of France, where she seems most at home, she spoke less harshly of herself as an actress: "When you work with a new director, you open the door. *C'est le début, l'initiation.* I think that's why I'm related so deeply to the countryside. Everything begins here. There's nothing in it to disturb the consciousness." She traced the indented date—1860—on a stone fountain outside her house. "In a city, I would never be able to create a place like this. In the country, you watch a river. In the country, a house is built for the flow of the family. The fireplace is not a sign of the power of the head of the household. It's connected to family organization. In a plane, I have the impression that I'm going to be intimate with whatever city we're all travelling to in this great ship that used to express aspiration, but it doesn't happen. I like small harbors for the same reason. Everything there is connected to the convenience of the people who live around them."

We went inside, out of the light, and up to her bedroom, where there is a Picasso drawing of a woman and a little boy. "In fact, why are we connected to artists?" she said, with her legs tucked under her on the bed. "The Picassos I love most are the early ones. But his passion to paint, that's the thing. In Avignon, he was like a man losing his blood. He painted and painted, and sometimes it was magnificent, always something you are linked to. He understood that art is not autobiographical. I suspect autobiographical art. Perhaps having such a relationship with the facts and the self is dangerous." She went out of the bedroom into a gallery that overhangs the drawing room, and put on a record of Billie Holiday. We listened for a while, and then she began to talk vigorously of Truffaut, who is her great friend. "People have accused him of being 'too sweet.' What is too sweet about affection? About kindness? The thing that is too sweet is what is vulgar and simply fishy—a fish going bad."

She has planted a lot of the trees around the house, which is shady against a brilliantly sunlit landscape of chestnuts. On a clear day, you can see the Alps. There are many fountains in the garden as well as the one outside the front door, where one day she carefully arranged some roses so that they could be seen through the mild plashing of water. She has a whistle like a schoolboy's, done through her teeth, and she suddenly started whistling for birds, which knew her call and came to perch on the stone edge of the fountain bowl—not to be fed but to watch. A certain ugly bird she particularly likes. "There was one morning when the other people in the house and I were having coffee here and the bird came and sat next door to the butter and stared at us as if we were more interesting than the crumbs. Which, of course, we weren't." She has two wolfhounds and a spaniel, which she makes no great fuss over. Characteristically.

The drawing room is double height, with a beam two-thirds of the way up that shows where hay used to be stored. There are wicker chairs—one or two with parasols over them for the summer, when they are moved outside. A low corner, with a little built-in daybed, has walls covered with pictures of Orson Welles and Jeanne Moreau in Seville. "In one scene of Orson's 'Immortal Story,' which was shot in Seville, he filmed with no lighting apart from candles with four wicks each," she said. "Everyone said it couldn't be done. He is a sculptor in clay. If he has to transform a Spanish village into a Chinese fair, he can. He has ingenuity. It goes with his skill as a magician." She talked for a time about the puny parts he has had to play to stay solvent. "Orson is an uncommon man when it comes to money," she said. "He never has any, and then when he is in the middle of shooting a film it is as if he were on an island away from worries, and he orders a dozen pairs of silk underclothes, and meals from Fortnum & Mason."

She lit a huge log fire, showing a bandage on her left knee. "I fell when I was in theatre rehearsals of Frank Wedekind's 'Lulu,' in Paris," she said. Then, pretending to be serious: "I am an Aquarius and so I have very weak ankles. This hurt knee is the *other* one, not the 'Lulu' one. When I was a little girl, I was built like a tomboy. I was always running, climbing trees, and falling off bikes, and always had big scabs on both knees. You must be careful on the stairs here. The step at the top is higher than the rest. I like to wonder what mistake the man made—or perhaps he did it half on purpose. Some of the best directors I have ever watched value chance, know how to use it. I don't believe it's a good thing to be extremely clever. A director like Jean-Pierre Melville wants so badly to be brilliant, to startle with clever cutting. It seems cold. Sometimes I think how few men there are who love the camera now. They are not astonished to have it in their hands, like Lumière or Keaton, or like women directors, who I believe will keep that innocence. Clever men often use the camera to prod you into excitement, not to find out what is in the script and the actors. But Orson, now, with 'Citizen Kane,' he was so young he was in love with the camera. He didn't manipulate it; he was saying, 'Let's see what we can make together.' Of course, with women's films there *will* be dross. There will be a poor commercial cinema of women's films, but one hopes not too much."

SHE made rabbit stew. The kitchen is a typical South of France country one, with an old oak door carried on big iron hinges, a dark oak chest of drawers, a table that was once used for preparing game. Over the oak chest she has put up a print by Picasso of a girl's head. There is a beautiful old pair of kitchen scales near the stove. A married couple who work for her had the stew with us. "My godmother is going to give me two geese with bouclé frills around their necks like nightdresses," said Moreau. "We have a very old turkey here, because I am given one every year, and once we were all away at Christmas, so there was no reason to kill it."

"Do you do the killing?" I asked Louis, the gardener and man of all work, who comes from the Ardennes.

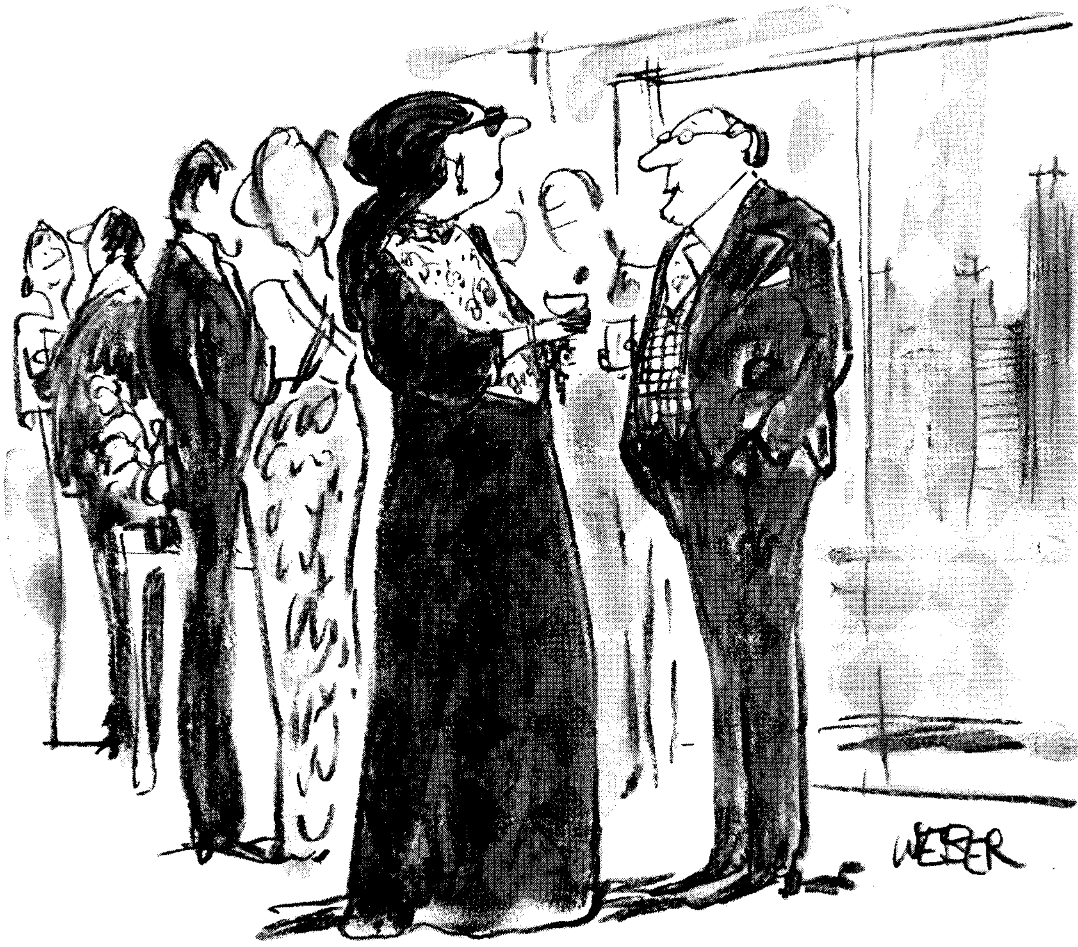
"Yes," said Moreau.

"Do you like it? Some countrymen don't mind," I said to Louis.

"No, he hates it. After doing it, he can't eat," said Moreau.

At the end of the meal, she reached behind her into a drawer of the chest, pulled out a box of buttons and a needle and thread, and made a rose out of silver paper for my daughter, sticking her tongue out as she did it, and sewing a red button carefully into the middle of the pleated foil. She collects knickknacks—buttons, gloves, shoes, little cardboard boxes that may come in handy—and keeps them together very neatly in places that she knows blindfold. The buttons are all old ones, multicolored, like little jewels or children's toffees.

Later on, up in the gallery, which is filled with her books and with processions of small objects given to her over the years, I noticed a file of tiny ivory Chinese horses. "I like arranging them," she said. "They are the soldiers of fortune." One of them, near the back of the line, was on his front knees with fatigue. The head one was looking back. "Each one is quite different. Very Chinese. I want to go to China. With Mao, I felt anything was possible. Not like the Russian Revolution, which made a prison. The politics of the left in Russia has killed art, not to speak of so many people. It is not like England, where the left-wing young men of the mid-fifties tore aside the veils of the intellectual lackeys; or the French Events of May, which produced so much. The truth is that there is a certain poetry that politicians cannot trap, and sometimes it emerges



"Say, I'll bet you'd like my wife. She sort of has her own identity, too."

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even in Russia and Czechoslovakia. In art, we sorely miss the spirit of the six million Jews whom Hitler slaughtered. They understood that truth. I am thinking about a story told to me by a Russian Jewish doctor friend of mine who survived concentration camp. We were talking about what is indestructible. He had a friend in the camp who outlived fear and torture by playing chess games in his head. Sometimes he would go through old games that he had already played. When things got extremely bad, he would invent new problems for himself, all played in the head. It was, of course, the mind that saved him, but not without suffering. When people are alive, they have many deaths: not only cowards die a million deaths. What is incredible about existence is its toughness in extremity. The Russian doctor made me think of Louis here. I think the reason the doctor survived is that he knew that each human being is one of many. Louis is small but very strong. I saw the part of the Ardennes that he came from. It was ravaged by the end of the war. I was surprised you ate the rabbit stew, because I know how much the English had to eat rabbit for years, even after the war."

"The whale meat was the worst," I said.

"The English in trouble are like the Italians. They have a vivacity that is not aggressive."

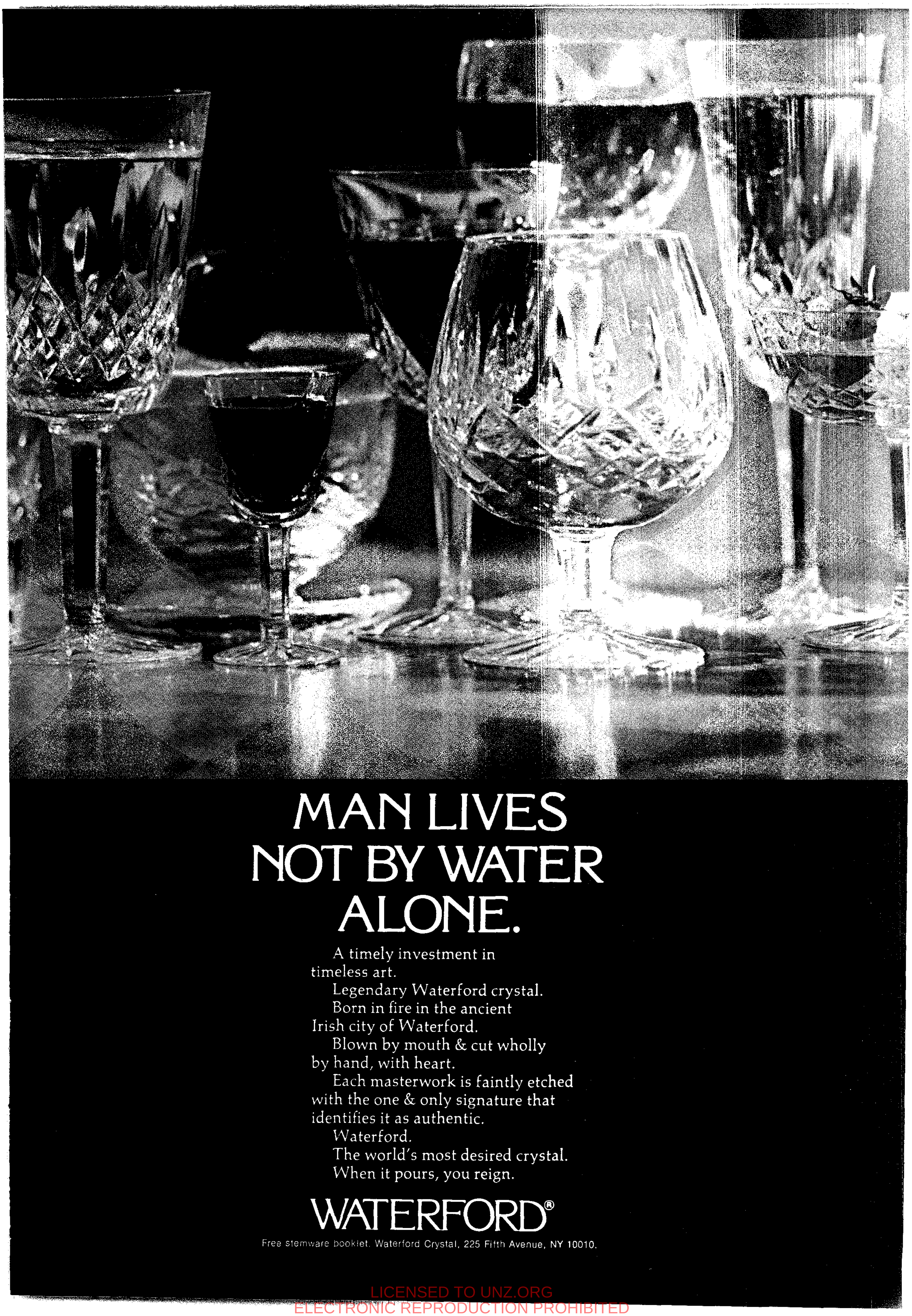
Jeanne Moreau has a strong moral sense that works like the instinct of a countrywoman for detecting, say, thievery on a farm or a fox among the chickens. She spoke of a figure of an African goddess that she was once given. "It looked two ways, good and bad," she said. "It had two faces. I threw it into a basket of apples, but that didn't remove the stink I could smell. Then I had it in the car and I was passing a waterfall. I stopped and threw it into the river. I knew that it had to go into violent water."

We went toward our bedrooms. She is, after all, and among many other things, an actress. She said, making an actress's slip, "I hope I sleep well."

PLAYING a recording of Prokofieff's "Classical Symphony" in the gallery, she spoke about England. Her mother is English. "Now that everyone is poor in England, that's liberty. That's why you say it is such an invigorating country to be in just at the moment, though its friends are sorrowing for it. The thing is, outsiders see only the loss of empire and the economic crisis. That will pass. In the Industrial Revolution, England was forty years ahead of everyone else. The present money trouble has come about because the English are inventors, not businessmen." Moreau has a sense of national differences. Her books tell one something about the spread and exactitude of her tastes. She has many art books, D. H. Lawrence, Balzac, Jack London, Giraudoux, Malraux, Proust, a volume on Joan Crawford. She loves books of reference, and her questions are as eager for information as her talk is to provide it. Her country house is a place for thinking. It is full of corners where her friends can be alone and read. She must be one of the best-mannered actresses in the profession.

"When I'm acting, I feel I have no family—only the director," she said. "It's a dialogue, not a monologue. Luis Buñuel is one of the men I have most loved working with. It's not for any applause. That's wanting response, not reward—it's dying of lack of company, not of thirst. I have made a lot of box-office duds." She has always been profoundly dedicated to directors, and has a private and lasting affinity with the ones she admires. "Some actors are creative without wanting to take over the film. A director can give you a good part, but you can give him back just as much if you're rich enough to suggest to him the thousands of doors to open. One discovers the character during shooting. It's an encounter." She has acute stagefright. "But what is good about stagefright is that it's transformed into concentration as soon as you're working."

Louis Malle, who directed her not only in "The Lovers" but in "The



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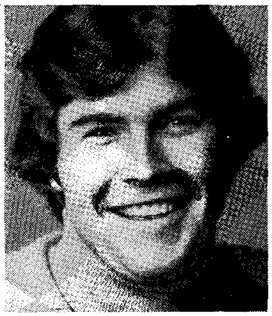

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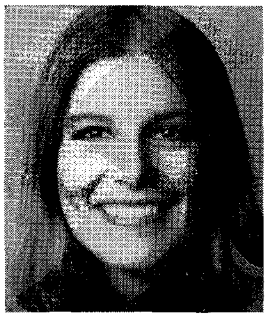

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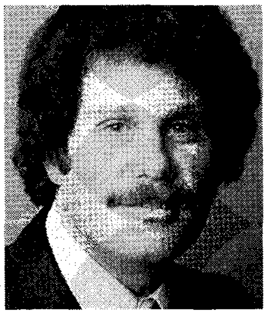

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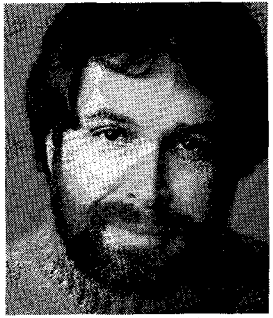

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—Greta Westfall, L.A.

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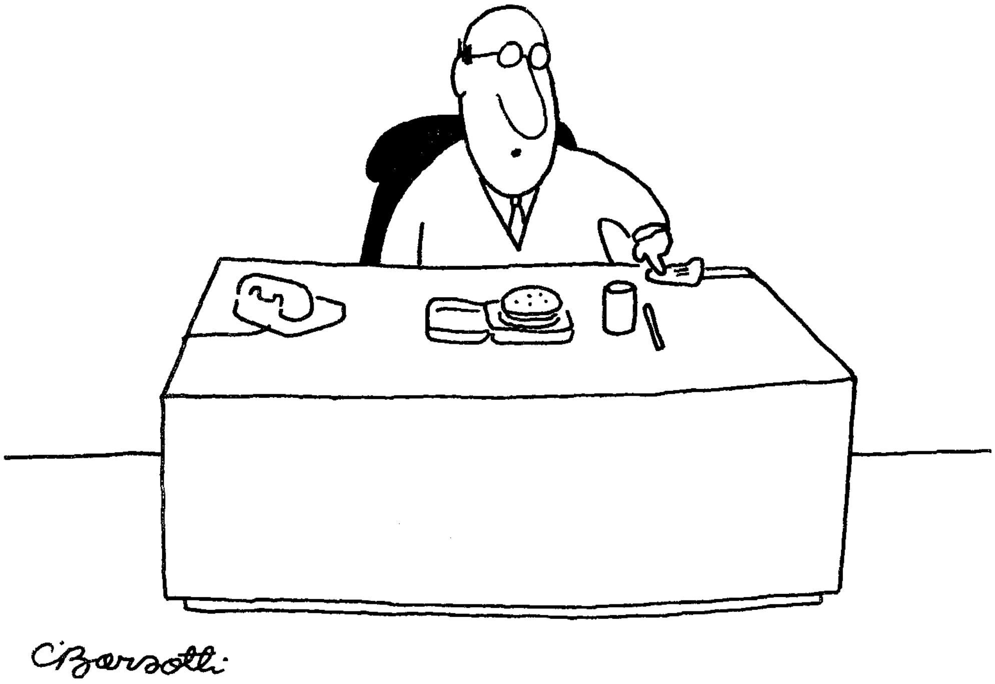
Fire Within” (1964) and “Viva Maria!” (1965), says that she is one of the actresses who must build up into a scene. “She is not at her best in the early takes. She has to construct a contact.”

“Making a film is like life aboard ship, except that every day is an emergency,” she said in the South of France. “And then there is the aloneness afterward. Of course, there is loneliness and being alone. Being alone is an opportunity, yes? Except, perhaps, the tragic aloneness when you are physically ill. Emotional loneliness has a cure.”



“Miss Fletcher, send in a pickle.”

• •

ON another day, she said, “Actors shouldn’t ask questions, they should do things. That’s what Peter Brook thinks. I was impressed by the way he worked. When we’d made ‘Moderato Cantabile,’ he was asked how I did it. He said it was sometimes an actor’s desperation to be able to give anything that is needed. To me, the Method preparation for concentration is some actors’ way of doing what I try to do in a different way. I can’t use thought and intelligence while I’m shooting. If you think too much about the character— Well, intellect has nothing to do with acting. Thought can go on before. Then you just have to be here, present. Suppose the director says that pages twenty-two and twenty-three are cut, and he says that instead of showing you standing in front of Claridge’s and buying Dunhills we’ll show you down at the swimming pool. Well, you just do it, because you are the character. You have to live up to the character. I think that this passion for nakedness in films about love is often beside the point and won’t last. It’s an exaggeration of the time. When you want to do something, you overemphasize. Mystery is a taste that we have lost, but it will come back. Maybe the longing to see the naked body is a longing to know everything about someone. But you find then that the body itself is a cover. That’s the reason the way one is dressed has meaning.” Moreau is one of the best-dressed women in the theatre, with natural style and a nearly bygone feeling for prettiness. Not for her the overalls and Earth shoes and stamped T-shirts of film stars just as beautiful.

“A director’s instinct and an actor’s instinct will coincide if they’re attached to the idea of making the character distinct, and not debasing it,” she said. “There are never ten ways to do something. Only one. That is a question of morality. You have to be true to yourself and to others. The plot—that is, the character narrative—takes you with it. Virginia Woolf once said that the plot is like a river: it carries you along and it shows you the countryside around the people.” She changed a record, and then said, “For some reason, I was thinking of Buñuel’s 1972 film ‘The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie.’ About that film I felt like a child. With Buñuel, one feels that anything can happen. For instance, a dog can speak. I always had that dream in childhood.”

Moments of her own performances came to mind: the unforgettable half smile of triumph at the success of a dark compact just before she kills herself, near the end of “Jules and Jim;” her self-mocking suggestion of conquest in love in Roger Vadim’s “Les Liaisons Dangereuses” (1961); the moment in Buñuel’s “Diary of a Chambermaid” (1965) in which she bends herself to her master’s fetishes, looks resigned, but shows her heart to be scornful and chilled. She is a woman of invention beyond the scope of most actresses. In Jean-Louis Richard’s “Mata Hari” (1965), besides acting magnificently, she pulled most of the dialogue together, with the help of Truffaut. “You don’t have to do anything in front of a camera,” she said. “You just have to be concerned.” About an actor trained in the Method, when he was wondering what his motivation was for picking up an ashtray, she said, “You want to say to him, ‘Just pick up the ashtray and shut up.’ ” She has a capacity for transmitting extraordinary intensity of understanding between her and other characters, which is one of the reasons she enjoyed making “Viva Maria!” with Brigitte Bardot. “Films tend to say that women can never be in rapport with each other”: a thought that obviously prompted much of her own film, “Lumière” (1976), written and directed by her, and with her playing a part in which she is intimately concerned with several other women. One has the feeling that, unlike many actresses in the English-speaking commercial cinema, she could never fall into reposing a character on being hagridden or having a fishwife’s emotional range. There is something about her, clear to all the great directors she has worked with but hard to pin down, that always transmits a concept of eternity and of a better world elsewhere.

IN Paris, last year, when I was seeing her before she married the American director William Friedkin, we spent time in her beautiful apartment in the Rue du Cirque. It had a main room with pale-orange muslin curtains and an orange carpet. Jeanne Moreau talked, over lunch, about other people’s films. “The best period in the American cinema was the thirties and forties, when actors and actresses were under contract, and not maneuvering on slippery ground from one film to the next. People were craftsmen then. They didn’t think of themselves as being artists. A film took ninety minutes, no more, and each frame had to be full. What strikes me now when I look at

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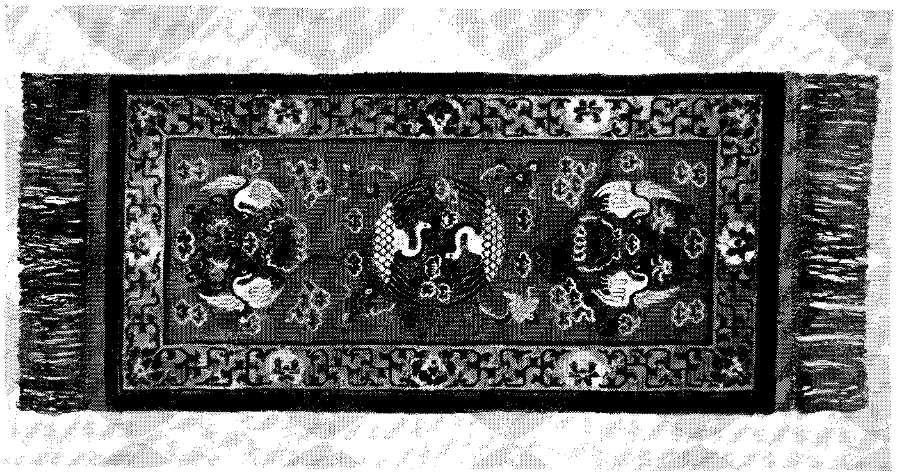

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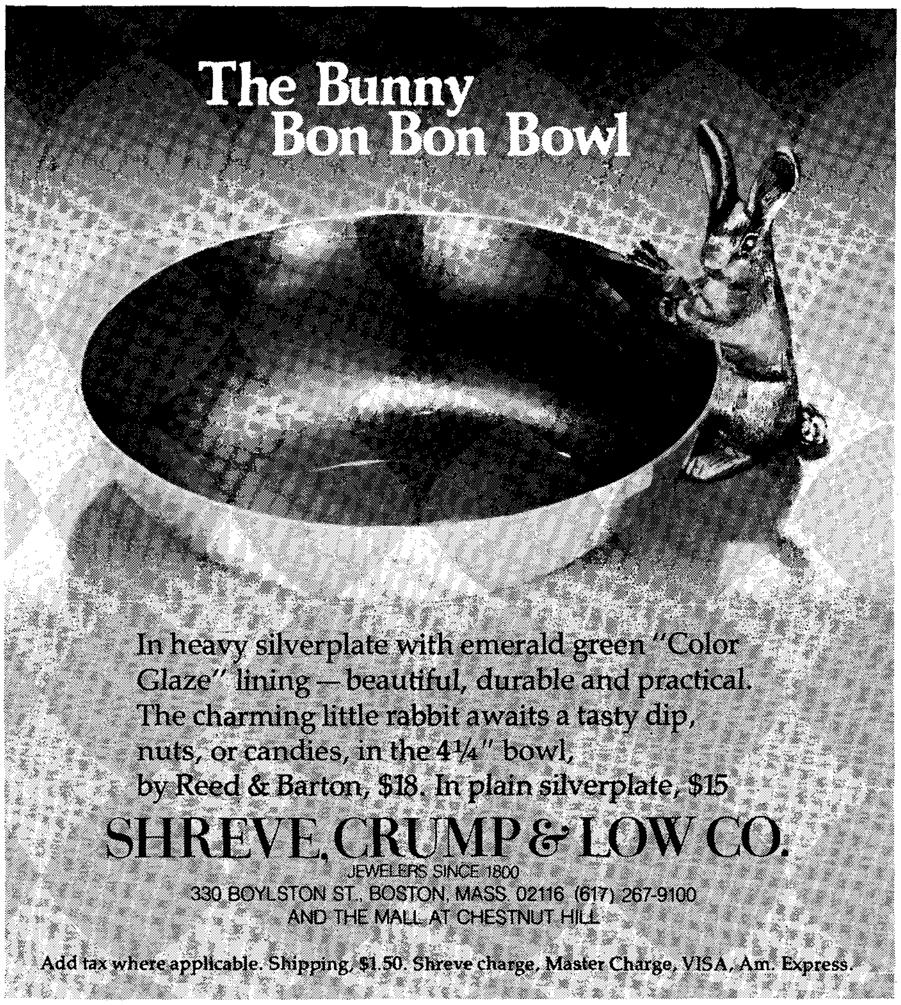

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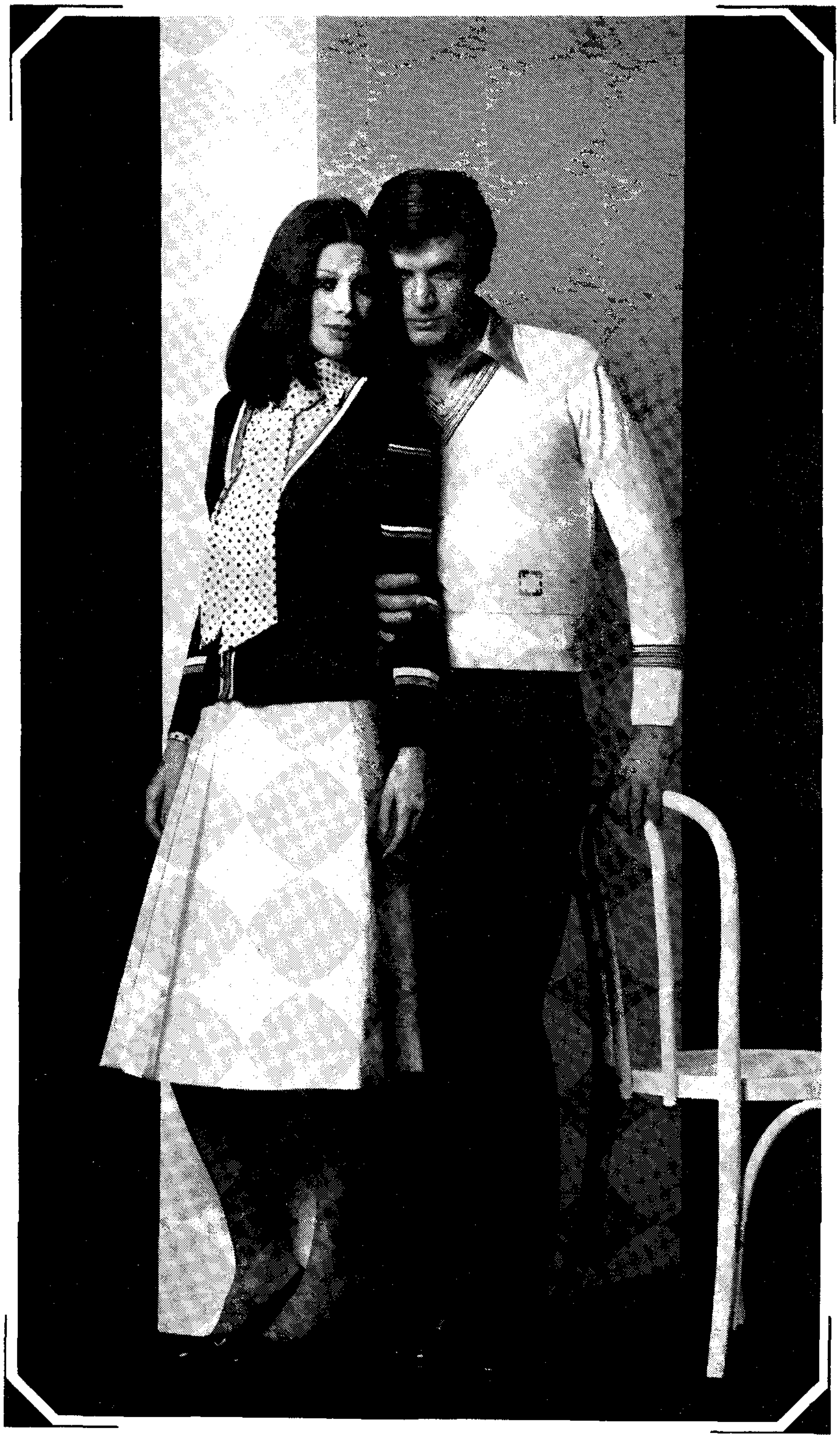
those older films is that they are so packed with energy. It grows in one's mind: the music, the editing—everything. If one wants to learn what to do, one not only watches Fellini, one also watches Howard Hawks." When she was casting "Lumière," she chose Keith Carradine because she found herself dreaming over an early photograph of Gary Cooper. "I wanted a man who had those purely American qualities—the simplicity and integrity and innocence."

She keeps small notebooks with her for writing down details of characters in a new film she is working on: their roots, their originality. The story is set in France between Bastille Day of 1939 and September 1, 1939, the day the Second World War began. One character used to live in Poland: Jewish, a doctor. She has read endless newspapers of the day. "I want to make a film that says something about the older men, their relationship with the land. Their anguish over the 1914-18 war—that they had fought in it and won it and then lost all the same. Now there was this new war, which was to produce Vichy: another defeat, and this one full of remorse. After Munich, men in the French countryside lived their lives in a spasm of false shame. They thought, This happened twenty years ago—how can it happen again? They felt that it was their fault. Their feeling for the land is important, and the memory of their past, when the men were called on to fight again and then to have their country occupied. The connection between God and farming and the Church was still the same as ever; it created a powerful feeling about Good and Bad. These men felt that everything had become Bad, and couldn't believe that it could be so. Even if people are well informed, they have very little of what one can truly call information. People who work the land say 'That can't be' about a drought. 'There hasn't been one for twenty years.' Young men who lived in the country had heard of America as the land of gold, India as the land of jewels. They had heard their fathers talk of the Great War. They couldn't imagine their own Europe and themselves involved in its private bloodshed again. It was a legend. In 1940, the women were already talking very independently about this men's war. The women's-lib movement started after the war, when some of the men came back. I'm so deep in this film already that I hardly notice Paris. In making a film, one is making a complete world, but it relates to . . ." She traced a shape with her finger on the table meaning "nowhere." "There is total intimacy among the people working on the film, and no resentment about the loss of it afterward."

Another time in Paris, when Jeanne Moreau had had to put thoughts of her film aside, because she was working on "Lulu," we met at a bistro and she again drew with her finger on a table. "I have been thinking about the Berlin Wall. The situation would be this. Two figures, a man and a woman, start off walking quite normally. They break into a run. They reach *here*. The woman trips. Maybe they don't know each other. They are killed." She ate for a minute and then said, "When 'Lulu' is finished, I shall go back to the country. Though sometimes I have a sense of nonsense in the country. Not a thought but a feeling. It is because the country is so strong. There is this feeling of nonsense even in Paris about such a situation as we have in the German capital. As I began to say, the French countrywomen after the last war understood what was happening much better than the men who survived. The deeper you go into life, the more you have to forget everything."

JEANNE MOREAU was born in 1928. Her father, who died three years ago, was Anatole-Désiré Moreau, the owner of a Montmartre restaurant called La Cloche d'Or. Her mother is an English former dancer, Kathleen Buckley, who danced with the Tiller Girls at the Folies-Bergère. The Moreau family is descended from farmers. Born in Paris, Jeanne, as a child, used to spend her holidays at Mazirat, a village of about thirty houses in the Allier Département, between the Loire and the Cher. Her best friend, who lived in Vichy, where Jeanne and she were both at school, died of croup when Jeanne and she were eight. After the outbreak of war, Jeanne and her mother and sister were obliged to stay in Paris, because her mother was an alien. (Her father was cut off from them in the South of France, in Vichy. He was a soldier there. They struggled to join him, and finally succeeded, but it took fourteen months.) "I read many books far too soon. They make me sick even now, some of them, with terror and fascination. I read Zola when I was thirteen. My father often sent me to carry a bowl of soup to the film ticket-seller, and the man would say, 'Wouldn't you like to go in?' Once—I must have been sixteen—my father took me to see 'La Bête Hu-



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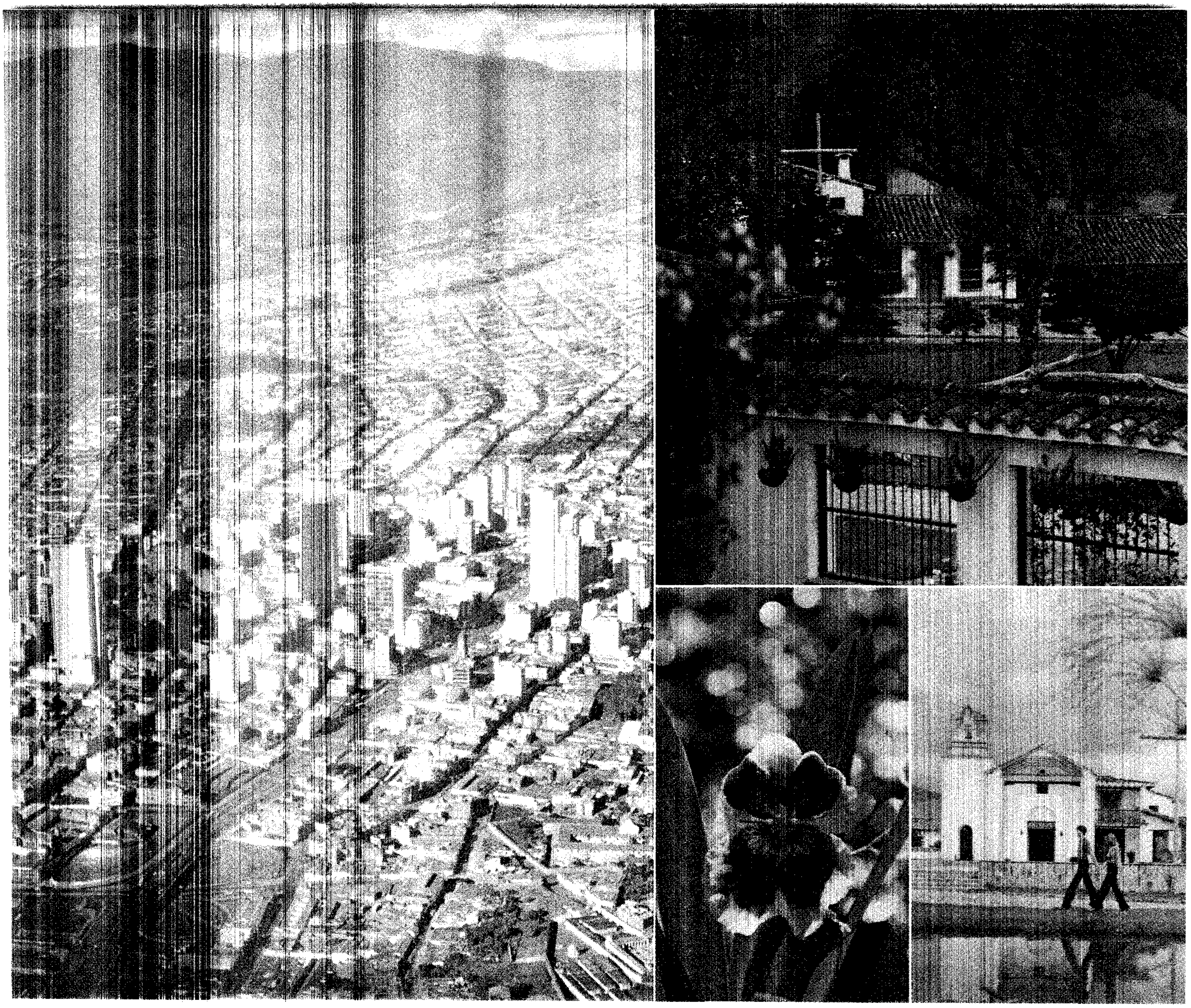
maine.' He fell asleep, but I was carried away. I was a good student until I was sixteen. Then I went to see Anouilh's 'Antigone.' I heard my mother say to a neighbor who would be sympathetic to my longings, 'I have a daughter who wants to be an actress.' I went to the Conservatoire National d'Art Dramatique. My parents were separated when I was at the Conservatoire. Then I joined the Comédie Française. Some things about it were disgusting. The big stars would take parts just to stop others from having them. After that, there was the Théâtre National Populaire."

She has a natural feeling for the theatrical. She said to me in New York about "A Chorus Line," "It's real because it's fake. When mirrors on the stage are turned onto the audience, that is extraordinary. People in the audience are forced to look at themselves in a mirror. It is a great moment. The reflection of those pale faces of the audience, as if they were the ones who were auditioning! When I was young, I couldn't dream of that sort of poetic device. Soon after the Théâtre National Populaire, I was in a Paris 'Pygmalion' for two years. One of the wittiest plays, whichever language it's performed in. I was often sad then. I was shy, totally diffident, at the end of the war. I felt as if I had started talking only a short while earlier. Before that, it was an epoch of silence. Perhaps my silence made me feel unusually close to my sister, Michelle Cavanaugh, whom I could always talk to. I was married to the director Jean-Louis Richard when I was twenty-one. Our marriage was dissolved shortly afterward, but he is still a great friend. We had one child. A son."

WHEN I was in London last year, the telephone rang and Jeanne Moreau asked me from Paris if I would go to see her sister in a hospital in Fulham, because she was concerned about her and couldn't leave Paris herself. Jeanne has powerful family feelings. She telephones her son, who is now nearing thirty years old and lives elsewhere in France, practically every day. His name is Jérôme. Jeanne is nine years older than Michelle. She seems to have been a very motherly sister.

Michelle Cavanaugh is much like Jeanne in the legs—she sits like her, with fine calves tucked under her—but quite unlike her facially. She was reading Bertrand Russell when I went to see her. Jeanne had asked me to take her a particular scent, and a nightdress, as a relief from hospital clothes. The



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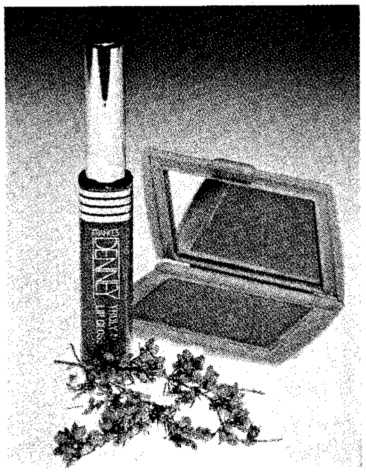

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requests were very precise. The nightdress should be white cotton and simple, with no sleeves. Michelle laughed about her love for Jeanne and said, "We have an overdeveloped independence, both of us, like an overdeveloped muscle. I live mostly in Ibiza. My therapist thinks I shouldn't, but he's never set foot there. He thinks that because he's very possessive. Not like Jeanne." Michelle Cavanaugh apologized for having a therapist. "Once, Jeanne said if she hadn't been an actress she was afraid she might have been a neurotic. Later, she told me that her real reason for being an actress was to fight self-deception, to find the truth in the characters' predicaments. She has been through much more than I have."

JEANNE MOREAU said to me in Paris one day, talking about her family and the planning of her next film, "My mother's father—English, of course—was responsible at the outbreak of war for the protection of the people of Littlehampton. My mother and my sister and I were in England, and with the first of September, 1939, my mother wanted to go back immediately to France. We took the boat from Newhaven just after New Year's Eve and arrived back in Paris at the end of February. Mazirat, where we had spent so much of our lives, was the root of many things I want to think about that have to do with the war. The institutions were always run by the left. But people were still related to the Church and sent their children to the Church school. It was an accommodation. And it was very healthy for the balance of life in the village. There were internal fights, it's true, but it's also true that fights—not wars—are good."

This was when she was rehearsing "Lulu" in Paris. As with many French rehearsals, work started after lunch and went on until the small hours. She was wearing a short fox coat that looked fake because it was dyed pale-blue: appealing, on this beautifully dressed actress, who is an old friend of Pierre Cardin. She would concentrate totally on what the director was saying, repeat the same movement or fragment of a scene again and again—one of the movements being a climb up a ladder, which resulted in the fall that injured her knee—and in a break she would come downstage to kiss an inexperienced young actor, run over to a box in the darkened auditorium to ask if I was interested. "Lulu" is a difficult piece, and she did it superbly. She has always been remarkable for choosing worthwhile, hard things to do, and rejecting the commonplace. "People don't seek power, I think," she said to me once. "They seek the possibilities for doing things."

ANOTHER day in Paris, she said, in English, "Men can scream, women can whimp"—meaning "whimper." It was one of her few mistakes in the language. About women's liberation, she said, "I am not a feminist, but I can understand that people who are discontented cannot hide it. That the rich are powerful is a fable. It is not the rich who are powerful, it is the people who feel themselves free. The women's movement is about the fact that men have imposed on women emotionally. I myself think it's more that they have deterred us intellectually, robbed us of the faculty of invention. But one is not given such things—one has to take. It's easier to live by blaming convention, but nobody insists on its rule, apart from oneself. I've noticed that the women who are most resentful about conventions are often the ones who most want them. That year called the International Women's Year—it sounded fine but it wasn't very serious. Every year is the year of men and women."

When she went to Washington to introduce "Lumière" there, she made this speech, in English: "Thank you for coming to my first film. There's no time for long speeches. Thank you. Goodbye." This first film is imperfect, but it is full of interest: it has common sense, and is not a whit autobiographical—which it has sometimes been taken to be, simply because it is about an actress played by Jeanne Moreau. The director was involved to the fullest when she was making it, in her usual, unique way of seeming to be a little underwater while she is working. The film is about a woman who, though she has a genius for friendship, commits follies of egomania and thoughtlessness, especially toward a dying doctor, wonderfully played by François Simon. The director edited some of the film by cable from Hollywood to her editor in Paris, and told me that she hadn't realized until she saw the final cut that the last words in the film were "Forgive me."

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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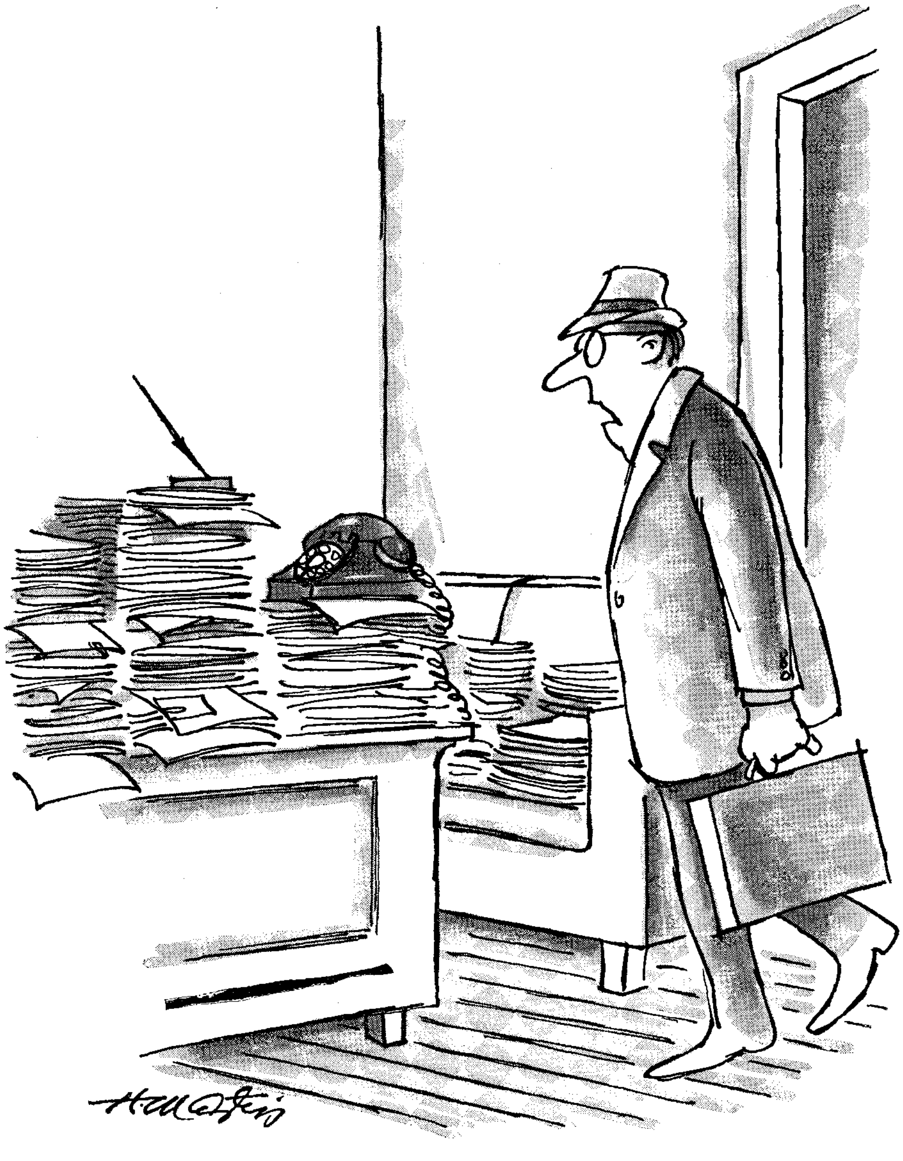
Across New England, no one reported losing all his snow on the man-made snow slopes, but bare spots on natural snow trails were ubiquitous. Not only that, they were everywhere.—*Boston Globe*.

They were all over the goddam slopes.

THE THEATRE

DEATH IN FAIRFIELD

IN the presence of violence, real or simulated, I am easily rattled. During much of the opening-night performance of Ira Levin's "Deathtrap," at the Music Box, I labored under the impression that more murders were being perpetrated onstage than there were members of the cast available to serve as murderers and murderees. My befuddlement had two sources—I am quick to avert my eyes whenever blood starts to flow (even if the blood is only red ink and I know perfectly well that the most crumpled of corpses will be taking his curtain calls in a robust fashion later in the evening), and I am slow to follow the intricacies of any drama more complex than, say, "The Moon Is Blue." The producers of "Deathtrap" request in the program that the audience refrain from revealing Mr. Levin's ingeniously mystifying twists and turns of plot; bless my soul, they have nothing to fear from me. I am their ideal viewer, who with his hair standing on end is nevertheless unable to bear in mind from one scene to the next whether a certain gun is loaded or unloaded, whether a certain door is locked or unlocked, whether a certain cupboard is filled with dead old Uncle Barney or only with his fishing gear.



"Good morning, work load."

Of "Deathtrap" I can tell you little with confidence beyond the fact that the setting is a pleasant country house in the well-groomed green fastness of southern Connecticut, and that the leading character is a middle-aged playwright down on his luck. Once, he had been a popular author of stage thrillers not unlike the very one that Mr. Levin has undertaken to present to us, but with the passage of time he has lost the old know-how, and the future looks bleak indeed, both professionally and financially. Though his wife has some money, they have evidently been living beyond their means, and when an opportunity arises by dint of which he will be able to recoup both his literary reputation and his fortune, who can blame him if he is eager to take advantage of it? True, the opportunity involves death by garrotte, bludgeon, and medieval crossbow, but then nothing comes without cost in this world.

The playwright is enacted by John Wood, who attacks the role with such fierce energy that when on occasion he spits out a derisive aside chips of plaster fly off the proscenium arch of the Music Box. Marian Seldes is charming as the playwright's wife, and Victor Garber is convincingly ingenuous as a new young friend. Marian Winters has great fun with the role of Helga ten Dorp, a Dutch clairvoyant so gifted that she becomes aware of her daughter's pregnancy before her daughter does, and Richard Woods plays with equal relish the role of the playwright's lawyer, a stuffed shirt with an unexpected bent for larceny. There! I have managed to offer a single tiny clue, which I hope will thoroughly mislead you.

The setting is by William Ritman, the costumes are by Ruth Morley, the lighting is by Marc B. Weiss, and the alert and suave direction is by Robert Moore.

"TIMBUKTU!," the new musical at the Mark Hellinger, pretends to be laid in the ancient kingdom of Mali, West Africa, in the year 1361, but nothing could be more obvious than that it was invented for Broadway in 1978. Taken from the musical "Kismet," which was taken from the old play of that name by Edward Knoblock, "Timbuktu!" displays Geoffrey Holder's talents as a director, choreographer, and designer of costumes, and I am only sorry that he didn't write the book, the music, and the lyrics, because, his handiwork aside, it is a terrible show. The stars are Eartha Kitt (who plays to the audience as if she were doing a solo turn at Vegas), Melba Moore, Gilbert Price, and Ira Hawkins. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Beloved Country

ON a raked stage, in a room that is furnished with a table and chairs, a stove, and a refrigerator but gives the impression of sparseness, bareness, a boy of perhaps eighteen is noisily throwing planks into a wheelbarrow. The room is in a ranch house in California, and the boy is gathering up the wreckage of a door that his drunken father kicked down the night before. In short, we are in the territory of the incomparable Sam Shepard, one of the most original, prolific, and gifted dramatists at work today. His "Curse of the Starving Class," which opened last week at the Public, is about a family: a father named Weston; his wife, Ella; their adolescent daughter, Emma; and their son—the plank-thrower—named Wesley. Though their house is set on a many-acred farm, they are starving. That refrigerator, as Ella and Emma make entirely clear in the opening scene, is empty. Over and over, they open its door and slam it closed; it is a running joke, and the key (or a key) to the play. "We are not members of the starving class," Emma announces at intervals, but they are—and literally so. How literally is not made evident until the final, horrifying ending; so much of what has gone before is so deceptively funny. And the moment of transition from comedy to tragedy is perfectly placed.

The father, dressed like a bum and well gone in booze, eventually comes in. It is Weston's story—his tragedy—that lies at the heart of the drama. He is in despair: his land has yielded little, the animals are dwindling, he has all but dissolved his rage in alcohol, and everybody is after those acres. At one time or another, Weston and his children speak their thoughts or memories in soliloquies so imaginative and right that they become truly hypnotic. In fact, Mr. Shepard temporarily wiped out my growing prejudice against stage monologues. We hear Wesley fantasize about the zombies who want to take over with their bulldozers and wrecking balls and cover the whole country with concrete; he wants to escape to Alaska. Emma has a funny spoken dream of escaping to Mexico and becoming an automobile mechan-

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BONWIT TELLER

ic. (Why, asks her mother, when you can embroider?) The play is dense with incidents and humor and emotion, and Weston's overnight rehabilitation, after a hearty breakfast, and his resulting determination to hang on to his property are convincing and moving; James Gammon gives a fine performance here. Ebbe Roe Smith's strange and subtle acting as Wesley seems to embody the spirit of Shepard. There are very good performances, too, by Olympia Dukakis and Pamela Reed as Ella and Emma, respectively, and by Kenneth Welsh as a slick, crooked lawyer, Eddie Jones as a roughneck local saloonkeeper, John Aquino as a police sergeant, and Michael J. Pollard and Raymond J. Barry as a pair of terrifying gangsters who enter at the end. But it is Mr. Shepard's own passion for this country and his hatred of the grab-by builders and developers who want to stamp out everything in their way which dominate the play. Under Robert Woodruff's direction, every shift in mood and all the complexities of character and plot are realized. Santo Loquasto designed the good setting and costumes, and Martin Tudor did the good lighting. Strains of saxophone music by Bob Feldman are effective.

George Rose again gives unlimited delight at the Brooklyn Academy, this time (wearing a slicked-down wig) as a trapped and embarrassed aging actor in Ferenc Molnár's enduring confection "The Play's the Thing." The action takes place in a castle on the Italian Riviera back in the twenties—servants, room-to-room telephones, and luxuries abound—and the comedy is theatre about theatre in Molnár's best tongue-in-cheek manner. Its plot concerns a successful playwright, Sandor Turai, who, along with his collaborator and the young composer of their forthcoming operetta, overhears a most intimate and erotic conversation between the operetta's prima donna—now the fiancée of the composer—and her former lover (Mr. Rose). Turai devises a scheme to mend the broken heart of the suicidal composer (and, incidentally, to save the operetta) by concocting a script that embodies the pertinent conversation and then persuading the lady and the lover to recite it in the composer's presence—thereby convincing the composer (in time for the final curtain) that what he overheard was simply a rehearsal. The concocted scene is presumably from some lost work of Sardou, and Mr. Rose can seldom have been funnier than he is as he struggles with the elaborate, tongue-cracking French place names and titles inflicted on him by the malicious playwright. Yet when he says "Thank you" to Turai after the scene is over—for he, too, has been rescued from a bad situation—he means it. And George Rose makes his sincerity a true, and therefore a touching, moment.

P. G. Wodehouse's adaptation from the Hungarian is witty and apt (although a butler named Dwornitschek would surely not seem as comic or as unpronounceable to a playwright named Sandor Turai as he might to a clubman named Wooster or Psmith). I enjoyed the performance as a whole, but I do have a few complaints. René Auberjonois, for all his comedic aptitude, is not my idea of Molnár's idea of the worldly, humorous Turai—probably a sneaky self-portrait. Mr. Auberjonois—busy, busy, busy—just fritters the part away. (The great Louis Calhern, in a production I saw in 1948, is my permanent Turai.) Nor is Carole Shelley—as bright as ever, and looking simply smashing first in pink Art Nouveau pajamas and later in a dark-green fringed evening gown—the Prima Donna with a Past that the script seems to call for. And a couple of the minor roles seem slightly campy or off-key. Some of this, of course, may be a matter of the direction, by Frank Dunlop, who otherwise brightens our lives. On the other hand, Kurt Kasznar is so exactly right as Turai's grumpy, funny collaborator and foil that, time after time, he sets the show back on course. Santo Loquasto and Nancy Potts designed the beautiful, romantic scenery and costumes, respectively, and F. Mitchell Dana designed the stunning lighting.

When the play was originally done in New York, in November, 1926, it seemed somewhat old-fashioned to Charles Brackett, reviewing it for this magazine, who compared it to caviar on slightly stale toast, and Wolcott Gibbs had a few reservations of the same sort about the 1948 production. Now, after all these years, "The Play's the Thing," conjuring up a vanished atmosphere of ease and wealth and wit and prankishness—of hearts broken and mended, and love lightly given—has become a period piece and, as such, secure. —Edith Oliver

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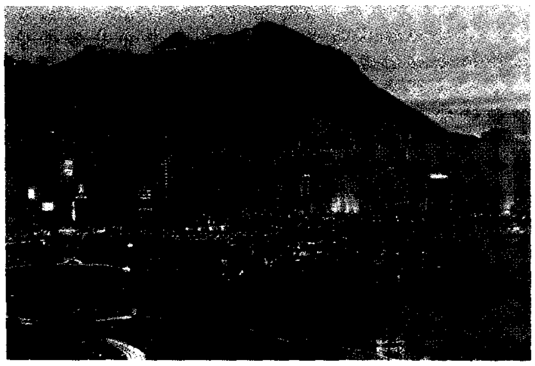
THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*Weather Outlook for February in U.S. News & World Report*]

Warmer and Drier. Most of the nation can expect normal or above-normal temperatures and less-than-normal precipitation in February, the National Weather Service estimates.

'On our 8th day, we selected something simple.'



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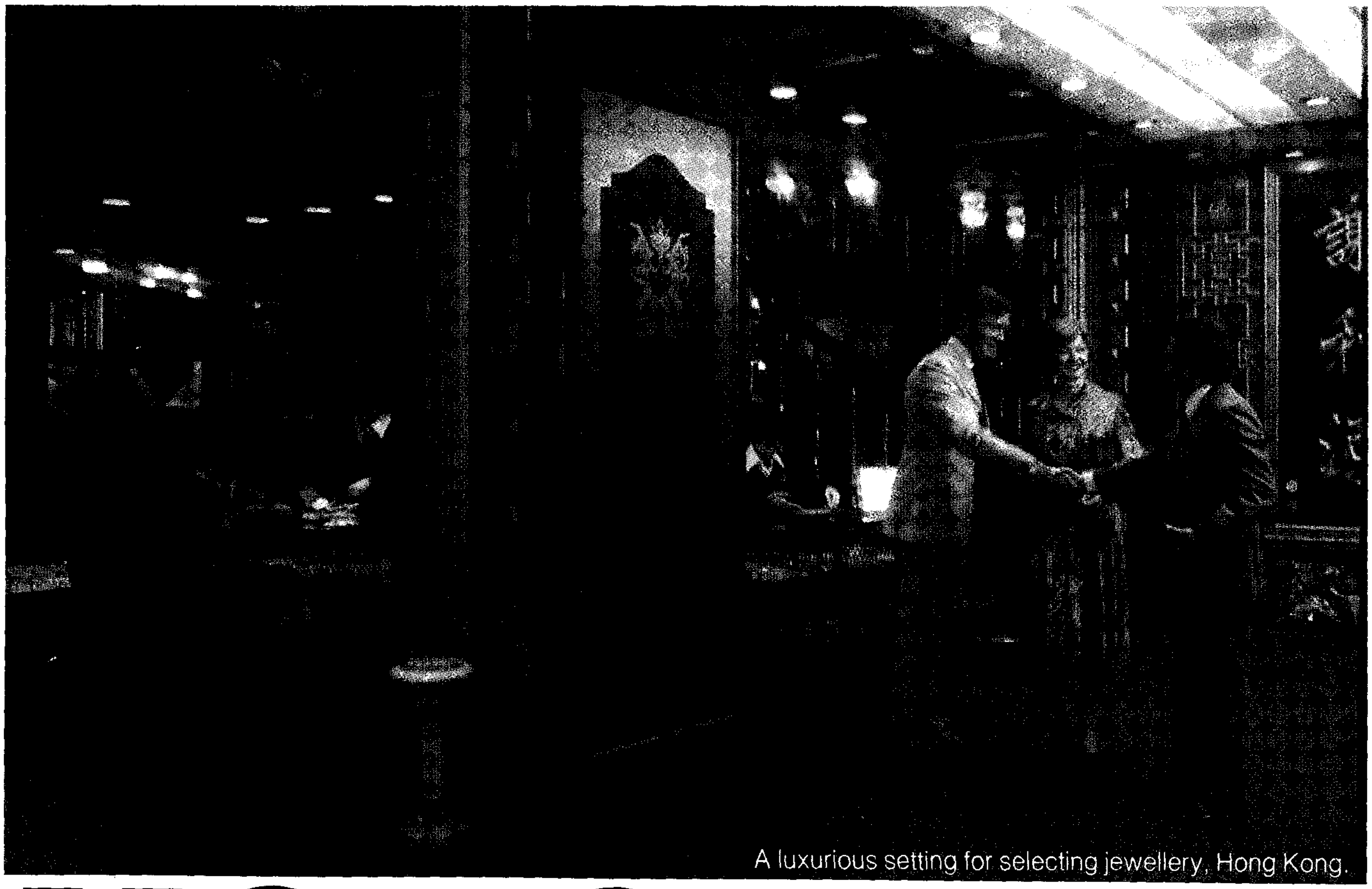

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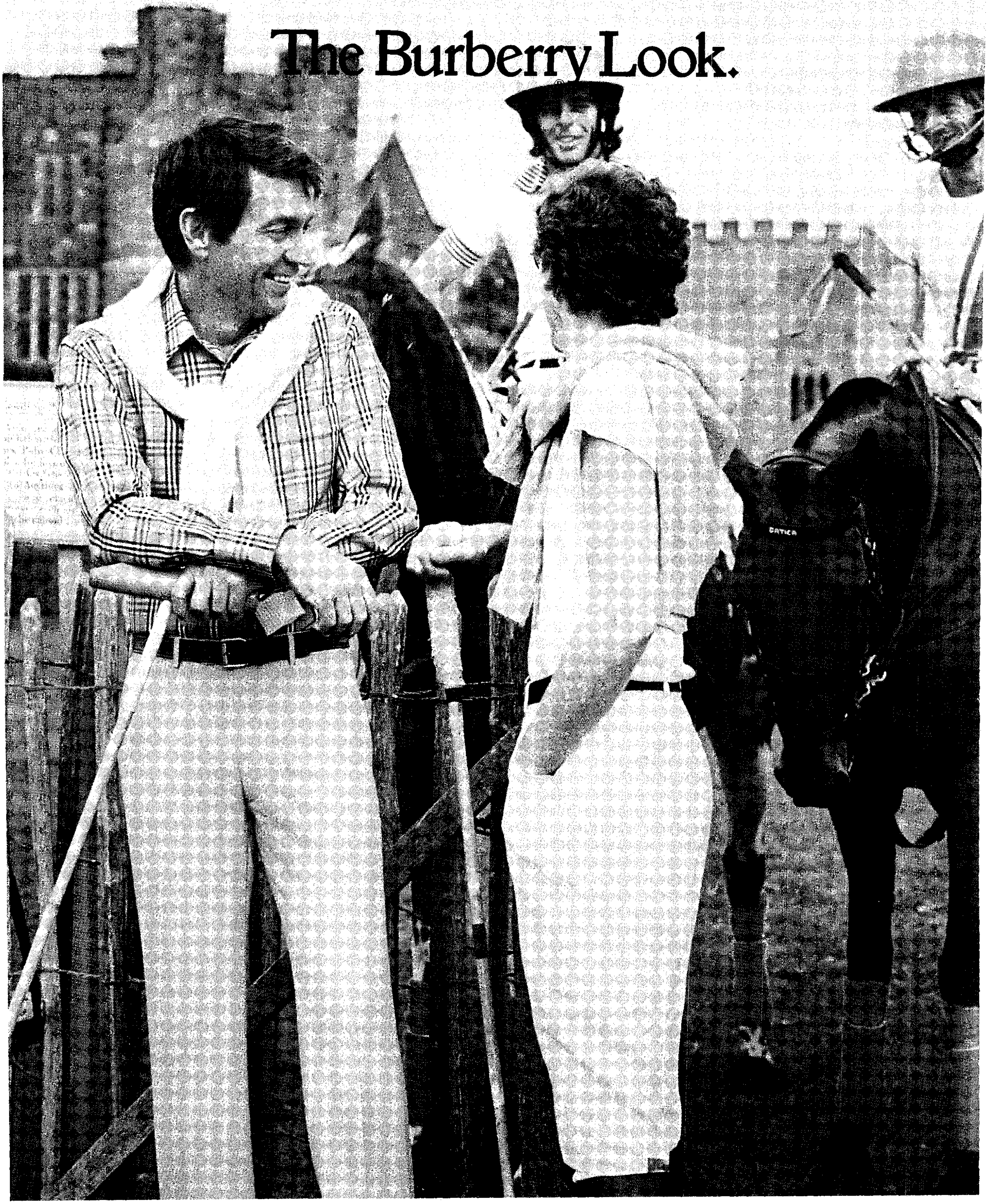

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ANNALS OF MEDICINE

ANTIPATHIES

A YOUNG woman I'll call Sara Strong is sitting in the waiting room of the Tulsa Dermatology Clinic—a private group practice—on East Twenty-first Street in Tulsa, Oklahoma, and she is, of course, uncomfortable. The cause of Mrs. Strong's discomfort is an itchy rash on her elbows, on the backs of her legs, and here and there on her chest. She has had this rash for almost a month. When it first appeared, around the middle of April, her husband, an interne at St. John's Hospital, just down the street from the clinic, identified it as an eczematous allergic contact dermatitis, and treated it in the conventional manner—with an application of cortisone cream. The rash was then on her elbows only, and the cream at first seemed effective. But a few days later, the rash had spread and worsened. It erupted first on her left leg, in the sensitive pocket behind the knee, and then on the other thigh. Mrs. Strong continued her husband's prescription of cortisone cream, and an added soothing lotion, but the rash continued to spread. It appeared on her chest, and Dr. Strong gave up. The proper treatment of her trouble was plainly beyond his professional powers. She needed more experienced and more specialized help. He put in a call to the Tulsa Dermatology Clinic and spoke to the appointments nurse. That was on the afternoon of May 15th, a Saturday. The nurse responded with the sincerest form of professional courtesy: she gave Mrs. Strong the earliest possible appointment—Monday morning at eight o'clock.

Gahan Wilson

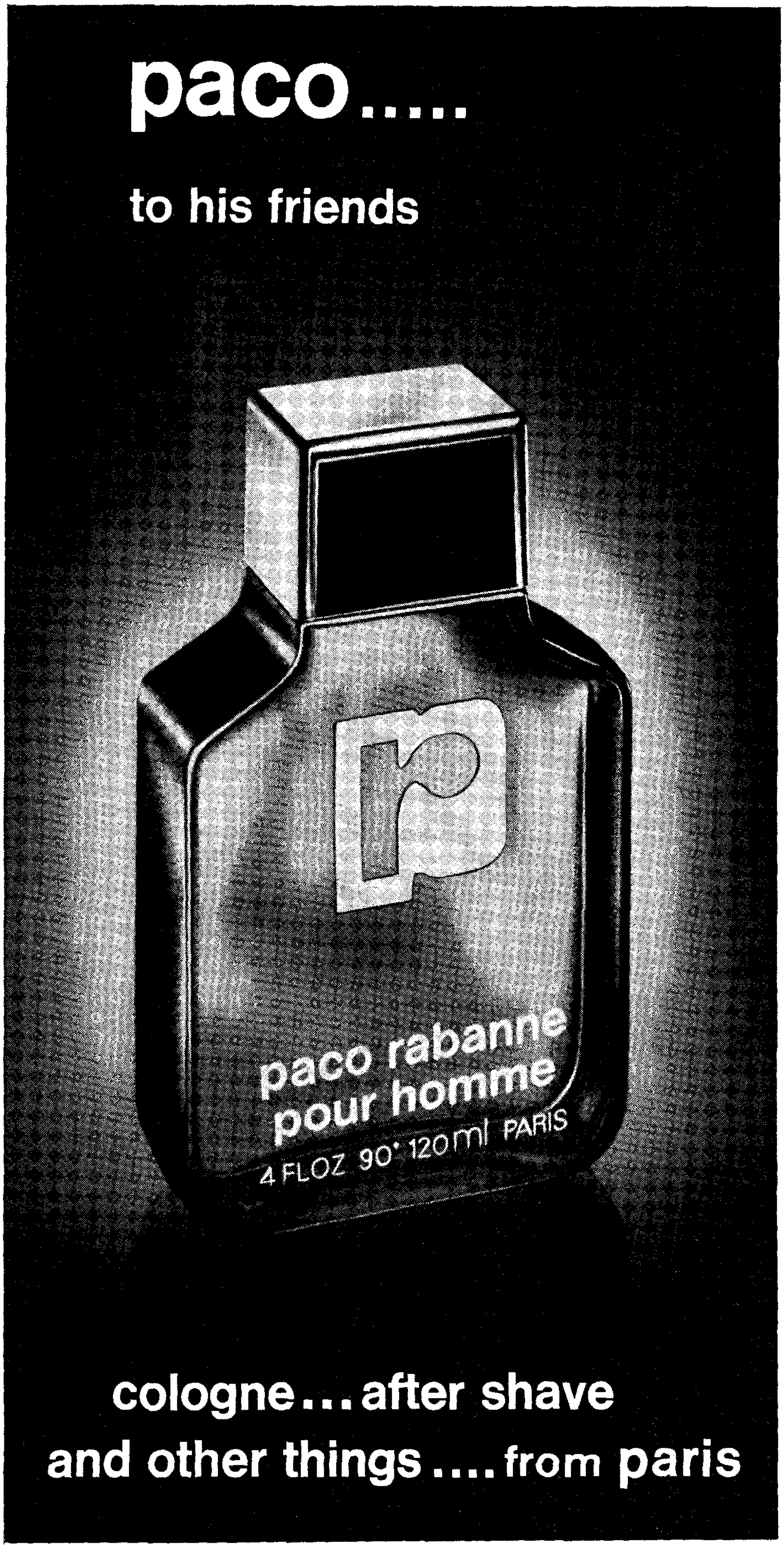
"Swami Ananda, here, has also *discovered the secret of life!"*

THE allergic condition—with its multiplicity of pains, gasps, fevers, sneezes, itches, nauseas, swellings, diarrheas, and strangulations—is at once the oldest and the newest of man's afflictions. There is no disease more ancient than asthma, and none more newly arrived than a flaming response to the latest creation of the cosmetics laboratory. Almost everything in the human environment (or, as the New York University dermatologist Alexander A. Fisher has put it, "everything under the sun, and even the sun itself") has the power to produce in some unfortunate person some form of allergic reaction. The list of allergens includes most common foods (wheat, corn, eggs, fish, milk, nuts, beans, chocolate), many popular drinks (cola, beer, orange juice), the most useful drugs (aspirin, quinine, codeine, the sulfonamides), the inescapable inhalations (dusts, spores, pollens, vapors, feathers, hair), the many kinds of injections (vaccines, penicillin, mosquito bites, bee stings, insulin), the infinite physical agents (poison ivy, chemicals, metals, soaps, dyes, paints, cosmetics, fabrics, furs, leather, plastics, rubber), and light and heat and cold.

The existence of the phenomenon now known as allergy was recognized long before there was any scientific understanding of its nature. It was too peculiar to be easily overlooked. The allergic phenomenon was probably first observed in what is still its most dramatic expression. Indeed, this manifestation forms the subject of the most celebrated aphorism of the pre-Christian Roman poet Lucretius: "What is food to one is to others bitter poison." Increase Mather, one of the more enlightened of the early Massachusetts clergymen, recorded it in larger scope. "Some men," he wrote in his treatise "Remarkable Providences," in 1684, "have strange antipathies in their natures against that sort of food which others love and live upon. I have read of one that could not endure to eat either bread or flesh; of another that fell into a swooning fit at the smell of a rose. . . . There are some who, if a cat accidentally come into the room, though they neither see it, nor are told of it, will presently be in a sweat, and ready to die away." Hay fever, which wrung from Sydney Smith the anguished cry "The membrane is so irritable that light, dust, contradiction, an absurd remark, the sight of a Dissenter—anything—sets me sneezing," was accurately described in the sixteenth century (by an Italian anatomist named Leonardo Botallo) and was given its misleading name in 1829 (by an English physician named Gordon), but it was not until 1873 that Charles H. Blackley, another English physician, demonstrated that the causative irritant was pollen. Blackley's finding was accepted, after the usual exposure to derision and indifference, around 1906.

Allergy takes its name from the German "*Allergie*"—from the transliterated Greek "*allos ergon*," which means, roughly, "altered reaction." The term was invented in 1906 by the Austrian investigator Clemens von Pirquet (1874-1929), who is also remembered as the inventor of the standard diagnostic skin test for tuberculosis. Von Pirquet developed the tuberculin test in the course of his explorations of allergy, and he came into that all but empty room through the then just opening door of immunology. This door (which legend recalls was first tried by Mithridates VI of Pontus when he attempted to gradually habituate himself to poison and thus confound his enemies) had suddenly yielded to the efforts of such men as Pasteur, von Behring, Kitazato, and Ehrlich. Standing on the shoulders of these and other giants (most notably those of Theobald Smith, of Harvard, and the subsequent Nobel laureate Charles Richet), von Pirquet observed that patients given a second injection of an immunizing serum a few days after a first injection sometimes developed outbreaks of hives, and even asthmatic attacks. Something had changed a protective serum into a hazard. He decided that what he had seen was an alteration in the immune reaction, and gave to the phenomenon the descriptive name by which it is now universally known.

The nature of allergy, though it has been the object of fifty years or more of increasingly sophisticated scrutiny, is still far from fully understood. There are, however, certain areas of at least translucent enlightenment. It is generally accepted that the phenomenon involves a perversion of the antigen-antibody reaction. The fundamental mechanics of immunity and allergy are much, if not entirely, the same. The effect of immunization—in its active, and most satisfactory, form—is to stimulate the natural defensive powers of the body. This is accomplished by first exposing the body to a safely bridled brush with a specific infecting agent, or antigen. The body instinctively reacts to the presence of this antigen by producing in certain tissues a specific chemical counteragent, or antibody. The body thus armed is immune to that particular antagonist. In the event of a reëxposure to that antigen, the sentinel antibody mobilizes in the bloodstream and destroys it. Allergy appears to be a blundering version of this beneficent process. The phenomenon has its beginning in a confusion of identity. A substance that is harmless to most people is identified as inimical by the body of a susceptible person, and (as in the development of the immune state) the body defensively elaborates a chemical weapon against its reappearance. This antibody-like material compounds the initial confusion into a kind of pandemonium. Through some constitutional derangement, it attacks not the allergen

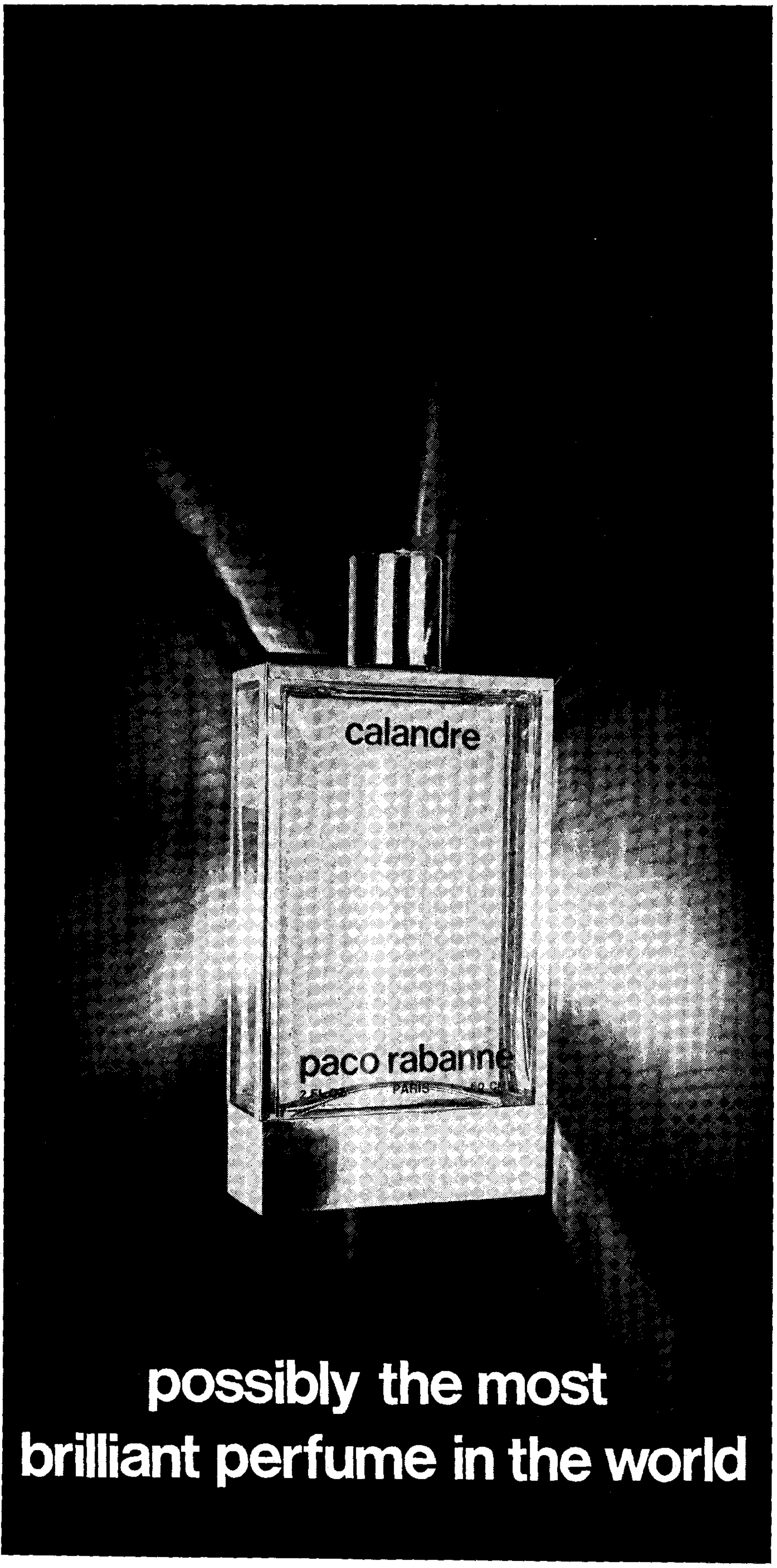


NEIMAN-MARCUS

(as the antigen in allergy is called) but, in effect, the cells of the body itself. It is at this climactic moment that the scientific visualization of allergy begins to blur. It is not known what renders a person sensitive to one allergen or another—or to none at all. Nor is it known just how the damage in allergy comes about. It is accepted that the collision of allergen and antibody releases an irritating substance, but questions continue to loom. Is this substance totally toxic? Or are the affected tissues congenitally defective? About the most that can be said with any assurance is that susceptibility to allergy seems to be an inherited characteristic, and that the irritant involved may consist of one or more of several pharmacologically active substances. These substances include histamine, 5-hydroxytryptamine, and acetylcholine, all of which are natural and (within reason) necessary constituents of the body. "In this connection," E. B. French, Reader in Medicine at the University of Edinburgh, has observed, "it is worthy of note that the juice of the stinging nettle (*Urtica dioica*), from which is derived the name urticaria [hives], contains histamine, 5-HT, and acetylcholine."

Allergy differs from most other diseases in that its victims (including even most asthmatics) seldom die and almost as seldom recover. In this bittersweet respect, as well as in the fortitude with which its long embrace must be borne, it much resembles gout. But gout, though no longer considered a rarity, is nevertheless a disease of the unfortunate few. Allergy is a commonplace disaster. It is, in fact, the most common of all chronic complaints throughout the industrially developed world. The National Institutes of Health report that around eighteen million Americans are afflicted with one or another of the many chronic digestive diseases. Some twenty-two million, its records show, are afflicted with one or another of the several forms of arthritis, and about thirty-five million with hypertension. The allergic population of the United States is on the way to forty million. Almost fifteen million of these are hay-fever sufferers. Nine million are asthmatic, and another several million are allergic to some food or drink or drug. The rest, in whose company Sara Strong unhappily found herself on that spring morning, are victims of allergic eczematous contact dermatitis.

THE Tulsa Dermatology Clinic is an association of four young dermatologists. One member of the group is a former Mississippian named Vin-



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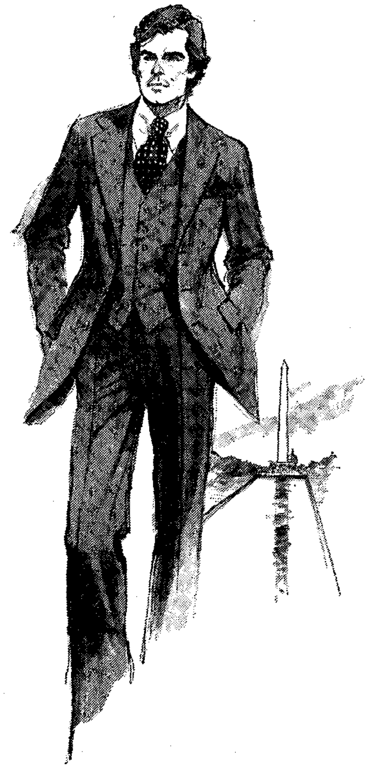

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cent P. Barranco, and it was he who had arranged to see Mrs. Strong on that Monday morning in May. He found her to be a small, trim, dark-haired woman of twenty-six with the characteristic expression of a dermatitis patient. She looked dejected.

"And plain," Dr. Barranco says. "I could see that she was actually very attractive, but her trouble was wearing her down. There's nothing like a raw, itchy rash for taking the life out of a person. I've seen enough to know. And her history, when we got down to that, was disturbing. She suffered from hay fever. There were certain foods that she was allergic to. She had a sister with asthma. The sister was part of the record, because allergy is strongly familial. Now, all of this immediately suggested a diagnosis of atopic dermatitis. That's an eczema that occurs without any external or discernible allergic cause. It's an inherited constitutional state—very strange. But not at all uncommon. It differs from an allergic contact dermatitis in the matter of cause. In contact dermatitis, if you look hard enough, there is always a contactant—a cause. Well, Mrs. Strong's history and everything else she had to tell me seemed to indicate an atopic state. Except for one thing. This eczematous attack was her first, and atopic dermatitis usually begins in childhood and continues on through the years. But it still looked atopic to me. However, I took the usual precautions to eliminate any possible contactant. I gave her the usual instructions: no rings, no earrings, no bracelets, no jewelry of any kind. No cosmetics except those on this list of hypoallergenic products. No washing dishes or such without protective polyethylene gloves. And so on. I treated her rash as one would treat any allergic dermatitis—with topical cortisone cream. The same thing her husband had used, only a new and more potent type. Then, because her lesions were quite distinct and comparatively few, I injected each and every one of them with cortisone. Intralesional cortisone is a profound treatment. As a matter of fact, I thought twice before I decided to go ahead. I thought it might be more profound than the case called for. But she was so miserable. And she'd been miserable for almost a month—that made up my mind.

"I honestly thought I'd never see her again. By the end of the week, I was sure I wouldn't. And then on Monday—the following Monday, May 24th—the phone rang, and it was Mrs. Strong. She hated to bother me. But

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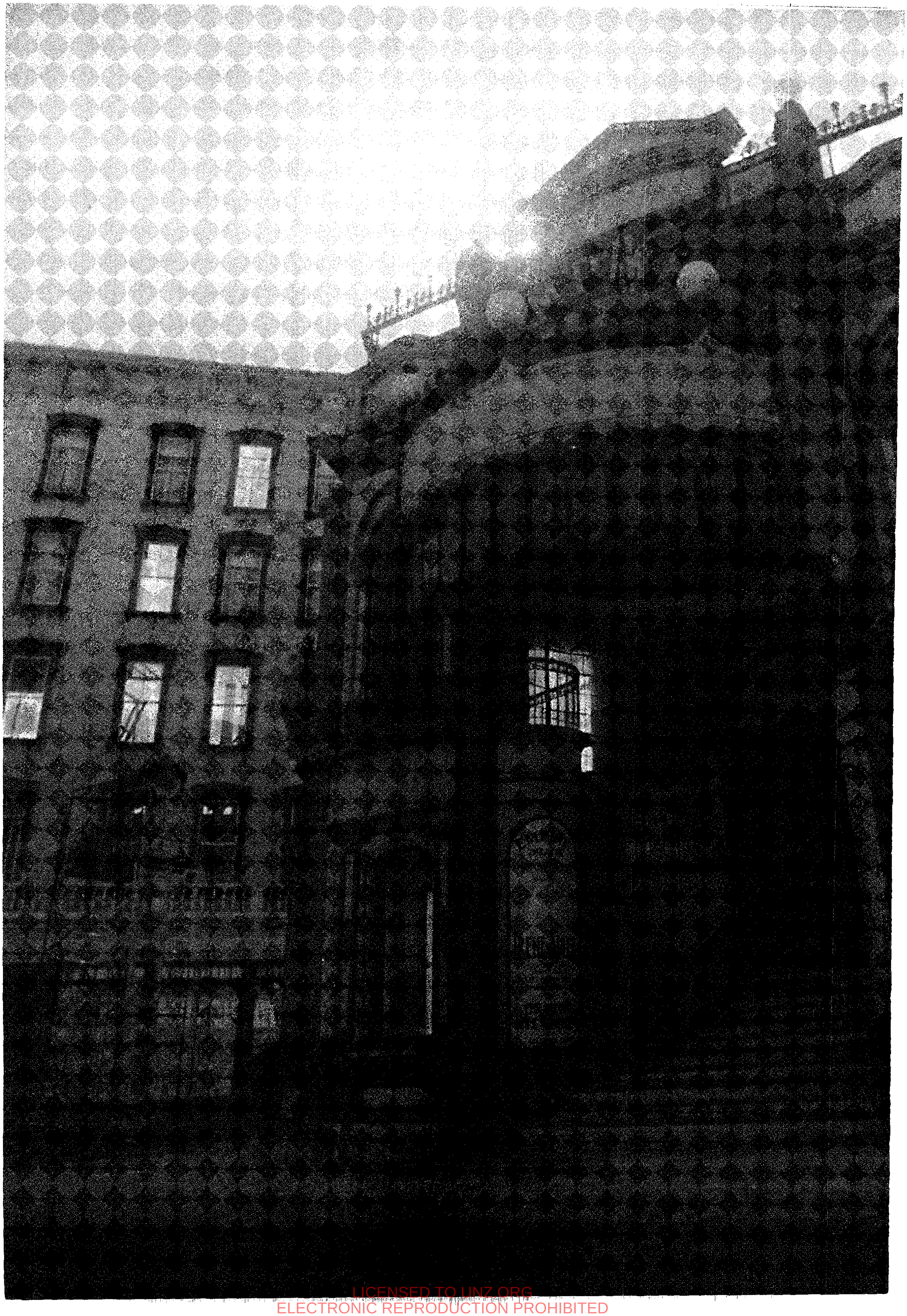

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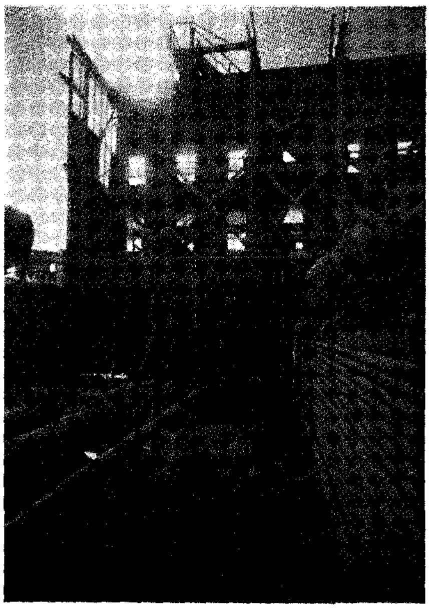

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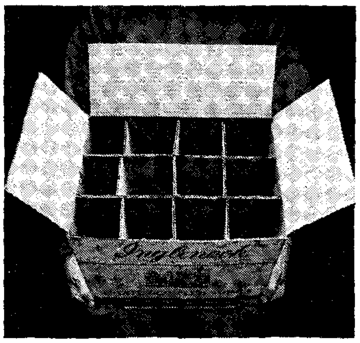
she wasn't any better. In fact, she was worse—much worse. The itch was driving her crazy. I was staggered. If she had called to say there was still some rash—if she had said she was only slightly improved—well, I would have been a little surprised. I'd have accepted it, though. But *worse!* I couldn't believe it. Except, of course, I should have known. Her husband was a doctor. That's what always happens with a damn doctor's wife. Something always goes wrong when you've got a colleague looking on. Well, I swallowed my embarrassment, and did the best I could. I told her to continue the cortisone cream, but this time cover it with Saran Wrap—with some plastic wrap—to increase absorption. I also prescribed an antihistamine—fifty milligrams of Benadryl every six hours. My hope was that that would stop the itching. Even if it didn't, it would at least give her the relief of a good night's sleep. Benadryl has about the highest incidence of sedation of any antihistamine. But I was counting on it to end the itching, and I was counting on the continued cortisone to finally wind things up. This had to be the end of the case. I couldn't imagine anything more.

"So another week went by. Eight days, to be exact. Then, on Tuesday morning, June 1st, I got a call from Dr. Strong. They had followed my instructions, but the treatment didn't seem to work. She was worse—even worse than the week before. The rash had continued to spread. It now covered every inch of her body. Every inch of her was lobster red except the palms of her hands, the soles of her feet, and her scalp. The itch was unrelenting. She was just about climbing the walls. He sounded frightened. His voice was pure anxiety. And I was frightened, too. I said he'd better bring her right over to the clinic. Or, better still, we'd get her into the hospital. But he said no to both. He said he'd rather handle it in the emergency room at St. John's. He was on that service there. He was firm on that, so I said O.K. Then we talked treatment. We settled on an injection of one cc. of betamethasone. Betamethasone is an extremely potent corticosteroid, and the usual dose is one cc. or less at intervals of six or seven days. So he took her off for treatment, and I waited another week. It was now the seventh of June. Another Monday. And Dr. Strong called. It was the same terrible story. There had seemed to be some improvement for a day or two after the betamethasone injection. But then it turned around again, and, if

ALL GOOD THINGS MUST COME TO AN END.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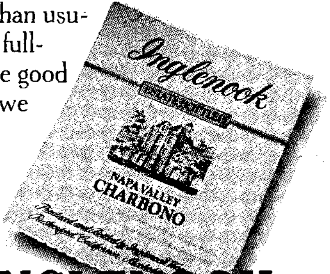

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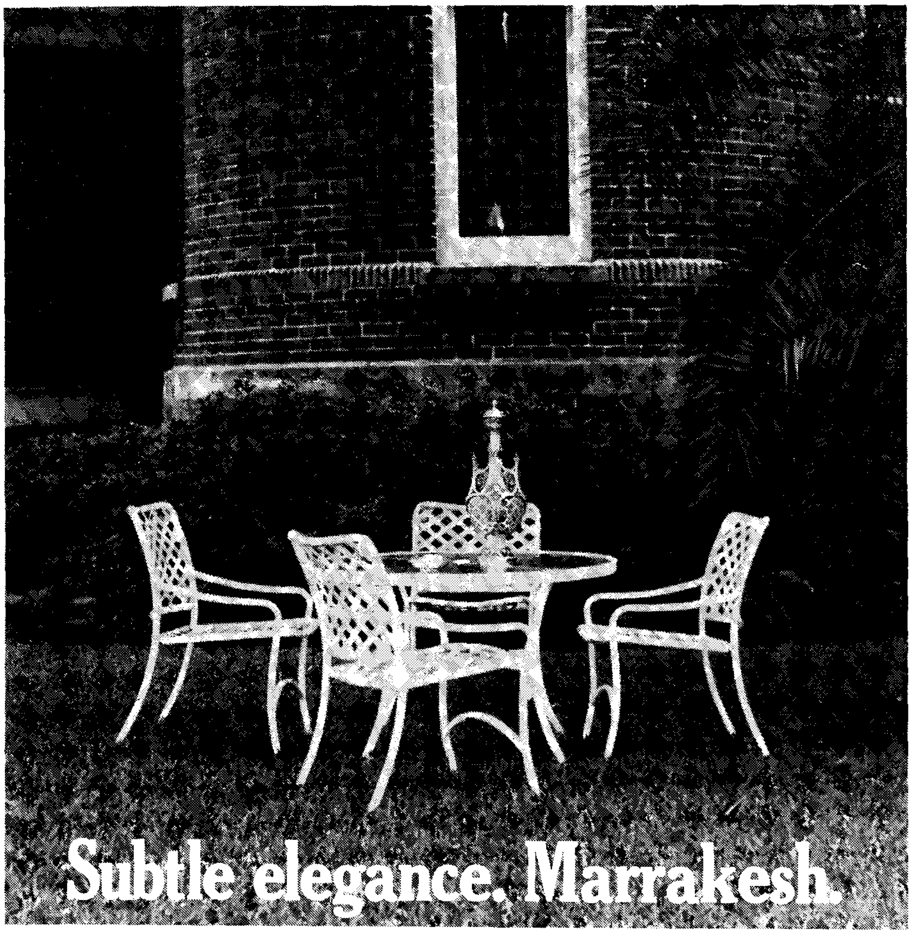
possible, she was worse. I said I wanted to see her. I wanted to see them both. I asked him to bring her over right away.

"I couldn't understand it. An atopic dermatitis should have cleared up by now under this really rather heroic treatment. So I had to reconsider—I had to wonder if maybe it was a contact dermatitis after all. That presupposed the continued presence of an undetected allergen. But what? There had been nothing in her recent experience that sounded even remotely like an allergenic possibility. And I had eliminated all the obvious possibilities—cosmetics and jewelry and such. But when she and her husband arrived at my office I went back to the beginning and started all over again about anything out of the ordinary that she might have come in contact with around the middle of April, around the time of onset. Nothing. It was all completely negative. And yet I was now pretty well convinced that there was a contactant somewhere. The two conditions aren't mutually exclusive—an allergic contact dermatitis can occur in an atopic state. I've never felt so frustrated. I wondered if I should have risked a patch test at the very start. Patch testing is a means of determining sensitivity to various suspect substances, and a positive reaction is manifested by a rash. But it can be risky when the patient already has an acute and spreading rash. It isn't always accurate then, and it can also exacerbate the trouble. It's best to wait until the rash is under control. And now it was too late. Mrs. Strong was all rash. There was no place on her body to test. So I was left once more with the question of treatment. I prescribed oral corticosteroids—four tablets every other day for ten days. And a tranquillizer to try and relieve her anxiety. But it was no use. She came back to the office by prearrangement ten days later, and she was much the same, or worse. I led her back through her history again. Nothing. And I was finally at the end of my rope. I had tried every treatment I knew. I'd done everything I could. I had to start all over again. I gave her another injection of betamethasone and another potent antihistamine. She went home just about in tears. And she looked at least twice her age.

"I had a call the following day from Dr. Strong. There was, of course, no encouraging news. He was calling because he was getting a little frantic. He was finishing up his interneship in a couple of weeks, and then he would be moving to Dallas for his residency. Could I refer him to a dermatologist



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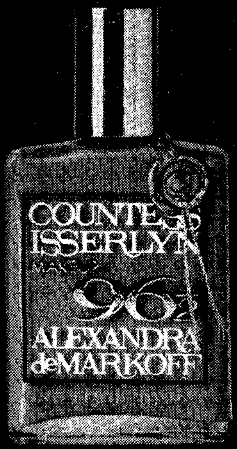

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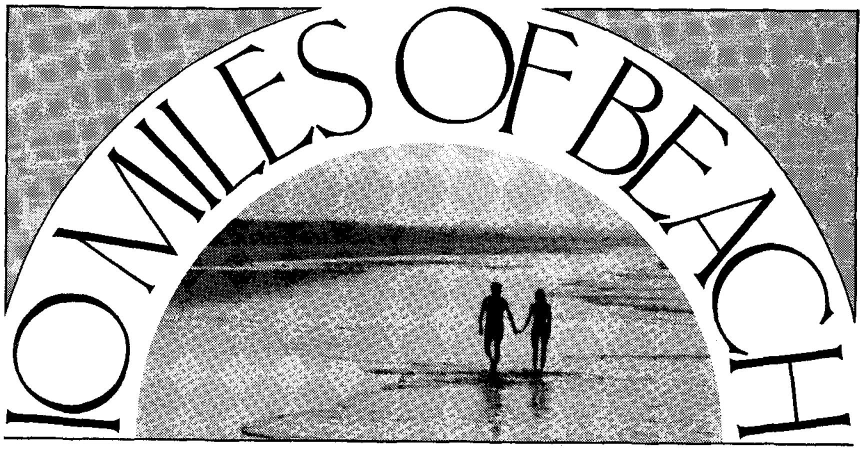
there? Should we have another consultation? Was there absolutely nothing more I could do? He didn't mean it as a challenge, but it was challenging. It was threatening. I began grabbing at straws. I dug into their life as deep as I could. I began throwing out questions just on a chance. One of them was, What did they do for birth control. He said she had an IUD—an intrauterine contraceptive device. Was that what she had always used? No—she had started on the pill, but the pill had made her sick. So she had been fitted with an IUD around the middle of April. The middle of April! A bell began to ring. I wondered if there was any metal in her IUD—any copper. There is sometimes metal in an IUD, and when there is it is almost always copper, because copper has a certain anti-spermatozoon action. And copper is a known allergen. It's not common, but it happens. But Dr. Strong said he had no idea. I'd have to ask the gynecologist who inserted it. He turned out to be one of my friends, and I called him about two minutes later. He said yes. The device was one that contained a small amount of copper. I told him what I had in mind, and asked him to pull it out. He thought I was crazy. But, as I said, he's a friend, and I sent Mrs. Strong down to his office the next morning, and he took it out. That was on Friday, June 18th. I saw her four days later, on Tuesday. It was fantastic. It was unbelievable. It was the most dramatic clearing of a dermatitis that I've almost ever seen. But, of course, I had to make sure. I waited a couple of days for the last of the rash to subside, and then called her into the office for a patch test. I tested her for copper, for nickel, for potassium, for cobalt, and for mercury. There was one positive reaction—to copper. It gave her a beautiful, definitive, four-plus flare."

THE Strongs moved down to Dallas at the end of June. The dermatologist there to whom Mrs. Strong had been referred reported back to Dr. Barranco that she was now entirely recovered. Dr. Barranco enjoyed his diagnostic triumph. It was also, he came to realize, a most provocative one. This realization led him to the library, and his sense of triumph increased. His experience, he found, had been a rare one—almost disconcertingly rare. He was able to find on medical record only six other cases of allergic contact dermatitis involving copper. In three of these, the exposure to copper had occurred in a New England industrial setting. One, reported by a French physician, involved exposure in a chemical-products warehouse, and another, reported from the Netherlands, involved a telephone lineman. The sixth involved an American woman for whom the contactant was copper jewelry. What disconcerted him was the discovery that his was the only case in which the exposure to copper was internal rather than external. There was, however, he was relieved to learn, a considerable record of eczematous dermatitis resulting from internal exposure to metals other than copper. That was reassurance enough. His experience with Mrs. Strong had been rare—notably rare—but not beyond belief. What he wanted now was an audience.

"I knew I had something worthwhile to report," Dr. Barranco says. "I got all my notes together—my clinical notes and my review of the literature—and began to draft a little paper. I thought I might get it published somewhere. Maybe in the *Southern Medical Journal*. Or maybe even in the *Archives of Dermatology*. But first of all I wanted to tell Buzz Solomon about it. Buzz is Dr. Herman Solomon. He's in a small dermatological group practice up in Wichita that's very much like ours, and he is also my best friend. We roomed together at medical school, at Mississippi, and I was best man at his Jewish wedding and he was best man at my Catholic wedding. Buzz and I go to all the same meetings—we take our wives and have a big reunion—and the next meeting on the schedule was a dermal-pathology course in Houston in August. We met as planned, and the first chance we got we sat down and I told him all about Mrs. Strong. He was fascinated. One thing I didn't know—one thing I couldn't precisely explain—was just how her sensitivity to copper originally came about, and we



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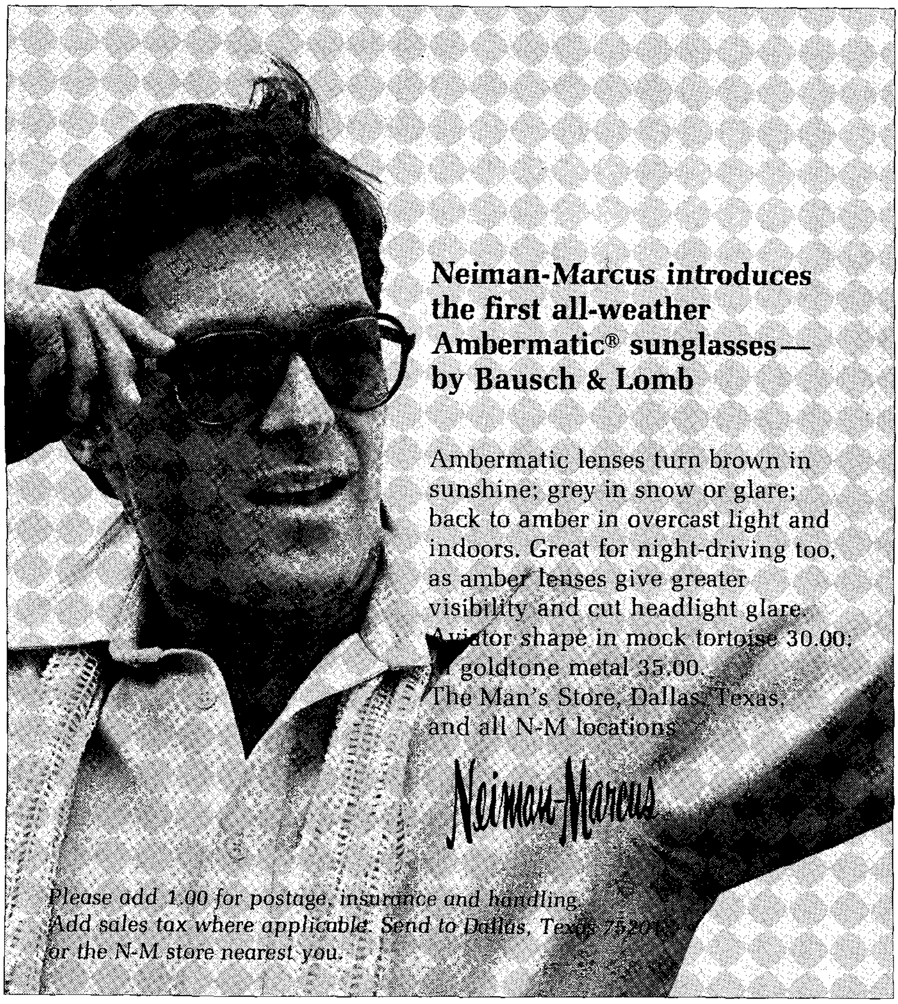
talked that over. Our best guess was that the sensitizing exposure was probably to a piece of costume jewelry. It might have been a copper bracelet—one of those arthritis amulets—or something made of brass. It could have happened weeks ago, or months, or even years. Well, as I say, Buzz was fascinated—really fascinated—by Mrs. Strong, and when I finished he told me why. He had a case that sounded a whole lot like it.

"His patient was a young woman, too. I'll call her Janet Walker. She was now twenty years old, but Buzz had seen her for the first time a little over a year earlier, when she was referred to him by a colleague. She was suffering from a generalized eczematous dermatitis, which the referring doctor had diagnosed as pityriasis rosea. That's an eczema that some people think may be caused by a virus. She told Buzz that her rash had been coming on little by little for a couple of months. He treated her with topical cortisone, and set up an appointment for two weeks later. When he saw her then, she was worse. He hadn't expected that—just like me and Mrs. Strong. So he reconsidered the diagnosis. Her history was a little bit suggestive. Her father was an asthmatic of long standing. That at least hinted at the possibility of allergy. So did the fact that her ears had been pierced for earrings about two years before. A pierced ear provides a very good setting for a sensitization to metal. He suggested the possibility of allergy to Janet, and told her to take her earrings off and keep them off, to wear no jewelry of any kind for the next two weeks, and then come in and he would see how things looked. I gathered that she wasn't much impressed by the allergy idea. For some reason or other, she seemed to resist it. But she said O.K., and Buzz sent her off with an injection of cortisone.

"But she didn't show up for that next appointment. She simply disappeared, the way some patients do. A year went by. Apparently, she had been wandering from doctor to doctor, and nobody had done her much good. And now he had seen her again. Buzz thought she looked pretty bad. He was now convinced that her trouble was an allergic eczematous contact dermatitis. And although he hadn't been able to test it out, he thought the allergen was most likely nickel. Nickel is by far the most common metal allergen. She admitted that she had gone back to wearing jewelry, and there was a very pronounced dermatitis on her earlobes and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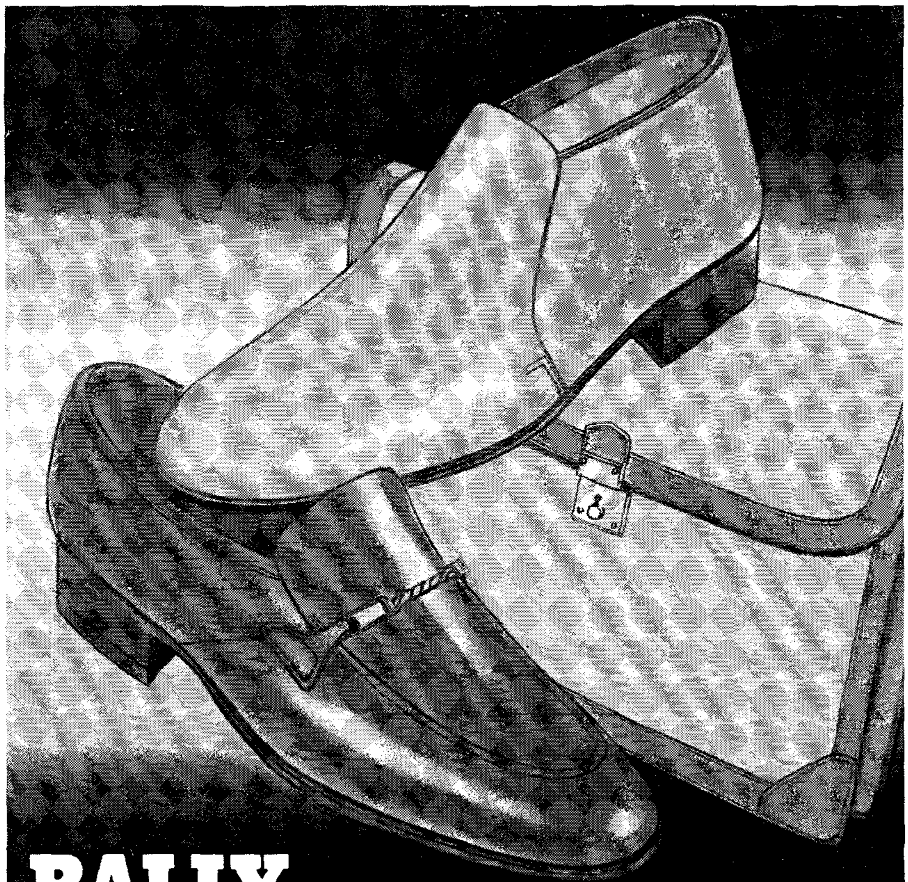
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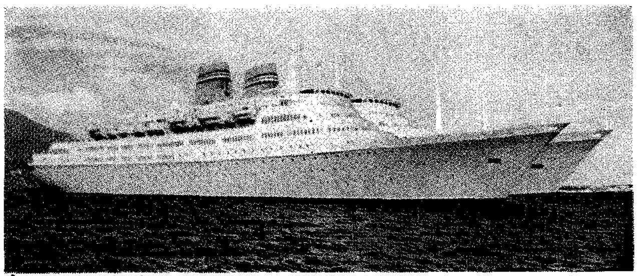

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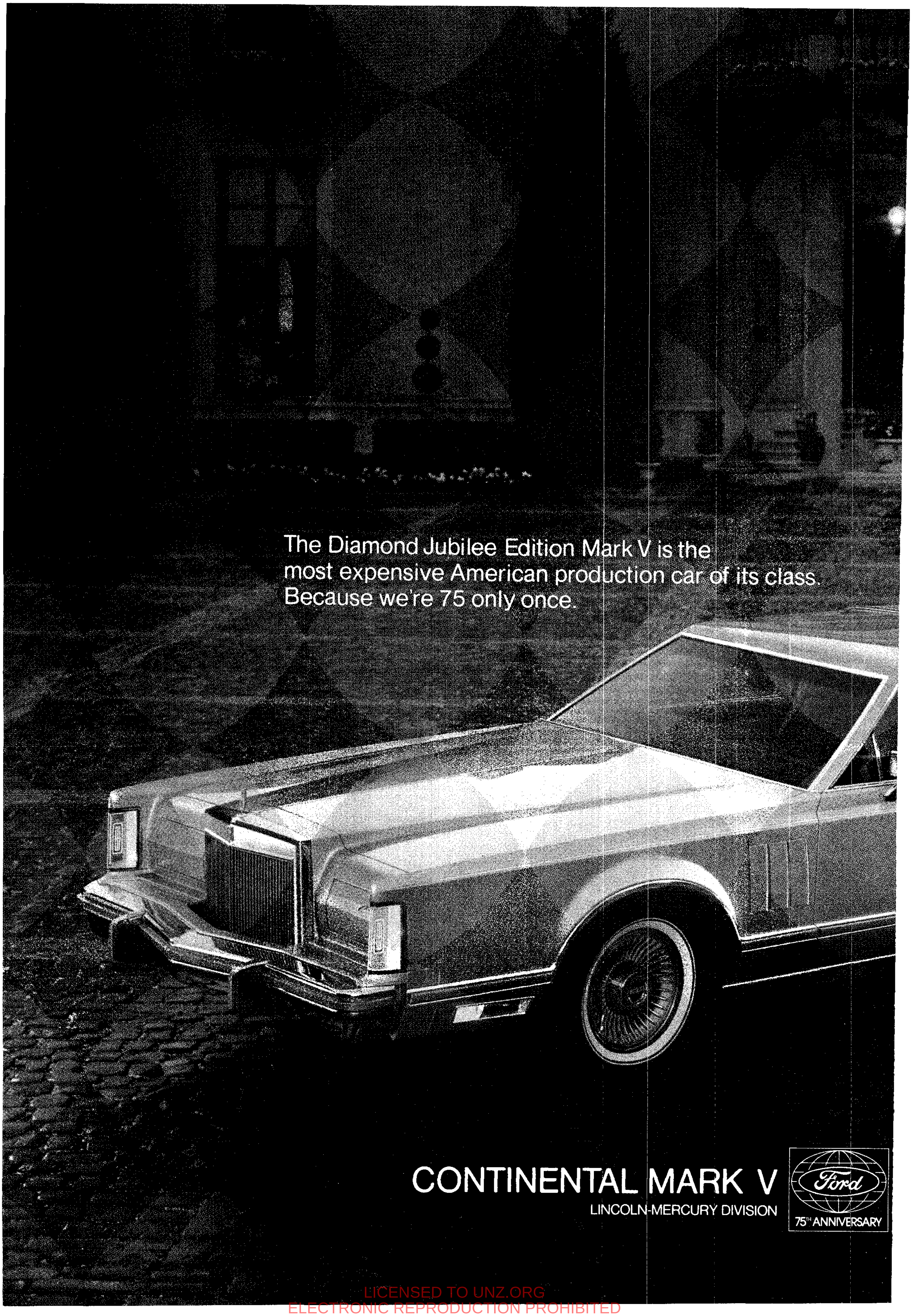

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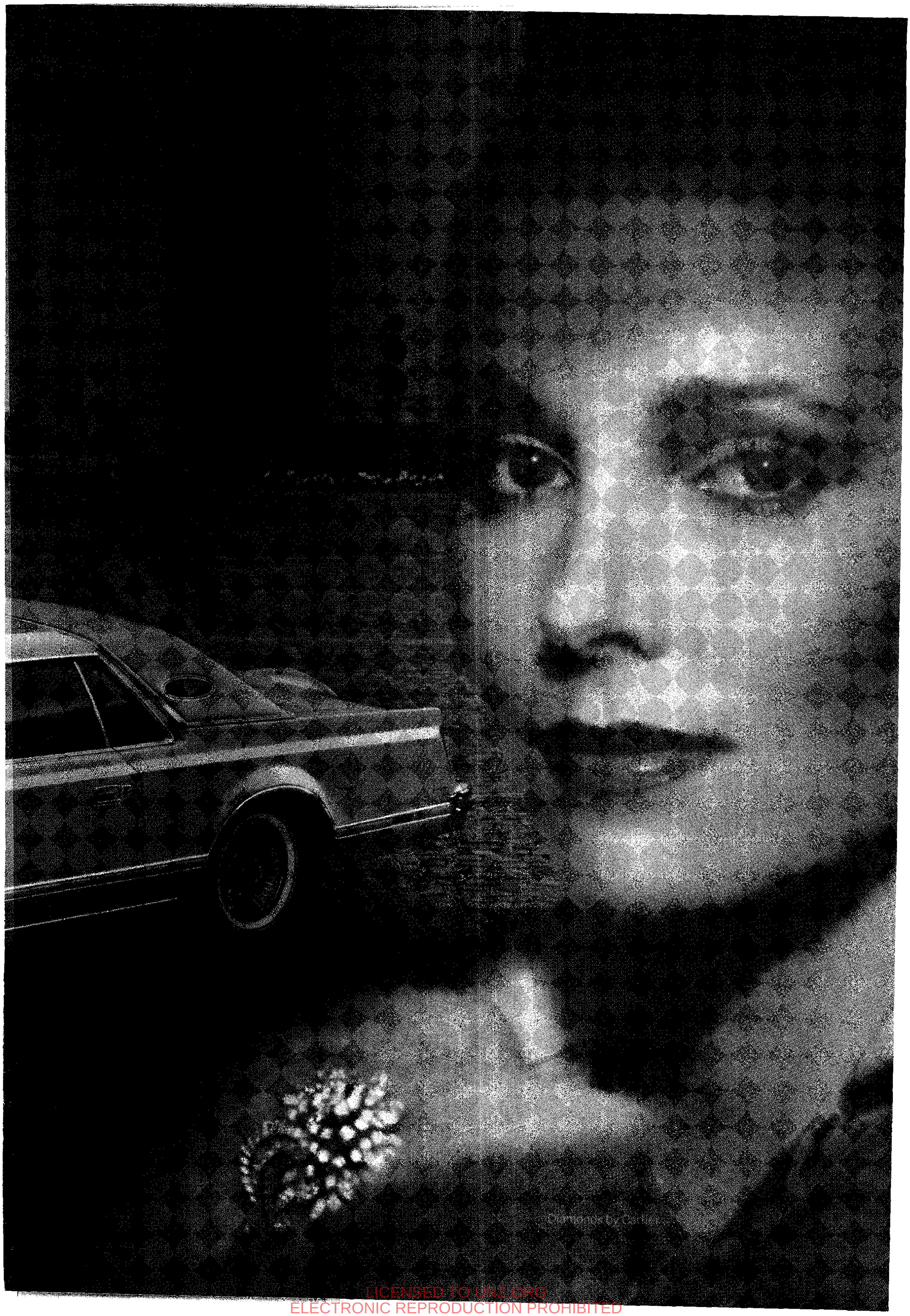

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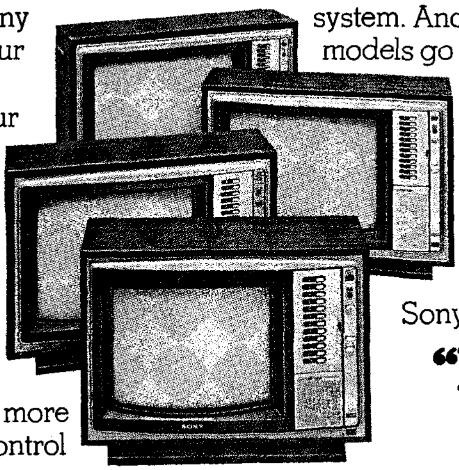
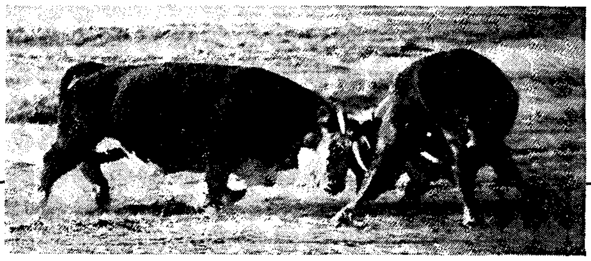
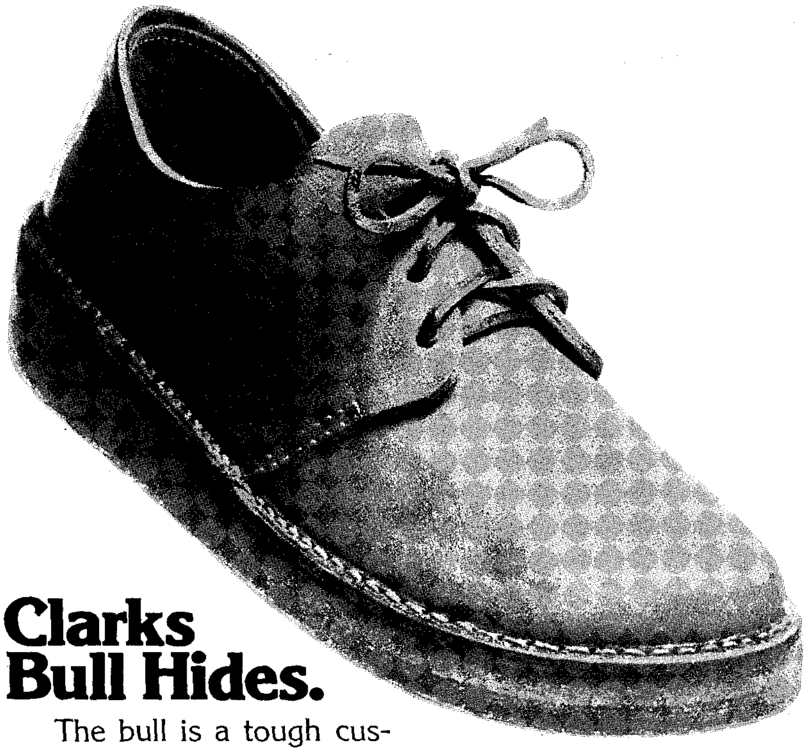


around her ring fingers. The trouble was, Buzz said, he hadn't been able to help her. He had even had her in the hospital. No kind of treatment helped. He was still convinced that it was a nickel dermatitis, but he couldn't find the nickel. He had eliminated every conceivable source. And that is no small job. The sources of nickel allergen—particularly for women—are everywhere. Hairpins. Hair curlers. Bobby pins. Eyelash curlers. Earrings, of course, and rings. Spectacle frames—particularly those metal granny glasses. Coins. Medallions. Dental instruments. Necklace clasps. Zippers. I.D. tags. The wire in bras. Garter clasps. Handbag handles. Thimbles. Pens. Scissors. Needles. Watchbands. Lipstick cases. The metallic eyelets on boots and shoes. As a matter of fact, nickel turns up as an element in a whole range of alloys, including sterling silver and fourteen-carat gold. Well, I was beginning to see why Buzz had been so fascinated by my Mrs. Strong. He had separated Janet Walker from every possible source of nickel—every *external* source. He hadn't considered the possibility of an internal source. He didn't know if it was a possibility. But he went back to Wichita with that little glimmer of hope.

"A few days after the Houston meeting, I got a telephone call from Buzz. He had a lead. He had learned from Janet that she had had some surgery done about a year before their first meeting. There was some problem with her knees. She had chronically dislocated patellar tendons. They were corrected by a Hauser procedure, and the tendons were secured in the proper position with stainless-steel screws. Buzz had talked to the orthopedist, and the screws were still there. The problem now was to persuade the orthopod to go in and remove the screws. It wasn't that Janet needed the screws. The orthopod was satisfied that they had done their job, and that the tendons were now naturally secured. But he thought Buzz was out of his head. He thought the idea was preposterous. Those screws were *stainless steel.* He had never heard of an allergic reaction to stainless steel. But Buzz had finally managed to persuade him. Janet was going into the hospital at the end of the week. He'd let me know. Which he did—on Saturday. The screws had been removed the day before, and there was already, he thought, some improvement. The erythema—the redness—had very definitely subsided. He would do a patch test as soon as he could. Meanwhile, he



Born Tough.



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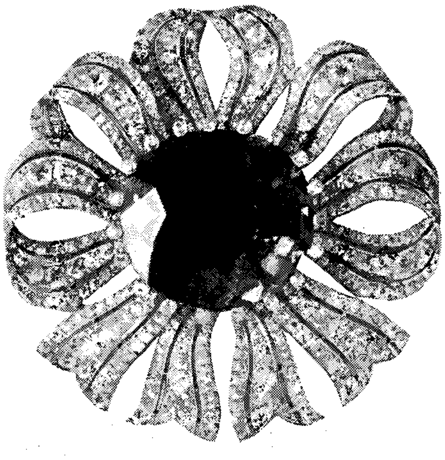

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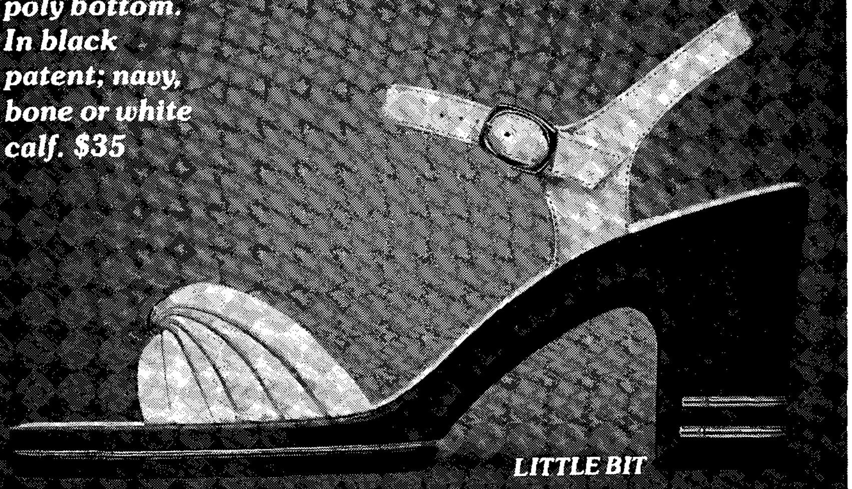

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LITTLE BIT

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had the screws and the name of the maker, and he was writing the company for information about their composition. It was a week before I heard from Buzz again. And it was all over. Janet's dermatitis had completely cleared in just three days. Two days later, he did a patch test with a tray of six substances—pure nickel, nickel sulfate, one of the stainless-steel screws, potassium dichromate, cobalt sulfate, and mercuric chloride. The last three were negative, and the first three were all four-plus positive. Buzz said the orthopod was with him and watching but still had his doubts. So he did a test on his own. He took the screw and taped it to her back. Four hours later, she began to flare. The same generalized pruritus and erythema. And it took a couple of days to clear with topical cortisone. But by then the surgeon was doubly convinced. Buzz had heard from the manufacturer—the company that made the screws. Their stainless-steel screws were steel, all right, but the steel had a nickel content of up to fourteen per cent. That seemed to be a conventional formulation.

"That wasn't the end of the case, however. Not quite. Buzz saw Janet Walker one more time. She came out of the hospital and disappeared from followup. Several months went by, and then one day she walked into his office with the same old rash. It was easy to imagine how he felt. She told him that she had gone back to school for a while and had then quit to go to work, and that she had been working about a week in a dress factory. He questioned her about her job, and the answer soon came out. She did a lot of cutting in her job, and the scissors she used had a ring of some sort that kept them hanging on her thumb. Always in contact, all day long. And, of course, all scissors contain nickel. Buzz advised her to get another job. She was much too exquisitely sensitive to even think about handling nickel. It was the same with Mrs. Strong. Her sensitivity to copper was also extraordinarily pronounced. Most dermatologists are satisfied that an atopic constitution increases sensitivity, but I wonder if an internal exposure may not further heighten sensitivity. It's an interesting thought.

"I never saw Mrs. Strong again. But, even so, she gave me a little scare. I got a telephone call one day from her dermatologist down in Dallas. I had told him that I was planning a report on her case. His call was to tell me that I'd better slow down. Mrs. Strong

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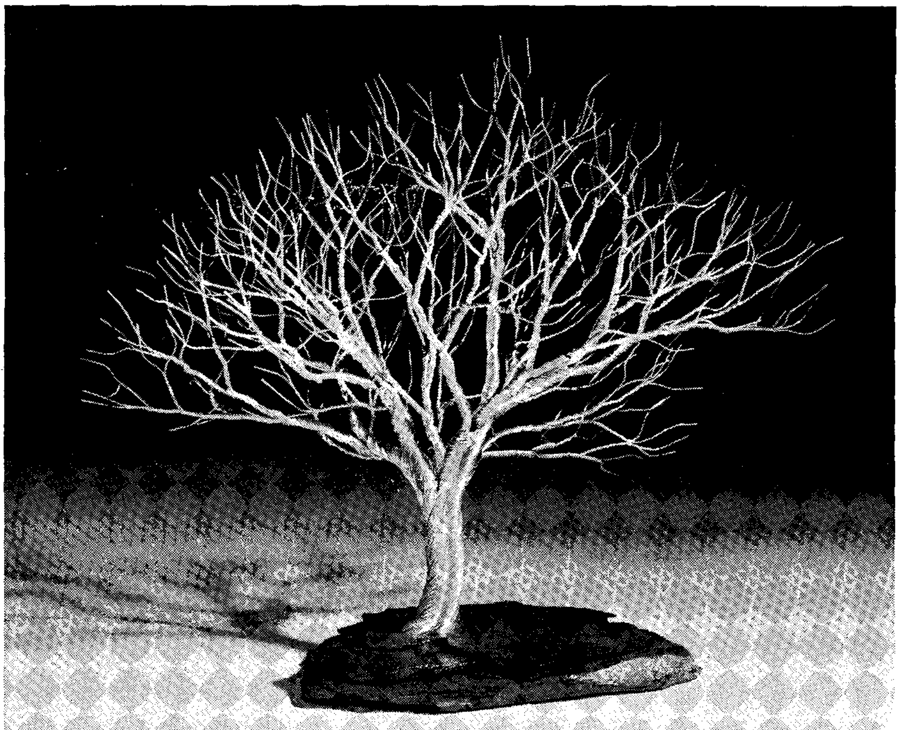

The Silverwood Maple

Gorham introduces the tree that grows in silver. Shimmering in reflective light. Captured for all time. Signed and dated by the noted artist and naturalist Randy Adams. Each tree is exquisitely sculptured from silverplated copper wire, mounted on a Vermont slate base and lacquered to preserve the lustrous original finish. A unique collectible. 15″ high $160; 12″ $120; 9″ $70; 8″ $54.
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had just had another bad attack. And it couldn't be related to an IUD this time. Her gynecologist had told him that her present IUD was one that contained no copper. Didn't that seem to suggest some other source of her trouble? I didn't think so. I didn't see how I could have been that wrong. But I did begin to wonder. He left me that way for about a week, and then he called me again. He had taken the precaution of having Mrs. Strong's new IUD removed, and she was much improved, but the picture was still confused. He also had been in touch with the manufacturer, and they had given him a full report on their IUD. It *did* contain copper. But the amount was so infinitesimal—it was thirteen ten-thousandths of one per cent. I had to admit that that wasn't much, but I thought it was enough. It had to be enough. He didn't think so. He thought it was most unlikely. But he did agree to have the IUD replaced. That was sometime in late March or early April. I didn't hear from him again until August. This time, he wrote me a letter. I'll read you what he said:

" 'This is a brief note to catch you up on Mrs. [Sara Strong]. I saw her again this morning for a wart on her hand, and it is interesting that she said that she had absolutely no breaking out since the last time I had seen her, but after three or four months of being clear she felt it peculiar that the IUD device would cause it, and tried it one more time, and had an almost immediate reflare on the wrists of the lichen planus-like eruption. She used her Lidex cream again, and it cleared very promptly, and she has had no difficulty since that time. I am sure that you will find this as fascinating as I did.'

"I did. I did indeed. And I still do."

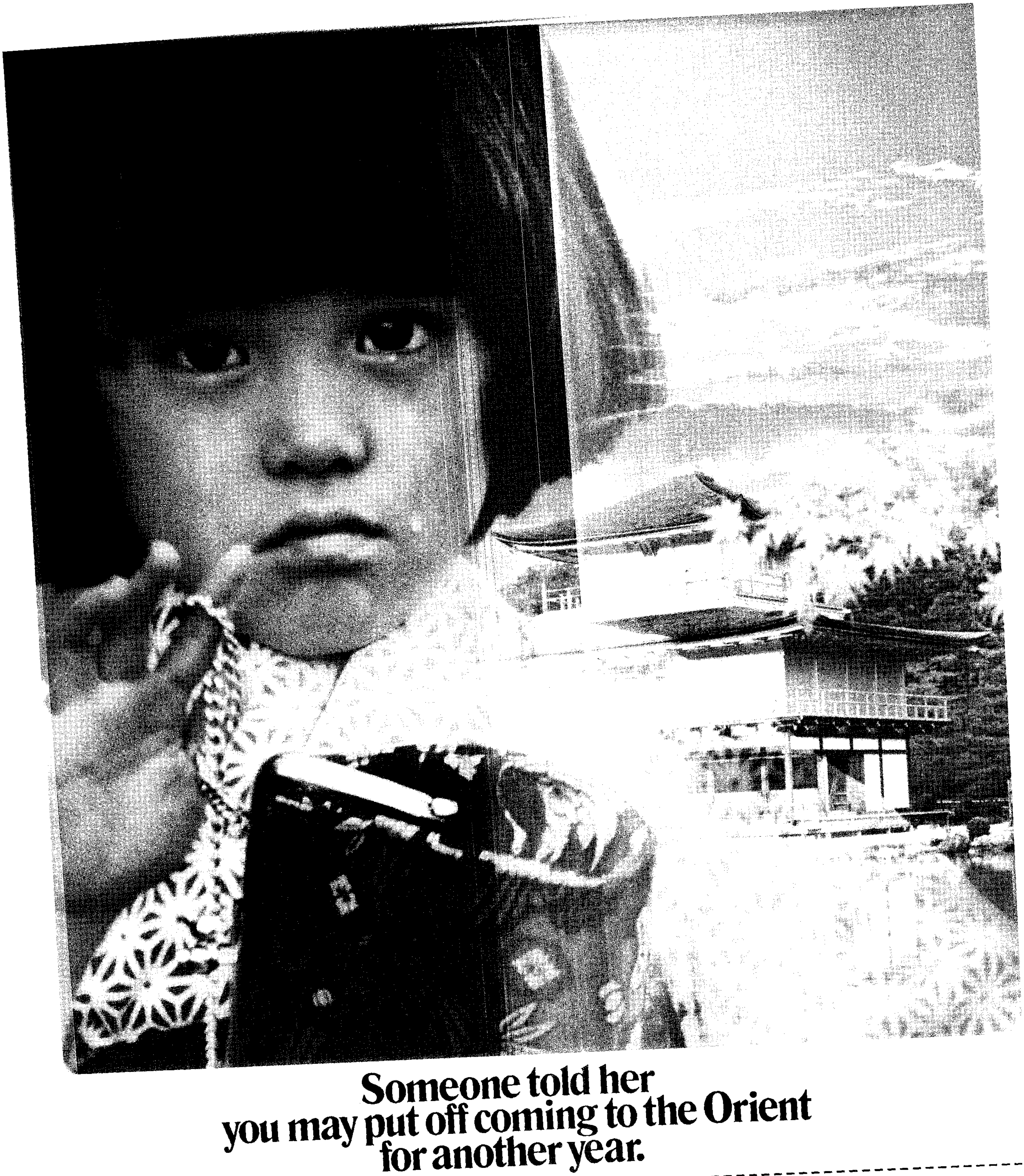
—BERTON ROUECHÉ

•

BIJOU

I wish I could paint
movie-theatre ceilings
in the old way:
with silver constellations
in a sky of China
blue, night opening
and opening above
the audience, a circling
planet reeling them in,
out of their skins,
their words, and their
seats—which would be
free. The films
would no longer matter.

—BETH JOSELOW



Someone told her you may put off coming to the Orient for another year.

"Maybe next year we'll go to the Orient." How many years has it been since you first said that?

And every year since, it's been the same old story. Next year, never this year.

Kyoto's Golden Pavilion will still be there next year, of course. Hong Kong's harbor will still swarm with sampans and the sun will still rise over Bangkok's gilded temples.

But there's an old Japanese proverb which says, "Time flies like an arrow." Another suggests, "The day you decide to do a thing is the best day to do it."

This year, before you decide to wait until next year, ask your travel agent about JAL's Happi Holidays tours or send us this coupon.

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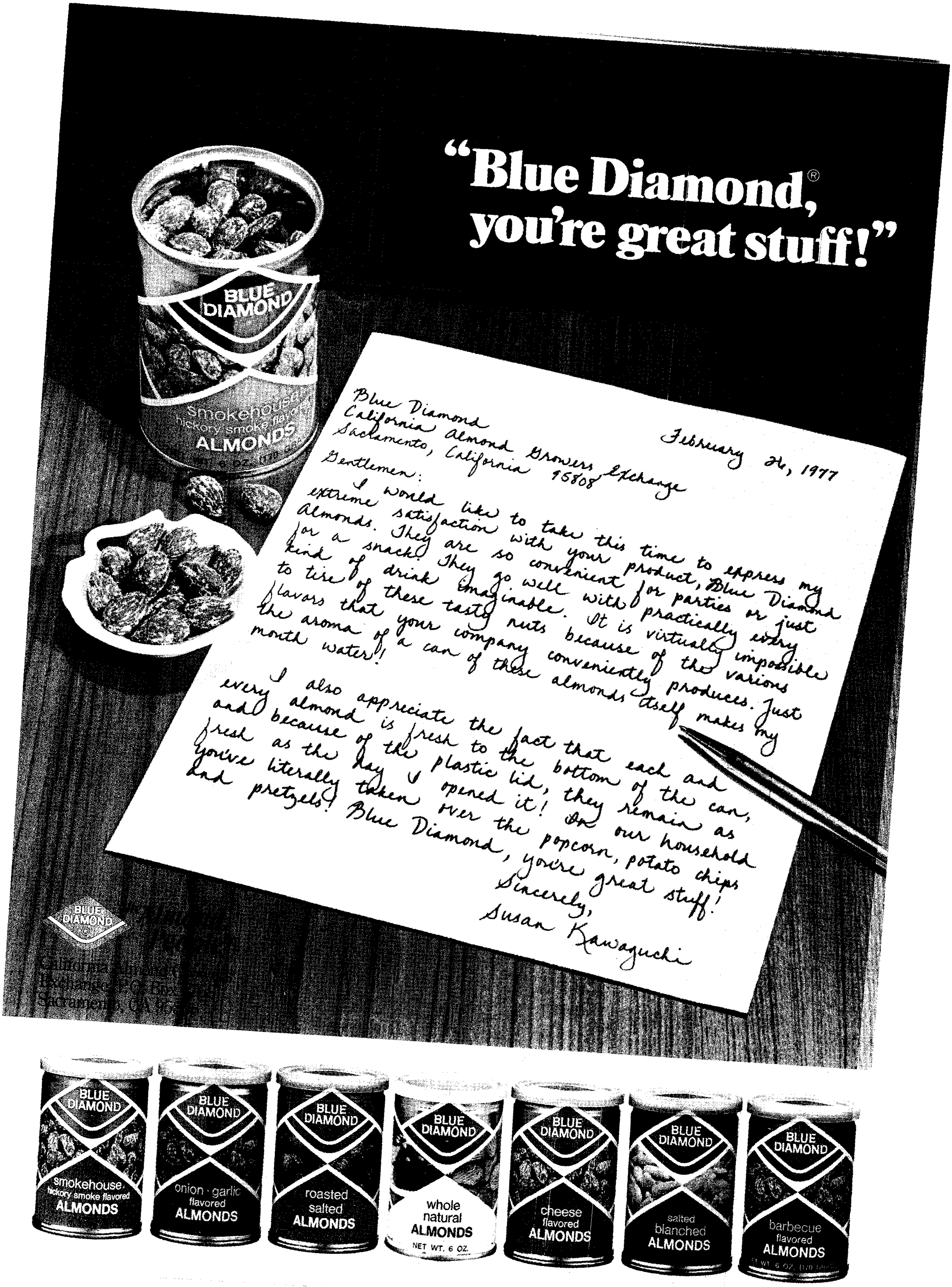

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Blue Diamond
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Sacramento, California 95808

February 26, 1977

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I also appreciate the fact that each and every almond is fresh to the bottom of the can, and because of the plastic lid, they remain as fresh as the day I opened it! In our household you've literally taken over the popcorn, potato chips and pretzels! Blue Diamond, you're great stuff!

Sincerely,
Susan Kawaguchi

California Almond [illegible]
Exchange, P.O. Box [illegible]
Sacramento, CA 95

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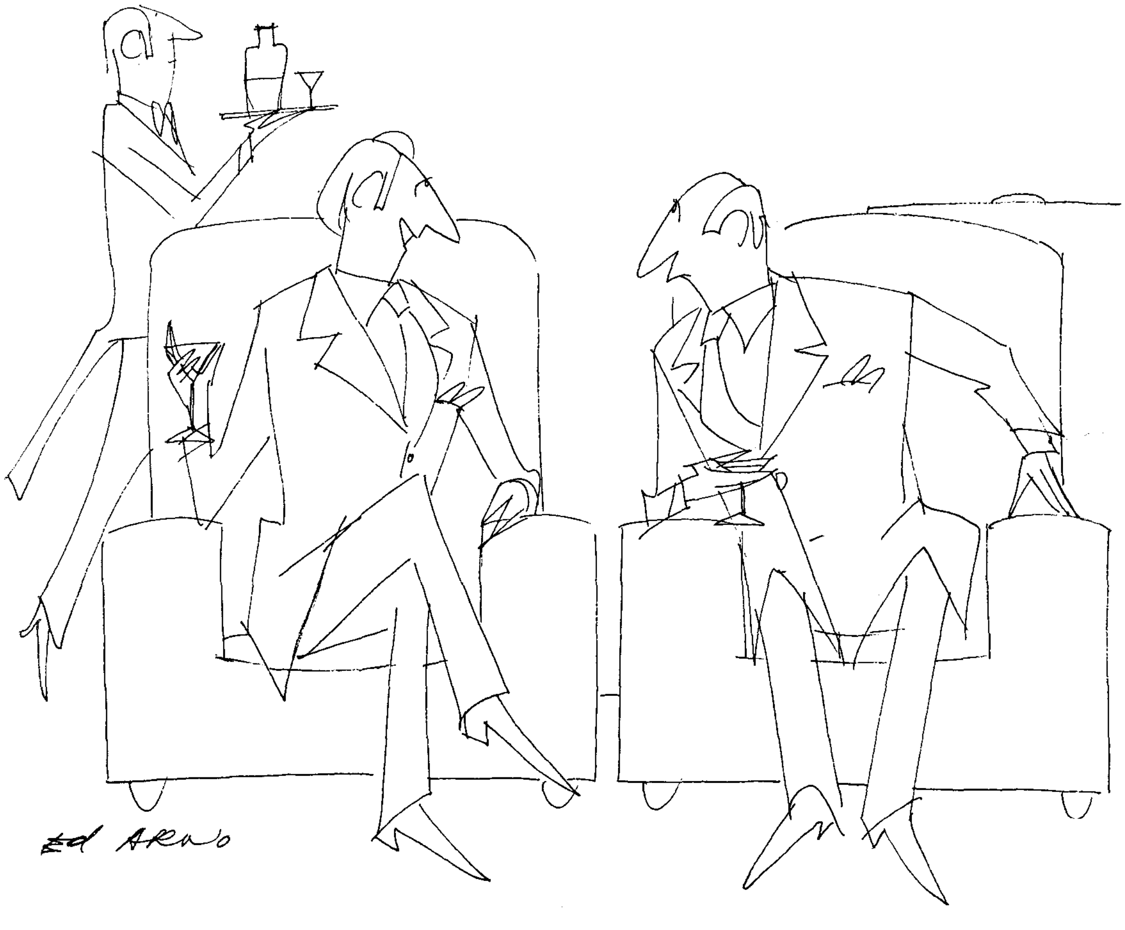
BLUE DIAMOND barbecue flavored ALMONDS

REFLECTIONS

THE FASHIONABLE MIND

MANY societies have been openly dominated by fashionable people, but our society is quietly permitting itself to be dominated and transformed by fashionable minds. The word "fashion" (with "fashionable") isn't heard much anymore, and even its successors "trend" and "style" have come to seem a little tasteless and passé. But fashion is everywhere around us just the same. It's there wherever political strategies are planned, movies made, books published, art exhibits mounted, critical columns turned out, dances danced, editorial policies formulated, academic theses germinated: wherever people think, speak, or create our shared forms of self-expression. Fashion usually is neither named nor noted but is simply the lens through which our society perceives itself and the mold to which it increasingly shapes itself. This hidden, powerful, mental sort of fashion is thus worth taking stock of. In spite of its great parade of intellect, its support in influential places, and its mellifluous accompaniment of self-promoting public relations, the new variety of fashion pretty much shares the creed and the limitations of the frivolous, pirouetting old variety of fashion—that of dress. The shared creed is materialistic, and holds that appearances are of greater significance than substance. Among the shared limitations are fickleness, a preoccupation with descrying the will of the majority in order to manipulate it or pander to it, and a concern with the accumulation or protection of power and profit. Although all fashion looks mobile and rebellious at times, its roots are surprisingly constant: to think or act for reasons of fashion in any given field is to support that field's established centers of power. The character and the ancestry of mental fashion become more difficult to detect as it increases its power and its pretensions by annexing "better," previously impregnable departments of society, and converting "more serious," formerly independent minds. In this way, fashion succeeds in fobbing off on more and more people its own distorted imitation of life.

Mental fashion, like any other kind of fashion, is by nature restless—bent on promoting, and profiting by, constant novelty. It is always on the move. It is no longer content merely with slick, razzle-dazzle opinion-making and smart, comet's-tail trend-spotting—the social and external side of mental activity. Such preoccupations were sufficient for fashionable minds in a nation concerned with foreign affairs and public scandals but were not wholly satisfactory later, when the individual citizen withdrew into himself to search for fulfillment through jogging or *cuisine minceur*. So mental fashion turned inward with him, and started to seep down into the realm of those profundities, verities, and values which used to be called moral and spiritual. It is scarcely an improvement that the fashionable mind is beginning to weary of the appearance of cultivating thought and opinion, and is trading it in for the appearance of cultivating maturity and introspection. Having witnessed fashion's corruption of our definition of the world, we must now sit by as fashion subverts our definition of the self. In advertising, we can see fashionable intellectual hubris at its crudest and its most absurd. Copywriters pepper their prose with references to "individuality," "taste," and "quality," all of which abstractions are taken to be suddenly and deliciously "in." Even if one dismisses the intellectual pretensions of advertising style as harmless shadowboxing, one must feel depressed to see how fashionable minds in more significant fields blur the distinctions between real and spurious quality, between actual life and make-believe. The newly profound faddishness may be daily observed in the work of commentators, critics, editors, artists, television producers, and the like, who presumably transmit its influence to the general public. The sort of people who ought to be professionally protecting real quality and fostering genuine individuality—not just the image of these, or the toy-town versions that advertising fools about with—seem ever more inclined to present thoughts, facts, and values, and human beings, too, simply as fashion-



"Yes, I said that in an ironic tone. Of course I said that in an ironic tone. There's very little I don't *say in an ironic tone."*

wallpaper print

Straight laced pattern trellising up a fresh little robe, lightly shaped with inverted pleats. A quick zip to be at-home or away in. By David Brown, in red or navy on khaki cotton and polyester. P-S-M-L. Long, $30; Short, $26. Lingerie Level, New York and all fashion branches. Mail and phone orders accepted. We regret, no C.O.D.'s.

bloomingdale's

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able commodities, much like the season's new hats of old. Everything is to be dealt in, acquired, used, promoted, and, in time, inevitably cast off. Sometimes, as if by chance, merchants and promoters of mental fashion throw their weight behind what really seem to be works of quality and originality, and, consequently, of uncertain popularity. But these are presented with such great self-laudatory cymbal clashings and heavy underscorings that the original spark of worth and talent ends up looking feeble and somehow disappointing.

OUR society is neither so naïve nor so cynical as to hand itself over to fashion without in some way believing that fashion is a worthy guide. We have long had an interest in pretending that fashion is something more dignified and substantial than it really is. The new status of fashion became obvious some years back, at the time it changed its name to "style" or "trend." There came to be widespread recognition that fashions of any kind were not merely esoteric and self-contained trinkets but a part of life. They were seen at first as visible, bobbing markers of the otherwise hidden course of some of the great currents of the times, and later as instruments to aid in the interpretation of those currents. From this function as instrument, fashion grew until it came close to being equated with intelligence. In the amount of respect we accord various intellectual attributes, a nose for trend now rivals the power to analyze the present and has surpassed the ability to store the past in memory. Perhaps the fashionable influence in thought has gained power less by its own intrinsic vitality than by the default of competitive influences. Maybe technology and its accompanying calculators, computers, and scientific polls caused the solid, reasoning, "masculine" side of our mind to atrophy, tipping the scale further toward the licensed gadfly that is the intuitive, "feminine" side of our mind—the origin of fashion.

However it develops, the excessive use of fashion as a framework for perception will ultimately warp that perception and, with it, any reasonable picture of the world. The greatest drawback of an overfashionable perception is that fashion is concerned, virtually by definition, with surfaces, images, appearances. This drawback is painfully plain when the fashionable mind is supposedly employed to get at the heart of things, or when the conclusions it reaches may have a lasting

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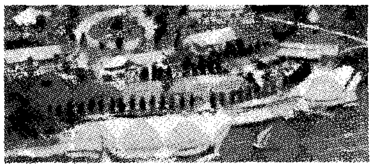

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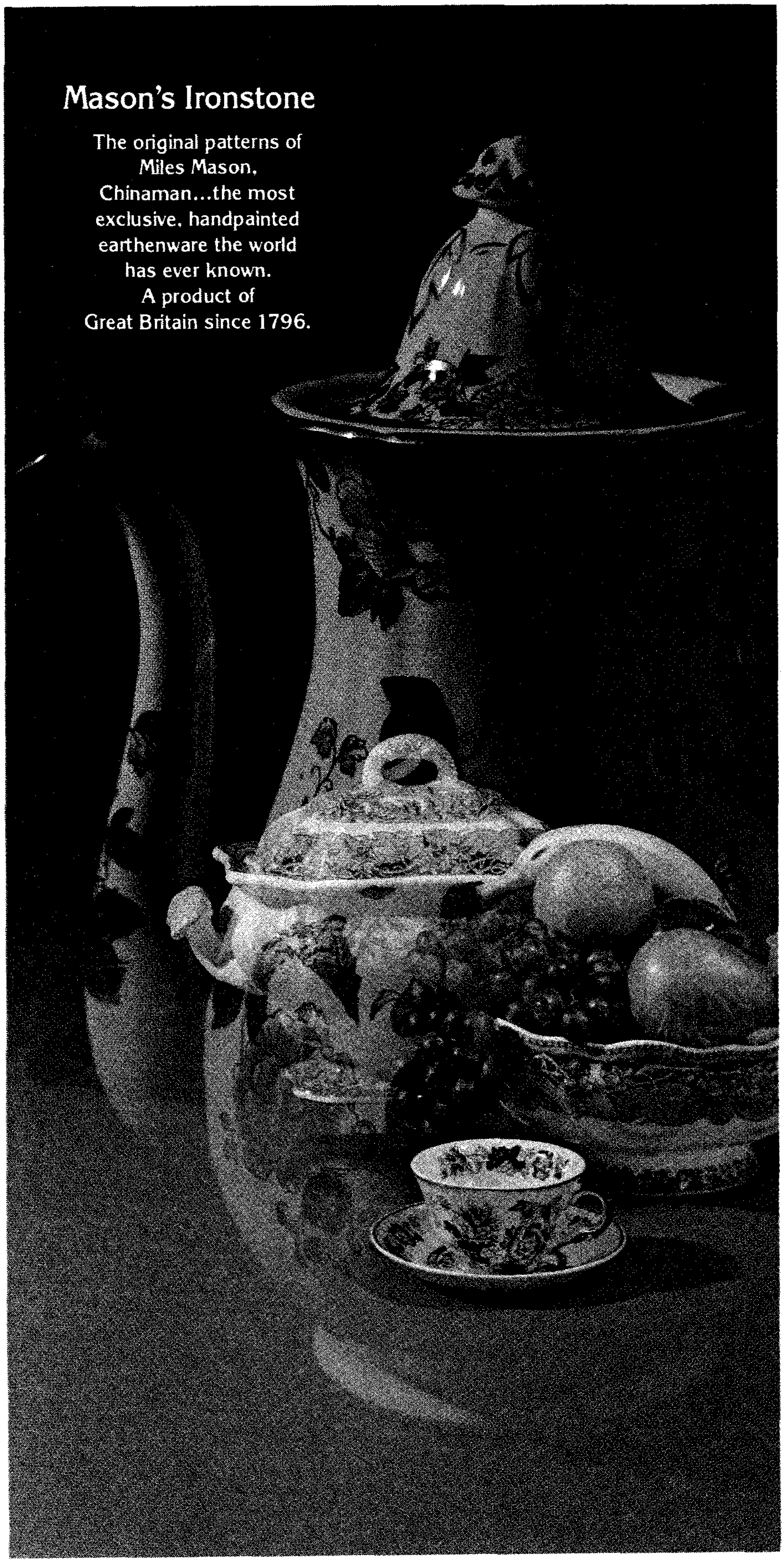

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effect, as in the reporting or interpretation of national events or the definition of "good" and "bad" art. Fashion is well equipped to pass on to us how things look or seem, and is often good at making assessments peripheral to appearances, such as how much money they are worth, but it is not equipped to tell us what things really are. When the mind surrenders itself to fashion, the first casualty is objective judgment—which is, to all intents, the mind itself. Fashionable perception is incapable of discerning any fixed truth about an object or event, and so leaves the object or event at the mercy of the observer and of the time and circumstance in which it is observed. A fashionable mind is often distracted from thorough concentration on its object by the question of timing, and will wander into self-congratulation on the observer's impeccably fashionable chronological instinct and into overweening claims to have known and appreciated fashions long before they became widely fashionable. These intrusive assertions of pre-fashionable familiarity with a subject—hyper-fashionableness, in other words—crop up frequently these days. Fashionable observation is very far from being self-sufficient, and is highly self-conscious about the company it keeps. It is inclined to rove jumpily around the edges of its object, like the eyes of an ambitious guest roving beyond a conversation partner at a cocktail party full of powerful people, and is distracted by its attempts to encompass the comings and goings of others. To the absolutely fashionable mind, an opinion, a taste, or an enthusiasm is of significance only for a particular, restricted moment—a moment when it is held in common by some right-seeming group of fellow-souls, just before it is adopted by large groups of followers.

Fashion as it exists now, whether in literature or in kitchen equipment, in neckties or in ideas, is intimately connected with money and power. This basis is by no means always apparent, and our careless inherited assumption that fashion is spontaneous, amusing, innocent, and amateurish is likely to keep us from examining or questioning the ways in which it has evolved. The part that commerce plays in fashion is something we are often led to overlook, for the fashionable mind is well practiced in masking a general allegiance to commerce and the status quo behind what seems to an outsider to be an appealingly individualistic enthusiasm for some particular novelty. Fashion is a skillful master of enthusiasm, and of a Pavlovian discernment of certain correspondences—between a current best-seller and a potential successor, for instance—but is an inadequate touchstone in the search for honest, disinterested distinctions. These are born of an isolated, dogged, unfashionable side of the mind—a sort of gawky mental provincialism.

It is important to remain aware of the flaws of the fashionable perception, because that flawed perception is capable of influencing and changing the world it perceives. Fashionable minds and their backers do not just absorb the world passively but, if it is necessary in order to create the trends they seek to promote, actively distort it. Fashions, quite simply, do not exist until a fashionable mind is turned on them. Only in that fashion is free to conjure up the previously nonexistent and is unfettered by the need for consistent loyalty to any client does it distinguish itself from the fancier echelons of the public-relations business. In these, as with fashion, underlying commercial and corporate purposes are often suavely concealed beneath a sincere, personal veneer. Fashion and public relations share a charter to turn life to their own advantage, to make malleable and commercially useful the naked human perception. Both interests consider life too small, dull, and colorless to get itself sufficiently noticed without the lobbying efforts of professionals. The mind attuned to trend-setting and trend-spotting has no regard for the objective, independent pulse of life but, rather, will recklessly declare that trends exist, will invent catchwords and categories for those trends, and will proceed to stuff poor, unsuspecting life and muddled old culture down into profitable slots.

In order to make a real mark, of course, the manipulative, subjective, trend-bent perception loosed on the world must be a corporate subjectivity, and not merely an isolated, personal one. The reason that some phenomenon or other is declared to exist as a trend is that powerful interests have invested in that existence. (The "media event," which is no event at all until the network camera crews tramp in to make it so, is one example of the attempt to shape the world to subjective corporate fiat.) The fashionable outlook never permits itself to wander far from the path that will bring in big-business profits, and is also susceptible to the temptations of personal financial gain. For fashion of all kinds is fundamentally materialistic and utilitarian. Its tendency is to view perception and reflection as commodities, ideas as mer-

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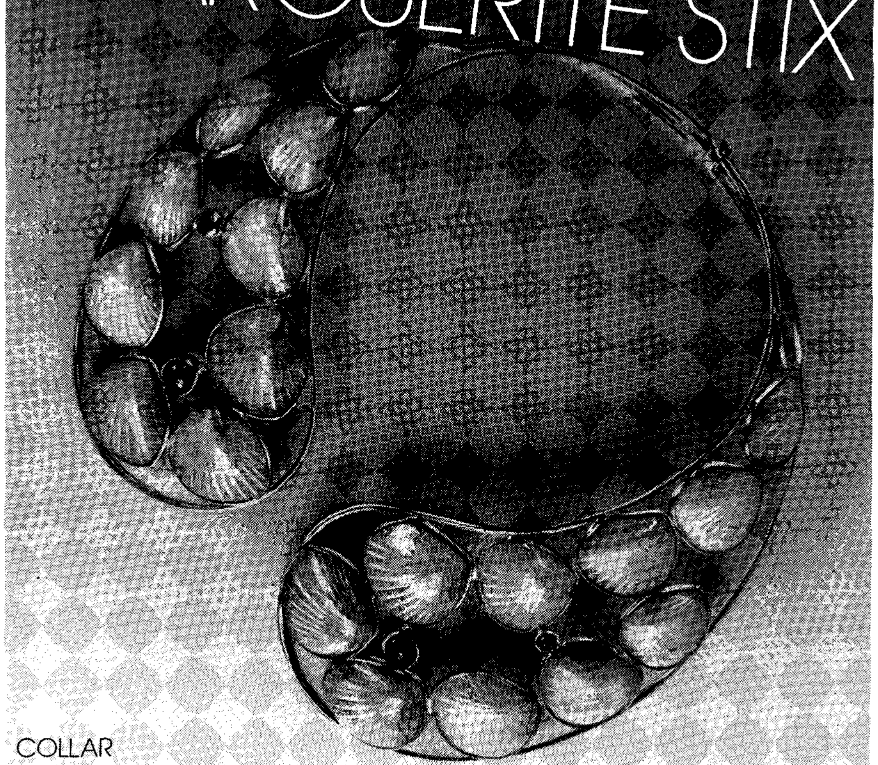

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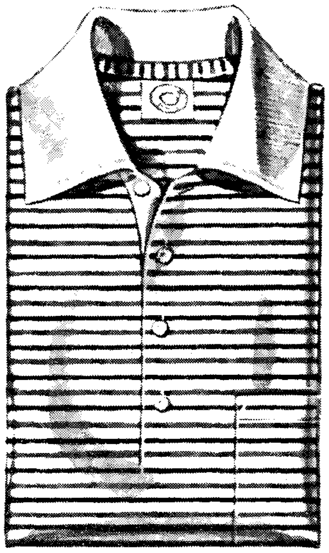

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chandise, and words as promotional tools.

In spite of its allegiance to the material and its leanings toward the superficial, among other barriers to wisdom, fashion is now setting out boldly to colonize the world's mysterious islands of individuality and the hitherto unexplored territory of the inner life. Thus, trends that look like trends—broad, uniform, and public, that is—are now less fashionable than trends that can pass for the spontaneous impulses of the private mind. Fashion now pivots on a show of the personal and the sensitive, on feelings, values, an air of education, a sense of fine distinctions, and a great play of self-confidence and independence—on what is packaged commercially, in short, as the Quality Life. The increasingly estimable-looking camouflage that fashion is taking on makes the process of detecting its presence and influence infinitely more complex, and makes anyone seem churlish who takes issue with it once it is detected. Is one entitled to complain about the end of quality just because it arrives still trailing a few wisps of the promotional straw it was packaged in? The fact is, though, that the dilemma of withholding admiration from excellence simply because it has been given the backing of fashion rarely comes up. Fashion tends to diminish all that it touches, and what might fool the cursory glance as being genuine and good often turns out on closer inspection to be a mirage of authenticity and a mutated, pastiche version of the good. The paradigm of the fashionizing process is the New York commonplace of a fashionable young man taking over from an unfashionable old man the ownership of a real nineteenth-century saloon, tearing out its insides, and replacing them with a stylized imitation of the insides of a nineteenth-century saloon. Because common sense has been drugged by fashion, albeit the "good" fashion for the solidity and workmanship that originally endeared the premises to the new owner, no normal instinct survives to question the destruction of the irreplaceable, or the validity of the fake that pretends to improve on it. The most tasteful kind of fashion almost always proves the most destructive, because it sets its sights on the worthiest targets.

The dimension in which fashion operates is an amalgam of the mental and the material—a miasmic half-world where ideas have functions and prices, while objects are hung about with

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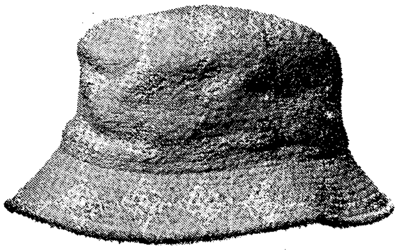

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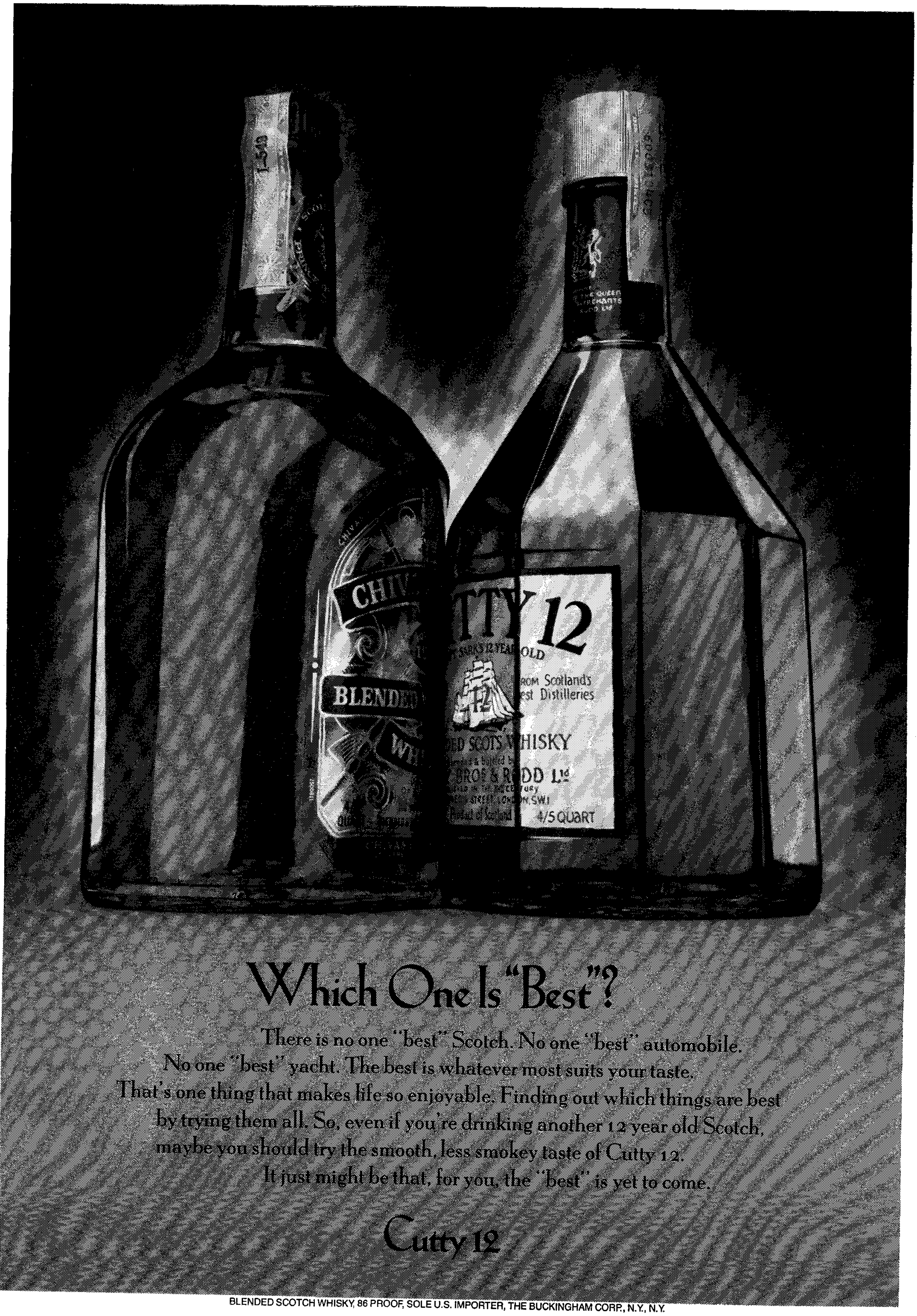
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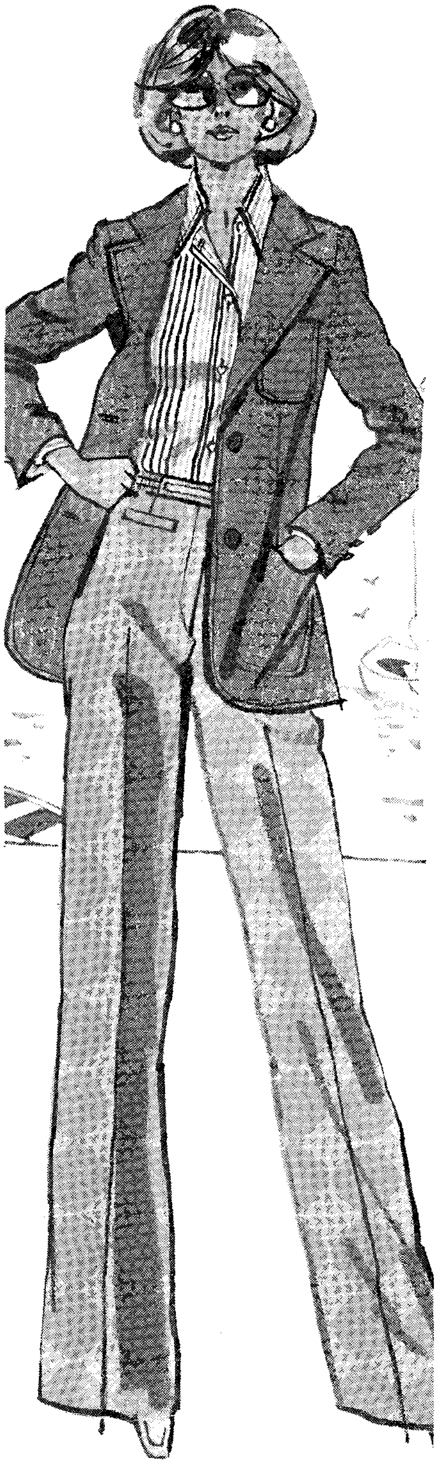

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thoughts and dreams. The acts of buying and selling have in recent years become more and more densely shrouded in a fuzz of references to individuality and thinking, probably in deference to the college-educated, reputedly self-aware and independent-minded survivors of the tumultuous nineteen-sixties who are now peaceably earning and spending money. These form the natural market for products wrapped up in a fashion whose object is the self—for a materialism that is twined appealingly around unmaterialistic, or even anti-materialistic, thoughts and values. Advertisers, who once sold cars and shampoos by playing on mindless romantic dreams of moonlit tides and slow-motion flowing manes, now play crisply on their audience's complacency about its enlightened consumerism. The habit of cigarette smoking is twisted to become a demonstration of maturity and ratiocination. Clothes that will make people into comfortable carbon copies of their peers are described as inimitably suited to the unique personal style of each of the thousands who buy them. And it is scarcely necessary for advertisers to spell out the notion that a certain codified, ritualized pattern of furnishing a house with homespun textures and materials indicates the vitality and honesty of the inhabitant's mind.

The blurring of the distinction between people and products has led to an assumption that is often voiced these days—that clothing, furniture, and possessions of all kinds are, or ought to be, a form of self-expression. If the premise had remained on an amateurish, human scale, as a declaration of the right to privately enjoy and freely control the props and costumes of one's own little stage without regard to the dictates of social circumstance, it might have had some value. But when fashion took up the originally sound impulse it perverted that impulse, as is its way. Commercial interests gleefully exploited the notion of self-expression through spending, foreseeing that the path to self-knowledge—the necessary prerequisite of self-expression—must mean false starts and wrong investments by customers, which would prove profitable to business. Still, the invariably disappointing faith that people are what they own and will be better fulfilled if they own better things spread steadily. It is not difficult to resist conversion to this faith when the stereotyped and materialized presentation of a "distinctive" self is made in a clumsily worded advertisement for mass-produced perfume or some part of the denim uniform. It is more tempting to accept this false self

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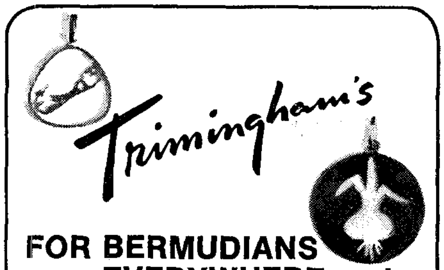

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when it is encountered further up the scale of worldliness, where materialism looks more incorporeal and fashions look a lot like ideas. A definition of the self as being fixed by a carapace of possessions sits more cozily if those possessions are thoroughly imbued with intelligence and taste.

Americans, acting under the combined influence of rampant acquisitiveness and psychoanalytical self-absorption, seem particularly inclined to mesh possessions with their sense of self-esteem, and to view them as social signposts and emotional milestones. One may see in this country all stages of evolution of the identification of the individual with his goods—from the simplest level of the immigrant who thinks he must be someone because he can now afford a secondhand Buick, through the second-generation status seeker who concludes that he must be someone impressive because he can afford what his friends will recognize as being from Vuitton or Gucci, to the fashionable pinnacle where the most confident and established citizen *knows* that he is someone because he has the good taste and education to possess a particularly fine example of a coromandel screen together with the self-assurance to take it for granted. If more and more people aspire to belong to this last category, the basic misapprehension remains the same at every level of acquisition. Certainly, though, materialism is upwardly mobile now, causing fashion to try to look as permanent, respectable, and lifelike as possible while status moves on to reside less in the act of buying than in the fact of long-term possession. And today it is not enough even to possess things; you have to be seen to be the sort of person who appreciates their finer points. Shabby chic has been more highly valued than mere chic for some time, but the most fashionable things of all today are those that look not like fashions but like aspects of a completely independent mind.

It is fashionable to give the appearance of being unique—that is, to demonstrate the uniqueness of one's acquisitiveness—by being a connoisseur of some sort and possessing a "collection" of objects. Truly fashionable collections tend to fall into a curiously restricted number of categories: antique corkscrews, miniature shoes, old baskets, and Oriental lacquered boxes are among the current favorites. (The shift away from diamonds, Georgian silver, and other objects of intrinsic monetary value to objects admired for their warmth, their quaintness, their good design, or some other subjectively defined virtue

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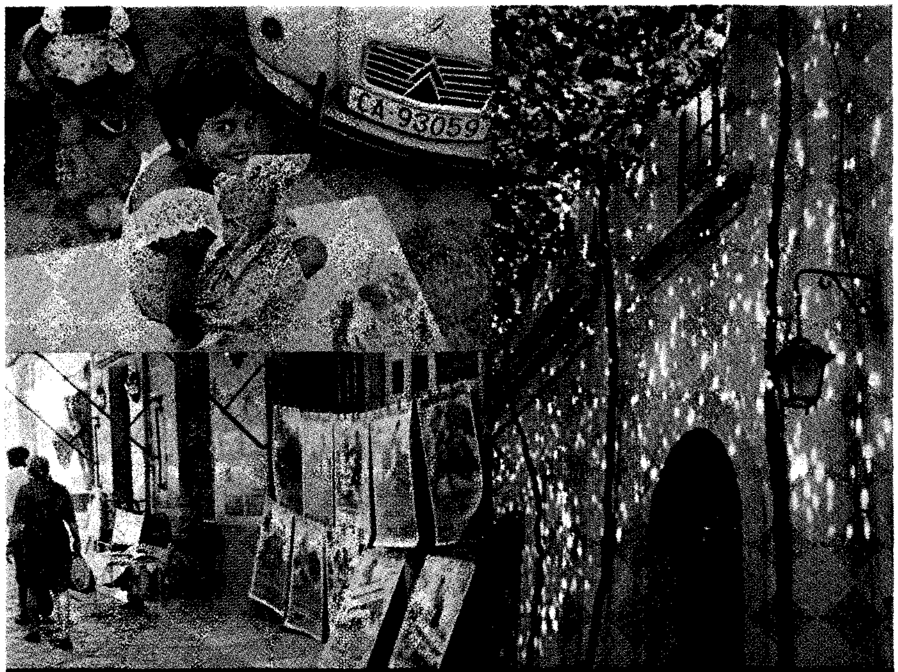
is part of the present fashion for humanized materialism.) Occasionally, to save their clients time, interior decorators assemble collections for them. As it is with such instant collections that supposedly "accessorize" a fashionable individuality, so it is with the individuality itself. The intention is deceitful—designed to trick outsiders into being impressed. The slow, genuine, stop-and-start process of accumulation is circumvented, and the end result is a stereotype. If inanimate objects are left to stand *in their* world, and are not invited out to mingle with our sense of self, they will quietly console and delight us. But to bind possessions up closely with the mind is less than fair to both. And the more fashionable it becomes to project a self-conscious individuality, the more surely fashion will erode real individuality. A fashionable individuality has a way of turning out, on further scrutiny, to look less like an individuality than like a fashion.

THE fashion for a schematic individuality that begins and ends with the image of one's material circumstances is the domestic aspect of what becomes on the grander and glossier public plane the cult of "celebrity." The promotion of a certain controlled and stylized public personality and the acceptance of this surface as a definition of worth increasingly form the vital motive power of our culture. The cult has spread outward from the performing arts—where a visible face and even an openly displayed private life are part of the job—into fields where personality used to be considered background and best left unemphasized or unseen behind the finished product, such as writing books or communicating the facts of the news. Celebrity, the public side of "individuality," is ostensibly human but really a part of fashion, and, like other aspects of fashion, it operates in a dimension that runs parallel to life and often apes it very closely but is not the same as life itself. Like other aspects of fashion, celebrity specializes in blithe manipulativeness and outrageous volte-face, and operates according to completely self-contained, self-perpetuating criteria. Underlying facts and underpinning fixities, often unattractive or tedious, belong to the real world but not to that of celebrity, where all is bright, swift, and palatable. It is of no significance, for example, whether a man actually has the genius, or even the readership, to lay claim to the title of "distinguished author" as long as he understands the knack of projecting himself in that role within



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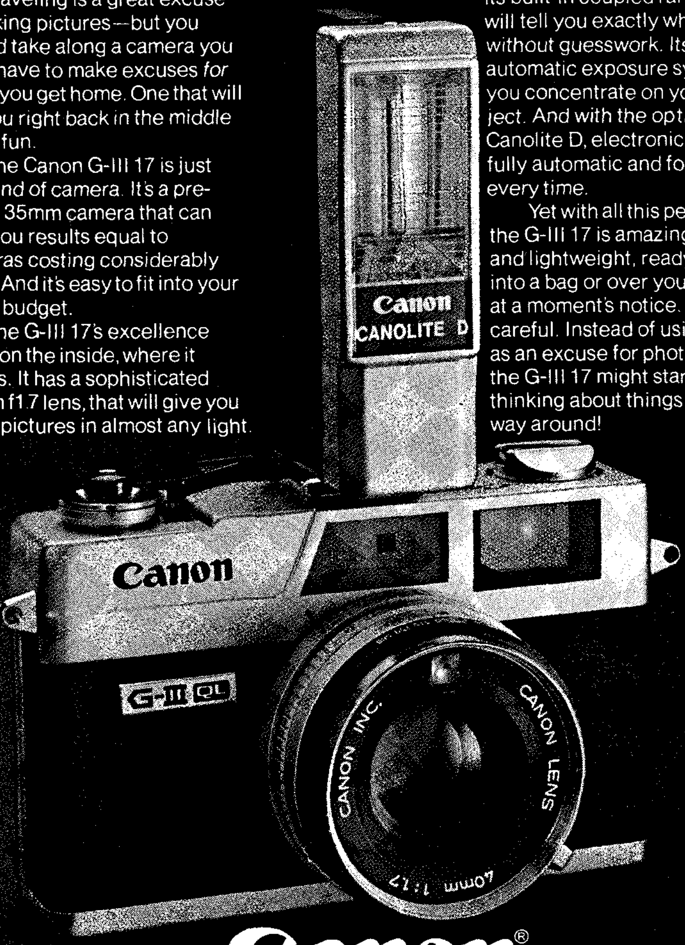

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the hermetic confines of the celebrity world, where humanity is less significant than its image. The variety of individuality which is handed down by the mechanism of celebrity proves as disconnected from real individuality as does the hypothetical mass-market self whipped up by advertising or the assembly-line uniqueness summed up by a fashionable collection. It is clear that celebrities do not exist as ordinary people do, by virtue of drawing breath on earth (regardless of who may observe them doing so), but are manufactured and promoted like commodities and fashions.

Fashions in famous people, like every other kind of fashion, have begun to look more educated and discriminating, and to succeed in tricking a wider audience into believing that the world of celebrity is just as admirable and just as real as life itself. The supposedly private, un-celebrity face of the famous has never been spread out before the public with as much intimacy as it is now. The spotlight of publicity swings quite as often, these days, to "serious" people as to the posturings of spangled starlets. And a special subdivision of celebrity, dubbed "eccentricity," has been cooked up by some of the more broad-minded celebrity-makers to encompass people like Sarah Caldwell and Woody Allen, who fail to pass the stringent test of physical uniformity which continues to be generally demanded. This category of self-sufficient or unconventional-looking characters represents people-fashion's nod to the "high-class" end of fashion, where reside "quality" and "style."

Sometimes the cloak of celebrity falls over genuine talent and real originality, and sometimes a lack of these is concealed behind a cunning imitation of them. Ideally, talent survives perfectly, in total mastery of itself. But the danger of life's swathing itself in an accessible, simplified, public-relations version of itself is that original talent settles down to fit the comfortable shape of its public image or withers away unnoticed behind it. The public, meanwhile, distracted by a host of shadows and substitutes, is deprived of art. Literature, for instance, has been irrevocably diminished in past decades. More than by the ascendancy of image over print, the damage has been done by the transformation of culture into a fashion-based industry. In fact, by now the association of literature with celebrity faddishness is so far advanced that the general assumption is not merely that literary creators are significant primarily as celebrities and talk-show guests

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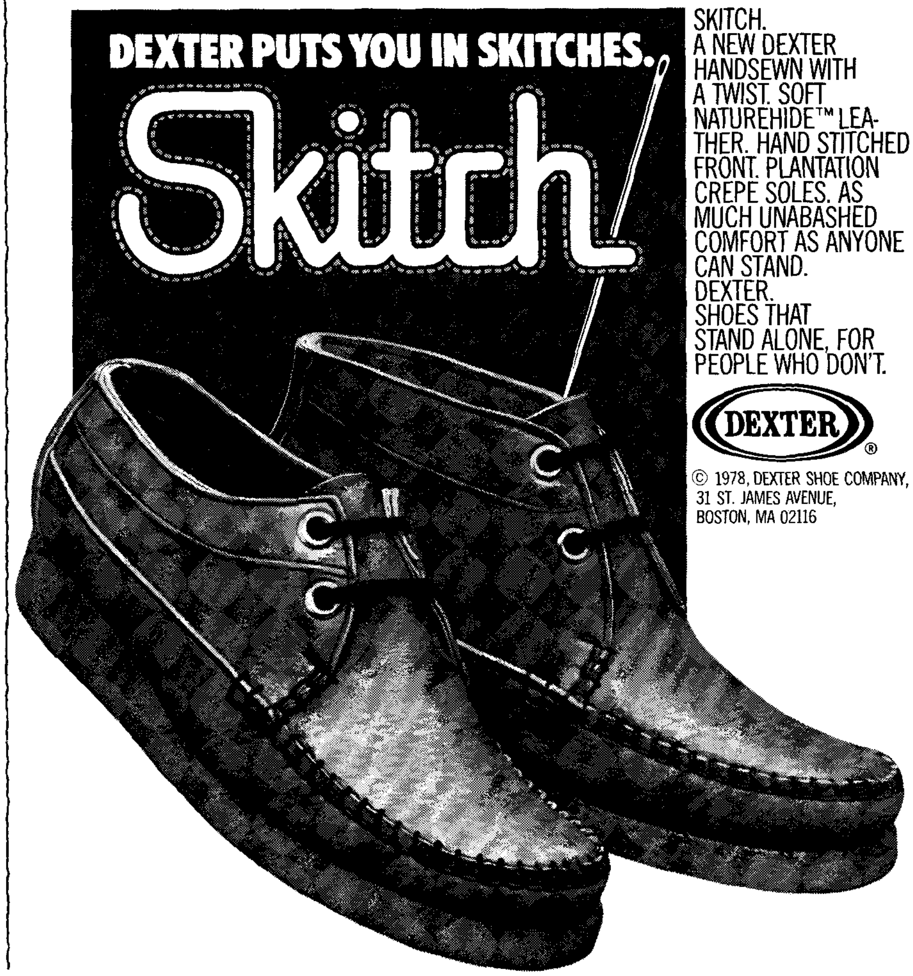

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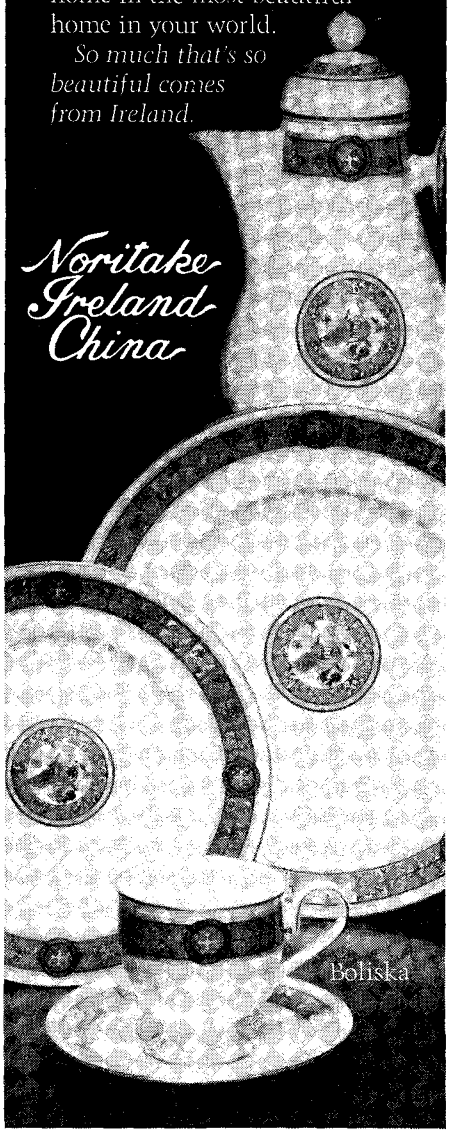

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but also that their literary creation should itself look familiar with and know how to harness the money-spinning power of fashion and celebrities.

The criteria of fad and of the celebrity cult do more than mold our opinion of this season's literature; they also determine how much attention and value our society will accord the literary figures of the past. The hagiological-scatological web of biographies and commentaries-on-commentaries and movies-of-the-book which our culture has woven around the Bloomsbury group, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and Ernest Hemingway, among others, is inspired less by any particular respect for the brilliance of the artists' *work* (although the unexamined presence of that brilliance behind the visible and entertaining mound of gossipy secondary information soothes the cultural conscience of the audience for literary best-sellers) than by the seductiveness of the luxurious conditions and the aura of celebrity surrounding the artists in their *lives*. The various literary cults of today illustrate characteristics common to all fashion, and show how, if fashion has a chilling effect on contemporary talent, its power to diminish is all the more discouraging when it is turned on the talents of the past. In addition, literary-historical fashion-mongering, with its concentration on particular "in-groups," shows how all fashion is naturally drawn to discern or create patterns of social or personal power, and how the dimension of fashion tends to seek its frame of reference within itself. It continues to promote, even generations later, those who always made that dimension their home. More often than not, it emerges that the key figures of popular literary history were celebrities and self-publicists in their own day.

THE new, thoughtful-looking, life-like breed of fashion has been fostered by a generation (linked in common cultural impulses, if not necessarily in age) whose perceptions are attuned to and often blunted by the transient images of television and the movies but who also have college educations that have left a taste for the sensation of intellectual activity and a nostalgia for the literary enthusiasms of studenthood. The verbal appetite of this group is powerful enough to send advertising copywriters scratching out their polysyllables and newspaper editors scrambling to fill up their Op-Ed pages with a show of "provocative" thought, but is not discriminating enough to care whether words are being employed in

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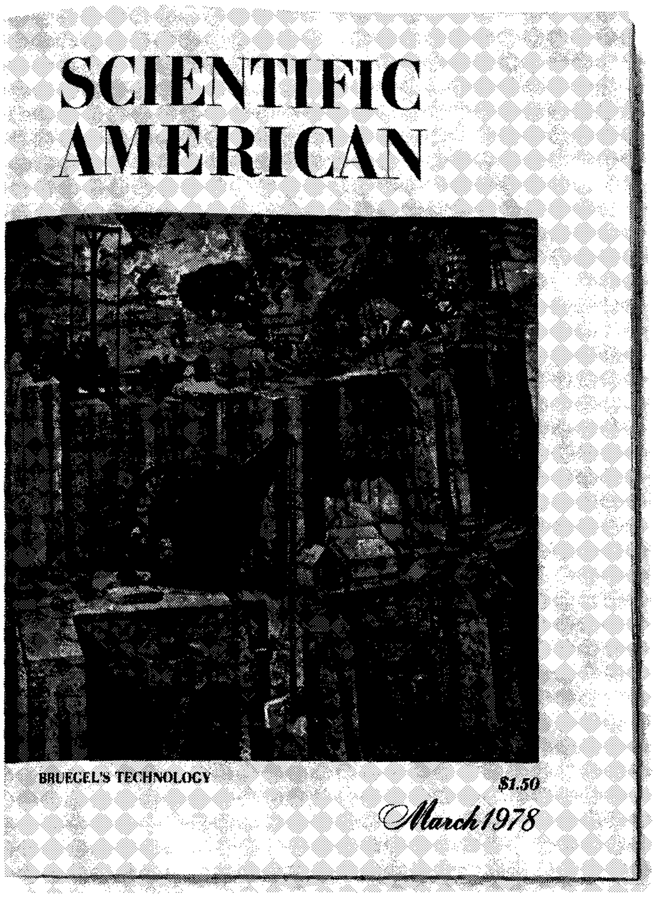

SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

BRUEGEL'S TECHNOLOGY $1.50

March 1978

Two Viking landers have been on the surface of Mars for nearly a full Martian year, and two Viking orbiters have circled Mars for a bit longer. In SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN this month you will read about some of the surprises these spacecraft have provided. It is now clear that Mars has had a more complex geological history than was suspected, involving wind, water and volcanoes as well as meteorites.

You will learn that Bruegel had a deep interest in contemporary engineering. Many of the Flemish master's paintings and engravings offer a rare glimpse at 16th-century science and technology.

You will have an advance look at the soon-to-come electronic telephone. Integrated microelectronic circuitry will yield a telephone radically different in form that will remember numbers, take messages, compute—and talk.

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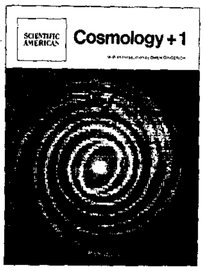

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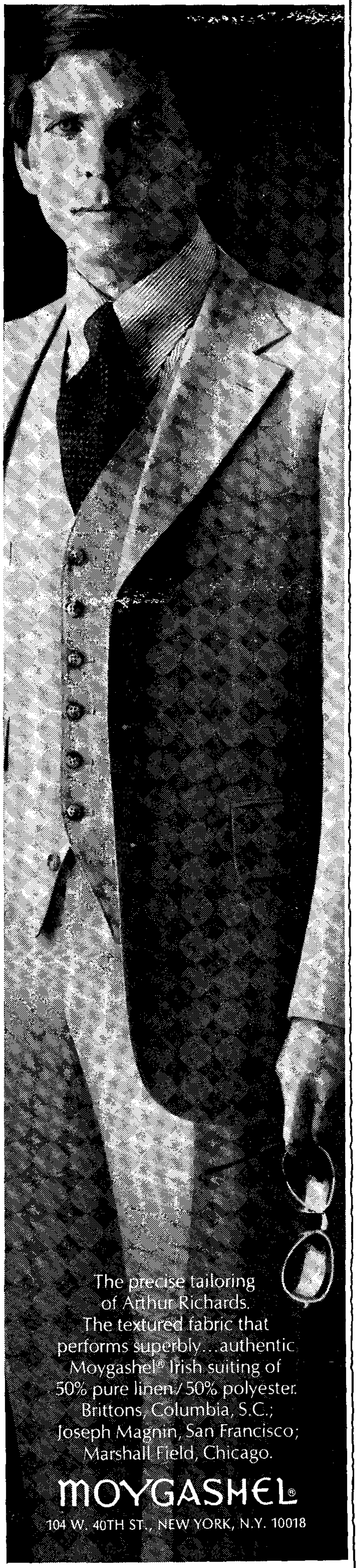
MY

the service of fashion or to advance our understanding of life. This group, in its instinctive use of material possessions as the prism through which it views itself and the world, is middle-class. Here is the natural market for surfaces, fashions, and the patina of culture. In literature, this market picks out work furnished with appealing objects it can fantasize about possessing, "atmospheres" to which it can surrender itself and in which it can happily bathe. Just as this market is willing to accept the décor of its living room as an expression of its inner self, it is inclined to accept the decorative parts of art as art's essence.

The machinery of fashion-making which has been developed to feed an essentially materialistic audience the appearance of opinion, perception, and talent it has learned to demand is profoundly destructive of just such intangibles. Fashion takes up with originality and talent because it knows that these often prove profitable, and also out of its characteristic compulsion to replenish itself by ceaselessly devouring the new. But as soon as fashion adopts its latest find, this is transformed into fashion's creature, existing by the grace of fashionable attention, and drained of the qualities that proved so fatally attractive in the first place. If, as an ambitious fashion increasingly demands, those initially attractive qualities were real independence and integrity, the tragedy of their fall is the greater. Fashion hurts most what it professes to admire most, and does most damage to the best; the fate of mediocrity has never mattered much. Fashion exerts a harmful pressure on the intellect, which either cravenly caves in and accepts the soothing notion that "quality living" means a discerning collection of gouaches and a rather nice taste in wines or chooses to resist the tide of fashion and attempt the perpetual effort to separate truths and values from both parasitic public-relations gimmickry and the scent of power. This resistant mind often wears itself out or falls into a habit of stylish ironical dispute and self-conscious enthusiasms felt *in spite of* their being fashionable or *because* they are currently unfashionable. It is evident how this sort of attitude (which brought us kitsch) can very easily flip over into being the trendiest mind of all.

The fashionizing of intellect hurts the society in more ways than by depriving it of the unfashionized intellect's clarifying and constructive influence: the society actually learns to pattern itself on fashion. It has come to be acceptable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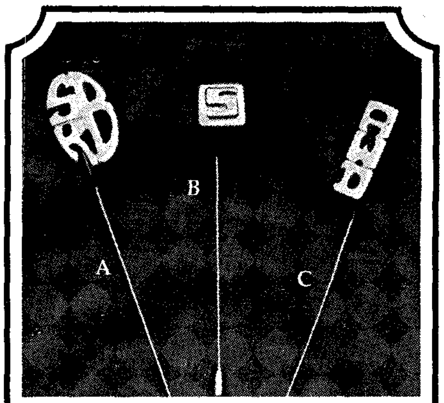

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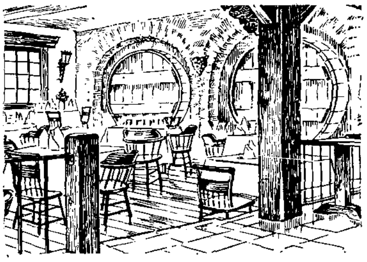
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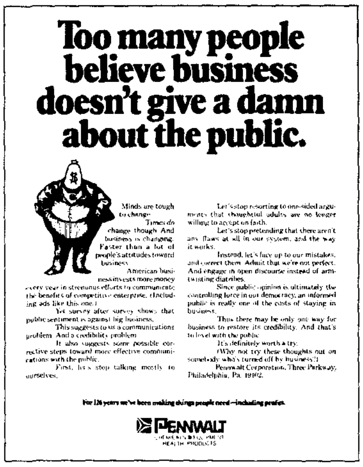
Jack Block's class of business majors politely suggested what we could do with this ad.



Too many people believe business doesn't give a damn about the public.

Minds are tough to change.

Times *do* change though. And business is changing. Faster than a lot of people's attitudes toward business.

American business invests more money every year in strenuous efforts to communicate the benefits of competitive enterprise. (Including ads like this one.)

Yet survey after survey shows that public sentiment is against big business.

This suggests to us a communications problem. And a credibility problem.

It also suggests some possible corrective steps toward more effective communications with the public.

First, let's stop talking mostly to ourselves.

Let's stop resorting to one-sided arguments that thoughtful adults are no longer willing to accept on faith.

Let's stop pretending that there aren't any flaws at all in our system, and the way it works.

Instead, let's face up to our mistakes, and correct them. Admit that we're not perfect. And engage in open discourse instead of arm-twisting diatribes.

Since public opinion is ultimately the controlling force in our democracy, an informed public is really one of the costs of staying in business.

Thus there may be only one way for business to restore its credibility. And that's to level with the public.

It's definitely worth a try.

(Why not try these thoughts out on somebody who's turned off by business?)

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 126 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

PENNWALT
CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
HEALTH PRODUCTS

Mr. Block teaches Business Communications at Mesa College in San Diego.

When our ad ran, he asked his students to make suggestions.

They did. All eighty-five of them. Thoughtfully and pointedly.

"Don't tell us people distrust big business," they suggested. "Tell us what you intend to *do* about it."

If only it were that simple.

As we've said before in this space, loss of credibility is just one reason why business is in trouble with the public. But loss of credibility leads to erosion of confidence in the whole system.

This alarms us. Because we believe in competitive enterprise, despite its defects.

We hate to see the whole system condemned for the questionable or unethical practices of a relatively few people in business who ought to know better.

But *we* know better than to try to defend the system with one-sided sermonettes that insult your intelligence.

Instead, we hope you'll stop and think. We hope the skeptics among you will question certain attitudes of your own.

Maybe nothing business says will ever change the mind of anyone not already sold on the system.

We certainly don't expect an ad to do it. That's not the point at all.

The point is to make you think. To replace a monologue with a dialogue. Judging from our mail, it's working.

Thus the ads themselves are an example of what we "intend to *do* about it."

The dialogue is healthy. We hope it continues.

We also hope we've shown Jack Block's students that we're open to suggestion.

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For 127 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

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Zephyr-light. Whisper-soft. It's the ——— mood, the feel, the float of spring-dressing now. A blouse all beautiful, billowy looseness, except where smocking touches the shoulders, a ribbon-sash gathers the waist. Both the blouse and the gentle dirndl, of cloud-white rayon crepe de Chine madly budding with the tiniest pinks, yellows, violets and berries. By Rona for sizes 6 to 14; $138. Fifth Avenue Shop, Fifth Floor.

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that the Western democracies should give supreme political power not to the candidates with the most honesty, ability, or character but to those with the most skill at manipulating images and convincing voters that an imitation world—based on power, and self-contained, self-interested, and self-deceiving—is the same world as the voters' own. The rules of politics are rules of fashion. Political minds, like fashionable minds, rarely look hard at themselves or at the real world. Instead, isolated by vanity and celebrity, they search for the latest fashion in issues and slogans, hoping to latch onto it in time to turn it to their own advantage. Like fashion, politics is learning to *look* less superficial: the "in" thing that all politicians yearn for is no longer the image of "charisma" or "pragmatism" but the image of "leadership" and "integrity."

The arts are in danger of being submerged by fashion, and are increasingly subject to critical definition—their cue for self-confidence—based on frivolously determined opinions of whether this branch or that is "in" or "out." Fashionable critics endow with the magical "vitality" now representational art, now the avant-garde theatre, now dance; and then, sooner or later, withdraw their accolade with a yawn and leave talent, which had its head turned by the praise and money that rained in on it in good times, bewildered and excluded in unmerited bad times. The greatest disservice that fashion does is to carelessly turn life's most precious and fragile assets into marketable products of transient worth. If a great, dark locust cloud of fashion settles upon our world, upon our dream of quality, upon our humble individualities, we must fear that its passing will leave behind a ravaged field of empty gestures. While the rush is on, fashion is good for business, but it is hardly beneficial to society, talent, or the mind. And in the long run fashion may prove very bad for life.

—KENNEDY FRASER

•

Jan. 13 . . . NORTH COUNTY SINGLES contemptible & ballroom dancing at the Quails Inn, Lake San Marcos. Singles from Oceanside will be there also.—*Rancho Bernardo (Calif.) Bernardo News.*

Sullen and scornful, as usual.

•

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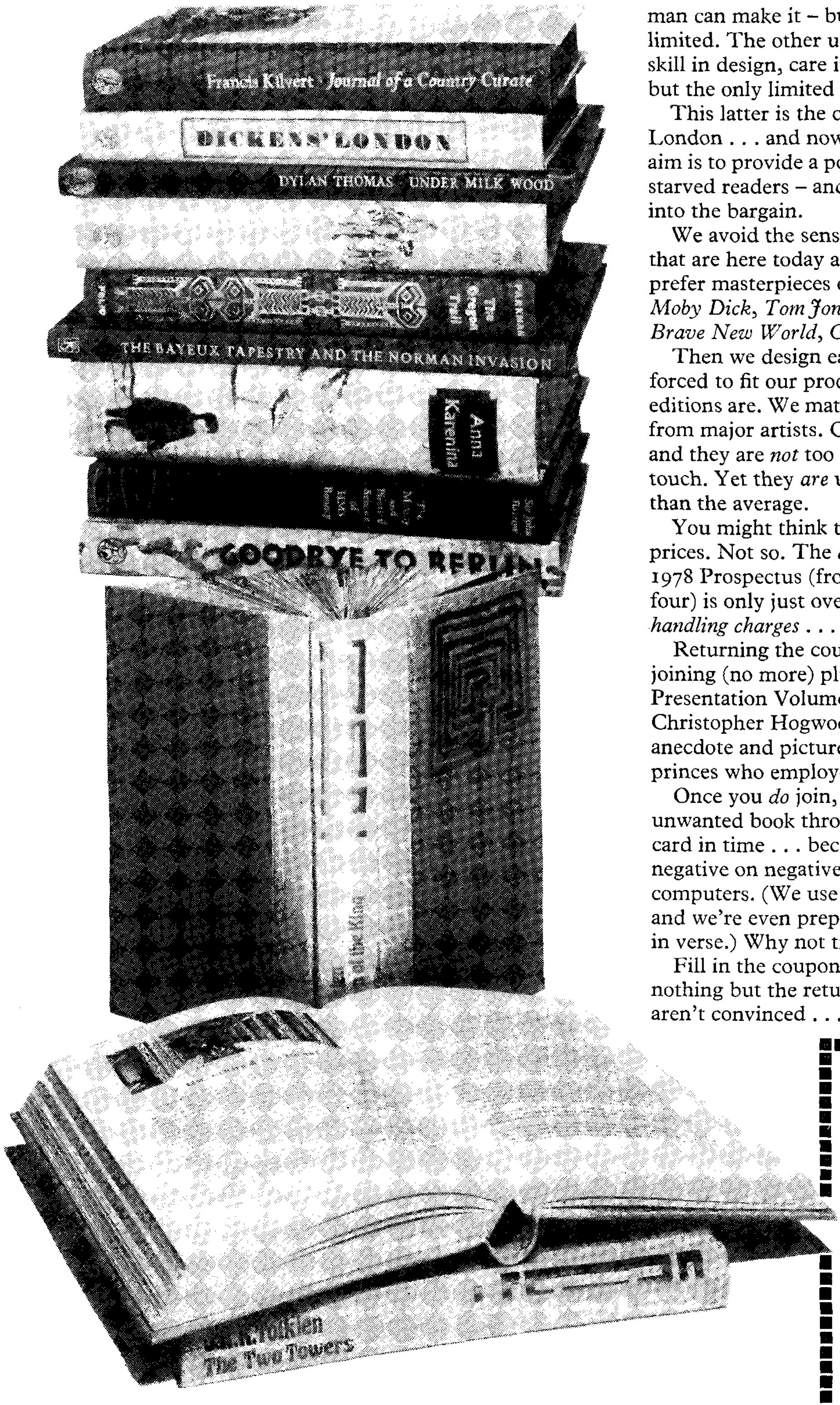
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DYLAN THOMAS · UNDER MILK WOOD
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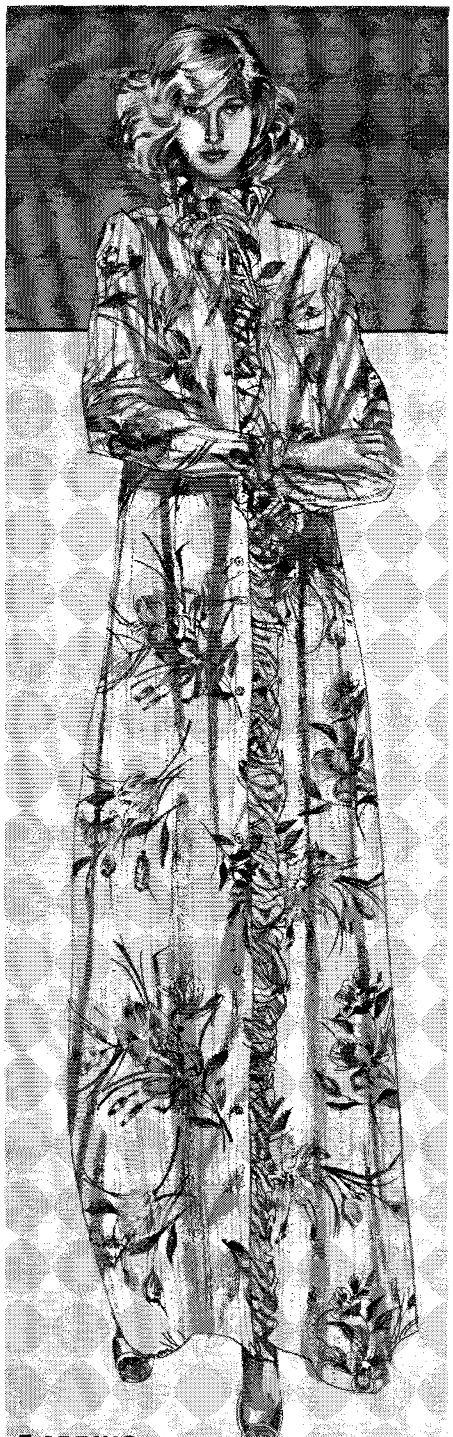

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

> *"What symmetrical digits!"*
>
> —W. C. Fields to Mae West as he lifts her hand to his lips in "My Little Chickadee."

IN "Fingers," the first film he has directed, James Toback is trying to be Orson Welles and Carol Reed, Dostoevski, Conrad, and Kafka. The film is a howl of ambition, and you get the feeling that at least two-thirds of it is still locked up in the writer-director's head—that he simply did not have the experience, the cast, or the budget to get more of his exuberantly melodramatic fantasy onto the screen. Still, what's there has the wild self-dramatization that one associates with the young Tennessee Williams, or with Mailer when he gets high on excess. Insanity, violent bouts of sex, Jacobean revenge killings—nothing is too much for Toback in his exhilarated state. There's almost a swagger in the way he consciously goes beyond the rationally acceptable: he's looking for art in that beyond, wanting the unknown—the dangerous—to take over. It's a willed hysteria. We're used to it in the work of young poets and young novelists who are trying to feel as intensely and recklessly as possible, who want to be electrifying, but it's startling to see this hunger for extremes nakedly revealed on the screen. James Toback doesn't just risk self-parody in "Fingers"—he falls into it. Yet the film never seems ridiculous, because he's got true moviemaking fever.

All of us have probably had the feeling of being divided between what we got from our mother and what we got from our father, and no doubt some of us feel that we've gone through life trying to please each of them and never fully succeeding, because we have always been torn between them. "Fingers" takes these Oedipal facts of life and tries to treat them in classic, tragic terms within the structure of a gangster shoot-'em-up. Jimmy (Harvey Keitel) has a father (Michael V. Gazzo) who's a Mafia loan shark and a mother (Marian Seldes) who's a concert pianist gone mad. The split carries through everything in his life. He's an artist with the soul of a violent hood; he makes his living as a strong-arm collector, but alone in his apartment he's a sensitive, dedicated pianist, and he longs to liberate that side of himself. Jimmy's father is an Italian Catholic, and his mother is Jewish. He's aggressively hostile toward women and takes them at their most passive, the way he secretly wants to be taken; he's victim and victimizer. Each half works against the other half, so that he's in torment.

As Toback has written the material, the jagged split in parentage doesn't dramatize Jimmy's conflicts, it merely explains them. Toback, who taught English at City College, lays these polar concepts of Jimmy's internal conflicts right out on the surface; he surveys them like elements in a literature course—the symmetrical patterning is perfect. But they don't *play*. Jimmy needs to be an exciting, violent, emotional man, a man who's at war with himself, who has so much going on that he's shooting sparks, hitting highs and lows. Then, maybe, we could experience the pianist/gangster split as a heightened, neurotic metaphor for Everyman—a Dostoevskian Everyman. If we're to feel that, Jimmy's torment must be *live*—torment with charm and magnetism. Harvey Keitel tries more unusual character touches in "Fingers" than he did in "Blue Collar," and some of them have real audacity, but he seems scared of making a mistake; as a volatile gangster, he's like Richard Conte with a hump on his back—a thick book on the theory of acting. The role of Jimmy could have done with some of the flamboyant, hot-wire sexual awareness that Keitel had in his small parts in "Alice Doesn't Live Here Any More" and "Taxi Driver." Keitel doesn't use Jimmy's sexual confusion for bisexual seductiveness, he uses it as if it meant that Jimmy were paralyzed by misery. There's an idea behind the performance: Jimmy is robotized by his divisions. One never gets the sense that he loves his music or is transported by it; rather, he's striving for perfection. (Keitel may think him incapable of being transported, because he's cursed—his soul is dirty.) Alone at the piano, playing the Bach E-Minor Toccata, Keitel does a very creepy version of the tics and humming along of Glenn Gould and Erroll Garner and other musicians who have seemed to play the music in their heads. Jimmy has a nervous drive not just for classical music but for rock, too, and he carries around a cassette machine and plays pop music wherever he goes. When a man in a SoHo restaurant complains of the noise, he snarls, "This

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"Thirty years ago I founded the first SOS Children's Village in Austria to provide permanent homes for abandoned youngsters. Who could have guessed that my initial efforts would multiply and reach out to 25,000 children all over the world?"

Hermann Gmeiner

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We can never help all children. A terrible truth! But no excuse not to try at all. Rather a reason to try even harder! Already we have found thousands of friends around the world who feel as we do and help us share the burden.

Join us too! *Become a Village-Sponsor!*

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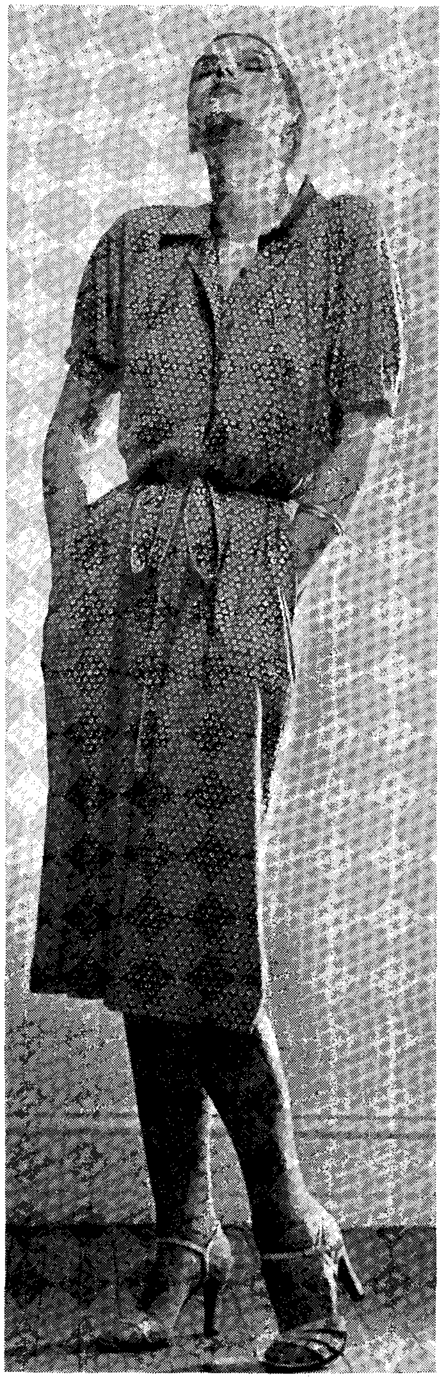

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is The Jamies, man—'Summertime, Summertime'—the most musically inventive song of 1958. Do you mean to tell me that doesn't go with your shrimp?" Conceivably, a man could be jumpy and half crazed with tension and still feel the beat and get happy and forget everything else. But Keitel never allows him to forget a thing; Jimmy seems to be waiting for somebody to complain—he's playing his cassette to punish people. He does everything in his head, even making love. This scowling robot Jimmy is an actor's intellectualization that makes good sense, but it dampens the passion in Toback's fantasy, and it doesn't do anything for an audience.

Keitel is far more effective in Jimmy's funny scenes. At one point, some thugs set him up for an arrest, and he does a hipster routine, trying to talk the cop out of taking him in, and then, when he fails and is thrown in the tank, he sings the Bach Toccata to his cellmates. Stuck in an elevator on his way up to a crucial audition, he whacks the buttons furiously, with all his pent-up fear localized in his fingers; there's more tension in this pantomime than anywhere else in his performance, because his tightness works for him here. It works comically: there's a Mack Sennett side to his panic—he's a loser in a frenzy of losing. Gazzo, whose cheeks have filled out since his "Godfather II" days, comes on strong as Jimmy's loudmouthed, always hopped-up, sentimental father, but he's enjoyable; the picture needs his hammy all-out emotionalism. When Jimmy shows his love for his father by flattering the *old man, telling him that other Mafiosi* are frightened of him, Keitel has just the right desperate tenderness. Jimmy opens up here, and we can see layers in his character. But we needed to see more of Jimmy's capacity for feeling at the beginning, so that we'd care enough about him to want to know why he is what he is. If he were more open at the start—if the film built a dramatic curve—then the audition would have some suspense; his failing would be the catastrophe that puts him on a downward course, and his final closing in would have more horror.

There's an avidity for filmmaking in "Fingers;" in some sequences—such as one at a health club, moving the action around the swimming pool to Jimmy semi-raping a brunette vamp (Tanya Roberts) in the ladies' room, or a street scene with Jimmy comforting a weeping old woman—the director's pleasure at being able to work in this medium is palpable. The

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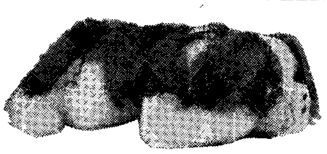

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rooms look exactly right; the sound is unusually clean and natural; the camera setups are simple, yet inventive; the bit players (such as Georgette Muir, in the role of the father's girlfriend, Anita, a weary-but-still-trying old campaigner) are wonderful. The moviemaking itself doesn't seem forced or hyperbolic; there's a sureness—a sound instinct—in the pacing and the flow of images. The SoHo locations, where chic and crummy coexist, are metaphorically perfect. Toback doesn't establish the neighborhood, though; he takes it for granted. And he takes it for granted that we'll understand why Jimmy starts chasing Carol (Tisa Farrow), a painter with a druggy-angel look, and becomes fixated on her. When Jimmy says to her, "Don't you understand what's here . . . between us?" we can't tell if it's all meant to be on his side or if there really *is* something between them. It's as if what was in Toback's mind were so powerful to him that he assumed we must know all about it.

The fantasy element is most fully realized in the sequences involving Jim Brown as Dreems, a former world-champion prizefighter who now operates a café, where Carol hangs out. Toback (who wrote a book about Brown) idolizes Dreems, in a very special sense: Dreems is so completely knowledgeable about everything to do with sex that he takes one look at Jimmy and knows immediately what his hangups are. The black athlete Dreems is sexually psychic. And so another division is charted: between the frightened Jimmy and the utterly confident, sensual master. Dreems treats Carol and another angelically lovely girl, Christa (Carole Francis), as sexual slaves, and they're proud of the honor. There's a whiff of the dark-powers-that-we-whites-will-never-understand in the film's idolatry of Dreems; naïve in an almost comic-book way, this suggestion of a world out of the reach of the educated mind—a world more heated, where you're exposed to the ultimate danger—is the Conradian element of "Fingers." In the script that Toback wrote for the Karel Reisz film "The Gambler," the hero went to Harlem at the end as if he were voyaging into the Heart of Darkness, but in Reisz's film the sexual fantasy—the belief that the black man can see right through to your weakness—wasn't nearly as apparent as it is here. This film sees Dreems as a man without incapacitating divisions. Jimmy is hideously violent when he's on the rampage retaliating against his father's enemies

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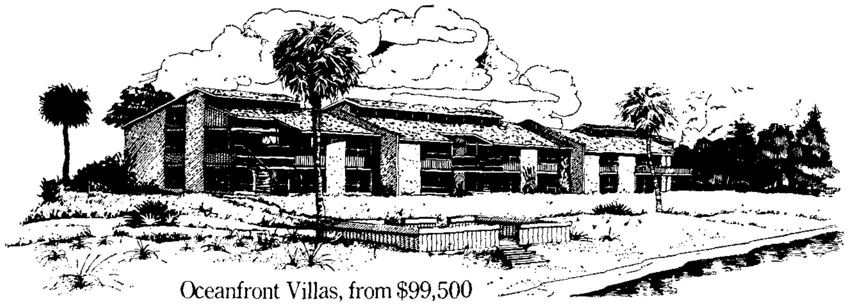

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(this part of the picture might be called "Piano Driver"). But the most shocking scene is that of Dreems disciplining Carol and Christa. (It has some of the I-can't-believe-this impact of the Coke-bottle scene in "The Long Goodbye.") The shock is in the speed of Dreems' action: the film views him not as thinking fast but as not needing to think—as not being sicklied o'er with the white man's pale cast of thought. Dreems is scariest—hardest to interpret—when he's low-key and affable; he's what Jimmy is terrified of, and his world is what Jimmy aches to be part of. It's Jimmy's (or Toback's) fantasy that if he belonged to that world he could live as violently as he does without living in terror. He envies blacks because, as he might see it, "it wouldn't scare them to be me." But, being white, Jimmy can't escape from "civilization;" his own violence destroys him.

"Fingers" tries to create the screen equivalent of a tropical region of the mind; it's an educated man's high-powered masochistic fairy tale, the story of a descent into madness. Toback is trying hard for purgative effects; he wants to show us man stripped down to a cowering, naked animal waiting in the jungle. Normality doesn't interest Toback; he's playing the literary-adolescent's game of wanting to go crazy so he can watch his own reactions. And because he doesn't censor his masculine racial fantasies, his foolishness and his terrible ideas pour out freely. The movie is a true oddity: it could stand as a definition of the perils of the "personal" film. Yet its streak of euphoric humor suggests that Toback could take romantic screwball comedy to a new, high plane, where excess could become rhapsodic.

—PAULINE KAEL

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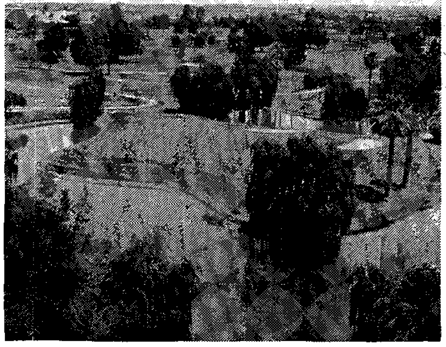

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THE RACE TRACK

Alydar

Calumet Farm may have another top horse in Alydar, who won the forty-ninth running of the $159,000 Flamingo Stakes last Saturday at Hialeah—the first big step toward the spring classics. Racing down the Hickory Tree Stable's well-backed Believe It in the last quarter mile, he went on to win by four and a half lengths from Noon Time Spender, who was 58–1 in the betting and took the place by a length from Dr. Valeri. Believe It was fourth. The mile and a furlong was run in 1:47, three-fifths of a second off the track record. John Veitch, who trained Alydar, said that the colt's next start would be in the $150,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on April 1st, for which seventy-four three-year-olds have been nominated. It was Calumet's fourth Flamingo. Faultless won it for them back in 1947, and a year later Citation won it and went on to win the Kentucky Derby. In 1958, Tim Tam repeated Citation's performance.

Going into the Flamingo, Alydar, a nice colt by Raise a Native out of Sweet Tooth, had won six of his eleven previous starts, and Tommy Trotter, the official handicapper for the Jockey Club, had given him the second-highest rating in the Experimental Free Handicap—the annual year-end assessment of weights for two-year-olds—at 125 pounds; Affirmed was top weighted, at 126 pounds. There is no doubt that the boys in Vegas have already made Alydar the favorite over Affirmed in their future books on the Derby, coming up at Churchill Downs on May 6th. There is no doubt, either, that Alydar ran a bang-up race in the Flamingo, and I must give Velasquez, who rode him, full marks. He never hurried him at all but allowed him to settle in his stride till he made his run, and then he rode a strong finish. (Altogether, Velasquez had five winners last Saturday—a new record for Hialeah.) There was lively betting on the race, with Alydar at 4–5 and Believe It at 6–5. I caught the contest on ABC's "Wide World of Sports," but a basketball game between Duke and Wake Forest got tangled up in it. In fact, the game crowded out the traditional pa-

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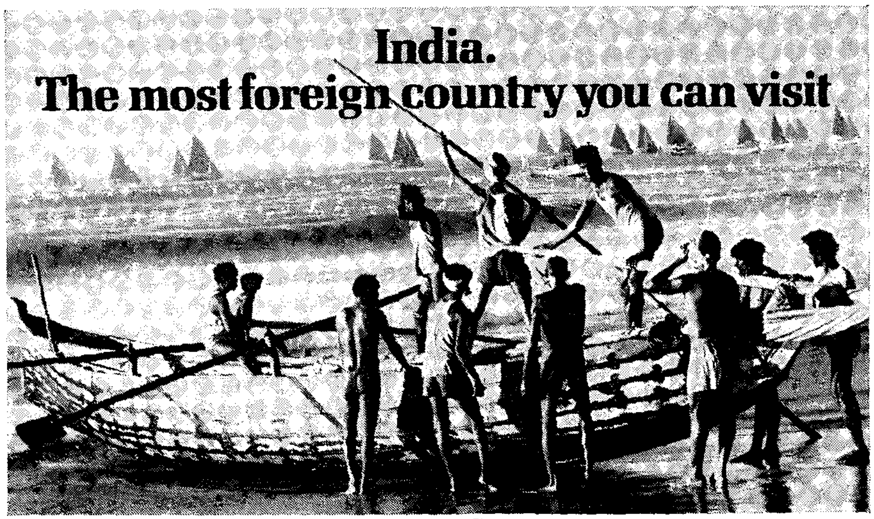

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rade to the post. Otherwise, the broadcast was a dandy.

LOOKING over the charts of recent races, I'd say that Taisez Vous, a four-year-old bay filly by Silent Screen out of Royal Kin by Sir Gaylord, is the best of her sex racing at Santa Anita this winter. She clinched that distinction a couple of Sundays ago, in the $100,000 Santa Margarita Invitational Handicap. Sensational, ridden by Cauthen, tried to catch her in the stretch but missed by a length and a half. Before that, Taisez Vous had beaten a smart field in the La Cañada Stakes.

Early last week, Hialeah had a Seattle Slew Day, and the paddock has seldom been as crowded with horseplayers. They saw the twelve-million-dollar stallion paraded for an hour in the walking ring and then lined the rails to see him prance up and down the track.

VIGORS, a roan five-year-old, coming from last place in the field of ten, won the Santa Anita Handicap before a crowd of 55,180 at the track in Arcadia last Sunday. He took the race by two and a half lengths, going away from Mr. Redoy, recent winner of the Charles H. Strub Stakes, who led into the stretch. Two lengths behind them, Jumping Hill beat Crystal Water for third place. Curiously, Vigors was ridden by Darrel McHargue, who rode Mr. Redoy in the Strub; the Big 'Cap was McHargue's sixth win of the day—his biggest afternoon ever. Because of his victory in the San Antonio Handicap, Vigors was the favorite and paid $3.80 to win. (Ancient Title, second in the 1974 and 1976 Santa Anita Handicaps, was a late scratch.) It was easy to follow the progress of Vigors, for he is almost as white as a circus horse. Needless to say, the track was very muddy, and the mile and a quarter was run in 2:01⅕. The going was no help to Crystal Water—who shared top weight, 127 pounds, with Vigors—but he made a good try. The Santa Anita Handicap, which was one of the first hundred-thousand-dollar races in the country, had a purse of $300,000 this year, of which $180,000 went to the winner. Vigors, by Grey Dawn II out of Relifordie, was bred in Kentucky by William R. Hawn.

—AUDAX MINOR

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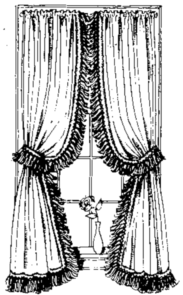

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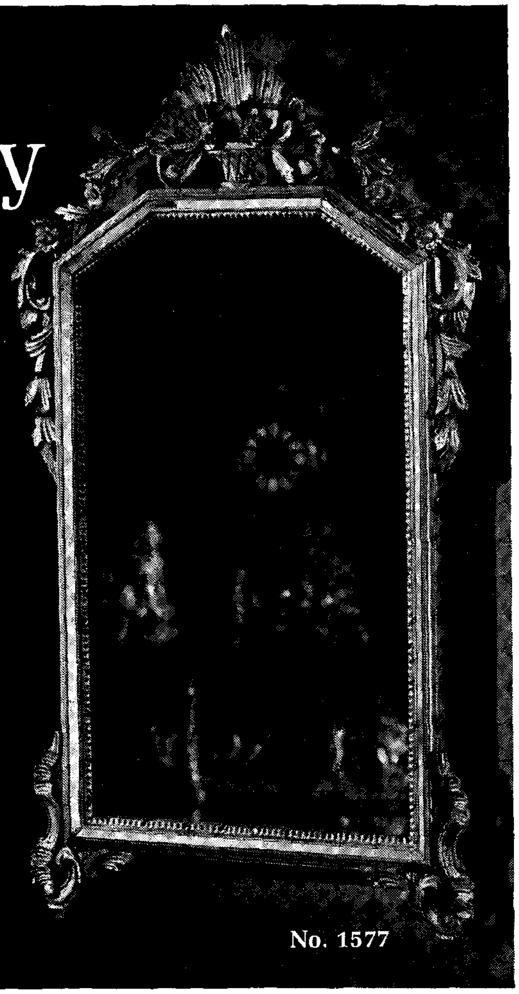
THE sorry, broken-backed musical drama that the Metropolitan Opera is billing as "Gaetano Donizetti/La Favorita/Opera in three acts/Libretto by Alphonse Royer and Gustave Vaëz" does bear some relation to Donizetti's four-act opera "La Favorite." But it is a version of that opera docked, cropped, and altered so drastically in words, in plot, and in music that I doubt whether Donizetti, Royer, or Vaëz would care to own the result. If anyone think the doubt unjustified, let him compare the original libretto (it appears in Series III, Volume IV of Scribe's "Complete Works") with the libretto on sale at the Met, and compare an early score—or the autograph, of which the Lincoln Center library has a microfilm—with the current Ricordi edition, which the Met is using. To set out the full, tangled tale of "La Favorite" would take many pages, and none of the accounts in print get it quite right; a summary history may help to indicate what is wrong with the work, with this edition of it, and with the dull Met performance.

"La Favorite," which was first performed at the Paris Opéra in December, 1840, was compiled in haste during the preceding months from three earlier Donizetti scores: the unfinished "Adelaide," the unfinished "Le Duc d'Albe" (whose libretto was later reworked for Verdi as "Les Vêpres Siciliennes"), and the finished but unperformed "L'Ange de Nisida." Royer and Vaëz were the librettists of "L'Ange de Nisida," the principal source; Scribe, the librettist of "Le Duc d'Albe," was evidently called in to supervise the transformation of "L'Ange" into "La Favorite." He received four thousand francs for his trouble, and half the authors' rights in what became an immensely successful opera in Paris and in the provinces. (The Opéra gave the hundredth performance in 1849, the five-hundredth in 1879.) In Scribe's collected works, authorship "*en société avec MM. A. Royer et G. Vaëz*" is acknowledged. On the last page of Donizetti's score, Vaëz notes that it was he who wrote the new words into the "cannibalized" pages. Three layers of text, correspond-



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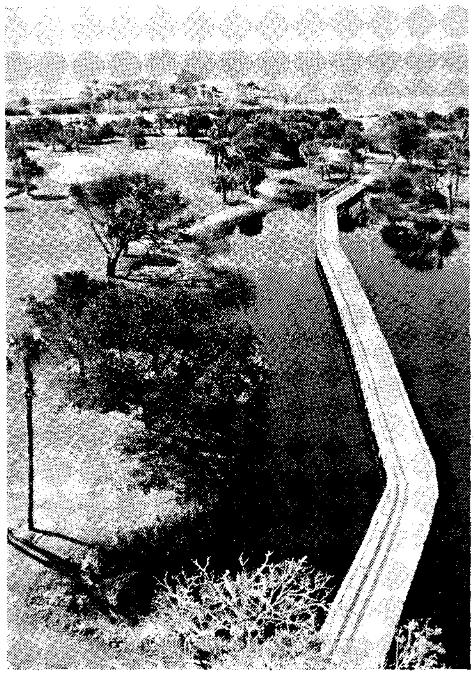

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ing to "Adelaide," "L'Ange de Nisida," and "La Favorite," can in some numbers still be discerned.

Specifically for "La Favorite," Donizetti composed connecting passages, the ballet music (probably), and four new arias: Fernand's stirring "Oui, ta voix m'inspire," which ends Act I (it is omitted at the Met), Alphonse's "Léonor, viens" and his "Pour tant d'amour," and Léonor's "O mon Fernand." The last three have become celebrated in Italian translation as "Vien, Leonora," "A tanto amor," and "O mio Fernando." Two other well-known arias, Fernand's "Un ange, une femme inconnue/Una vergine, un angel di Dio" and his "Ange si pur/Spirto gentil," are taken from, respectively, "L'Ange de Nisida" and "Le Duc d'Albe." In addition, during rehearsals Donizetti composed the soprano solo "Fernand! imite la clémence" at the request of the prima donna; she was Rosine Stoltz, the *favorite* of the Opéra director.

"La Favorite" is thus a musical collage to begin with, but it was skillfully and even scrupulously assembled, and its plot, in which history and fictions are mingled, makes sense. Fernando (to avoid French/Italian complications, I will now use common English forms of the Spanish names), a novice in the cloister of St. James of Compostella, while praying to the angels thought he saw an angel beside him. Offering her holy water, he touched her hand. Now he has lost his vocation: he loves—and is loved by—one who, unknown to him, is Leonora de Guzman, Alphonso XI's mistress. He leaves the monastery, wins glory by repulsing the African invasion of Spain in 1340, and is ennobled by Alphonso and further rewarded by Leonora's hand. (The King thus disposes at once of an unwanted mistress—he has learned of Leonora's new love—and a threat of excommunication if he persists in preferring his favorite to his queen.) Leonora goes to the wedding believing that Fernando knows of her past. He doesn't. When he discovers it, he renounces her and returns to Compostella. She follows him thither, arriving just in time to hear him take his final vows. He sees her, and wishes again to leave the cloister, but she sings "Be saved from sacrilege, Be saved by my death!" and dies.

In the words of a synopsis appended to the new London recording of the opera (which honestly tells the original story, as opposed to the rubbish sung on the records), "the original French text is openly religious in its theme

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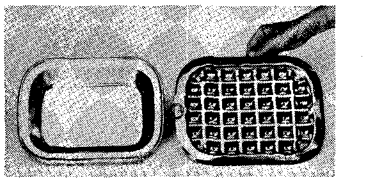

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and constructed to the composer's own ideas and insight into the pilgrimage of the soul." Like Verdi, Donizetti was prepared to stand up to Scribe and see that ideas he cared about found expression. But, again like Verdi, he could not then stand up to Italian censorship and win. "Wretched Italian translation!" he wrote in 1845. "It's a horror, because of the censors." To his Italian publisher he recommended a standard operatic method of not offending Church susceptibilities: call the monks hermits. "La Favorite" reached Italy in two different translations. In one of them, Calisto Bassi's, Alphonso becomes Louis VII and Leonora a Greek maiden, Elda; the action plays in Syria, amid hermits and templars. The other, Francesco Jannetti's, is entitled "Leonora di Gusman;" it preserves time and place but laicizes the plot: Balthazar, the prior of Compostella, is turned into the father both of Fernando and of Alphonso's queen. Religion was taboo, but not a spicy near-incestuous touch in Fernando's marrying the woman who has supplanted his own sister in the royal bed. In 1860, at La Scala, the Jannetti version and monastic elements of the original were patched together, leaving many loose ends, and they are still left flapping in the Ricordi score and the Met production. In this version, Balthazar is both a monk and the noble father of Fernando and the Queen of Spain. Fernando is both the King's brother-in-law and an obscure commoner, a "low-born mountain boy." The ceremony of Fernando's taking his final vows becomes a funeral for the Queen, and the serene, devout melody to which Donizetti set lines meaning

> I consecrate myself to Thy service,
> O Lord!
> Approach, may Thy grace illumine
> my heart

is sung, with absurdly inappropriate effect, to the Italian for

> May implacable grief upon the
> guilty woman,
> Cause of misfortunes, swiftly
> descend!

To the first, Donizetti's Leonora added "He is lost to this world! Angel, reascend to heaven." At the Met, Leonora sings, "He is crying for vengeance, I am lost!"

In short, the Met is presenting a version of "La Favorite" which in 1978 no serious opera company should consider—a patchwork of what Catholic censorship did in the eighteen-forties, the partial, ineffective repair job of 1860, and the inertia of singers,

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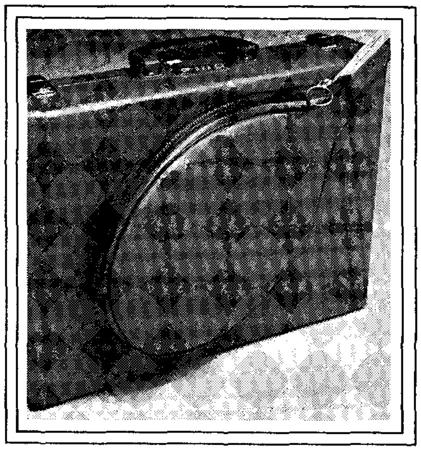

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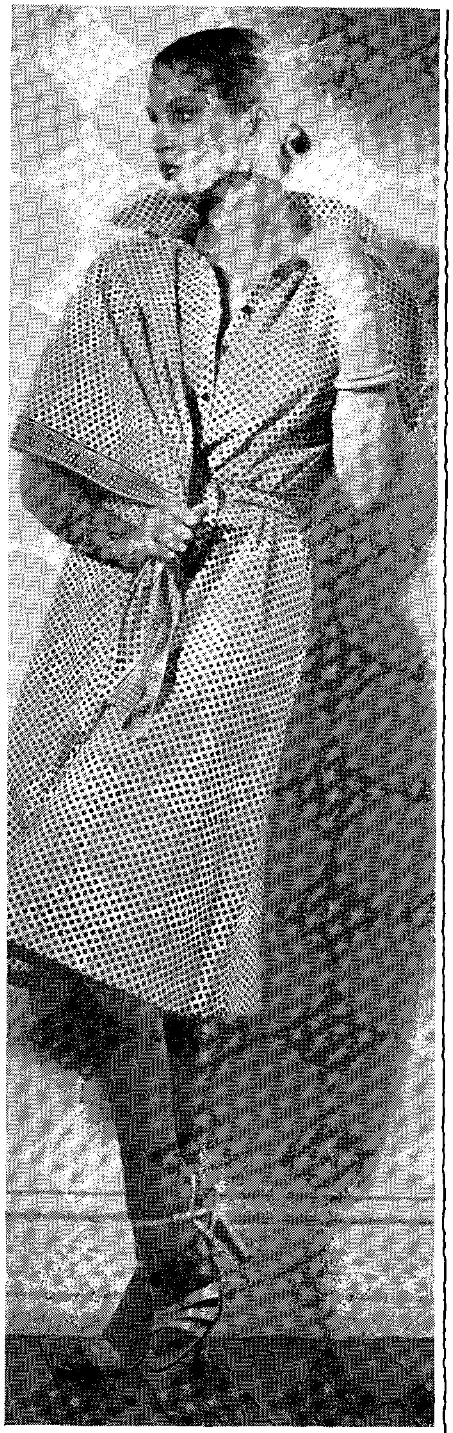

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conductors, and managements content for more than a century to pick up and perpetuate the nearest available score instead of discovering what the composer wrote. The result is an insult to Donizetti. The Met should look to the enterprise of the Houston Grand Opera (which this season performed Rossini's "Tancredi" from a correct score newly edited by Philip Gossett), the Kentucky Opera (which this season performed Verdi's 1847 "Macbeth" from a correct score newly edited by David Lawton), and the Opera Company of Boston (whose returns to what composers really wrote have been numerous). And if America's first house cannot engage a cast able and willing to sing French operas in the original, and therefore chooses to perform them in Italian translation, it should commission new Italian translations, which fit the sense and fit the notes. The standard Italian translation of "La Favorite" (even less acceptable than those of Verdi's "Les Vêpres Siciliennes" and "Don Carlos") is "a horror" not only for what it says but also for what it does to the music by attaching the wrong sentiments to expressive phrases, altering the melodic lines, blunting the rhythms, and plumping out what should be quick and direct. Without music type, it is hard to demonstrate that, but the loss of rhythmic as well as of verbal incisiveness can perhaps be deduced from the difference between Donizetti's "Mon Dieu, Fernand, grâce!" and Jannetti's "Oh ciel! Fernando, il tuo perdon io spero." The offense to Donizetti is aggravated by multifarious cutting. In the Ricordi score, there are already omissions; in the Met production, there are many more, ranging from the complete aria already mentioned to a few measures here, a few there. Since "La Favorite" is a *grand opéra* dependent to some extent on large-scale formal repetitions, cuts can make it seem trivial and short-breathed. The positive virtues of repetition were shown when Sherrill Milnes, the Met Alphonso, was allowed both verses of his cabaletta "Léonor, mon amour brave l'univers et Dieu, pour toi." (The bold sentiment is softened in the Jannetti translation.) It is a conventional piece, made from an all-purpose energetic melody that reached "La Favorite" from "Adelaide" via "L'Ange de Nisida." The melody if sung through once and then dropped would sound perfunctory; with a full repetition, after a bridge passage, it builds into a strikingly effective number.

There were other things wrong with

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the show. Jesús López-Cobos's conducting was rhythmically slack, and it was apparent from his handling of the overture that he had little feeling for the weight, breadth, and grandeur of the score. The opera is played on a single set, by Ming Cho Lee, borrowed from San Francisco. Balustrades, portals, and arcades are pushed into different patterns to suggest the different places, but all five scenes look much the same and have the same depth, and so monotony results. Patrick Tavernia's stage direction is weak and characterless; better—just—that a production should have no character than the wrong character. The director is positively perverse only when he has Fernando blindfolded at precisely the point where the plot and the stage directions require him to take a blindfold off.

On the first night, Shirley Verrett, in the title role, was below form. The electricity that had made her Leonora for Eve Queler (in Carnegie Hall in 1975) so vivid was switched off. The power failed that enabled her to keep the concert audience silent after "O mon Fernand" so that aria and cabaletta could be delivered as one thrilling span; at the Met, the tension was dispelled by midway applause. She did offer some seductively smoky and beautiful singing, especially in the last act. It was probably a mistake for the company to attempt to revive "La Favorite" until José Carreras or Alfredo Kraus was available for Fernando, for, while it may not be quite true to say that Luciano Pavarotti, who did the part, brings dramatic death to any scene he appears in (Franco Zeffirelli and Claudio Abbado can still coax a performance from him: witness the Scala "Ballo"), his showing in the Covent Garden "Ballo," the Chicago "Elisir," and now the Met "Favorite" suggests that it is almost true. His voice has got bigger and he himself has got a little smaller, but he was no Fernando. He presented the fellow as an amiable booby. In his singing, there was very little of the grace or the ardent, eloquent expression that the music calls for; in his acting, no trace of a spiritual or even an amatory pilgrimage. There was a large, free, flowing tone, admirable as sound, but many phrases were spoiled by a trick of making loud notes louder still until they were cut short by a sort of blurted explosion. As *il favorito* of an uncritical, adoring public, he poured out his voice prodigally; in the London recording, he shows rather more feeling for sense and style. Milnes was nearly an impressive Alphonso: he was "impressive" in a generalized way,

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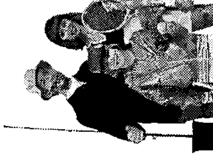

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and seemed to need stronger musical and dramatic direction to focus his imagination on details that make Alphonso a distinct character, not just another *baritono nobile*. Balthazar, who must thunder anathema through the second-act finale, calls for a stronger, deeper bass than Bonaldo Giaiotti's.

PERHAPS the Met should invite Eve Queler to take charge of its "Favorite," for she certainly knows how to present a work in the best possible light. Whenever I have heard her tackle a score that I previously admired only up to a point (Berlioz's "Lélio," "La Favorite," Verdi's "I Lombardi"), her advocacy has shifted that point so as to make admiration more nearly complete. Whenever I have heard her tackle a score that I already loved almost without reservations (Smetana's "Dalibor," Weber's "Oberon"), she has confirmed and deepened the love and lessened the reservations. Her conducting technique may look awkward, but to singers, players, and chorus it plainly conveys a feeling for the right pace, for telling colors, for breathing as if with the composer's own breaths. "Oberon" she conducted in Carnegie Hall, with the Opera Orchestra of New York, two days after the Met's first "Favorite," and thus tardy recognition was made of the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Weber's death, in 1826—widely commemorated elsewhere but in America almost ignored. (Let us hope that 1986, the bicentenary of his birth, will bring "Der Freischütz," "Euryanthe," and "Oberon" back to the New York stage.) "Oberon" is not easy to produce. James Robinson Planché's libretto is a mess, and many have echoed Tovey's regret that Weber should have "poured his last and finest music into this pig-trough." But it is not quite as bad a libretto as people who know it only by report have made out. When Covent Garden, in 1824, commissioned a work from the leading German opera composer of the day, two subjects were proposed, "Faust" and "Oberon," and Weber chose the latter as being, in his son's words, "so completely congenial to the very essence of his genius." He knew Christoph Martin Wieland, whose "Oberon" (1780) is a long narrative poem of considerable delicacy and charm and some humor—it can still be enjoyed in the very readable translation by William Sotheby (1798), which served as Planché's source—and one apt for operatic conversion.

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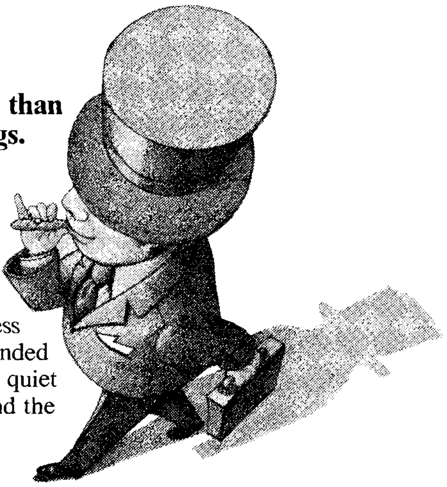
ed Charlemagne, who enjoins him to burst into the Caliph of Baghdad's court at high festival, kill the man on the Caliph's left, and claim the Caliph's daughter with three kisses. On the way to Baghdad, Huon is befriended by Oberon, who gives him a magic horn, and by its help he accomplishes his triple task. (The horn sets all the infidels dancing; Wieland also provided source material for "The Magic Flute.") But on the way to Rome and marriage Huon and his Reiza "taste ere time the sweet forbidden fruit," and Oberon withdraws his patronage. The lovers are cast on a desert isle and pass three years there in a simple, industrious, penitently chaste life, together with a hermit; there little Huonet is born, painlessly, under fairy anesthetic. About halfway through, Wieland introduces a new character—Titania, who befriends the young unmarried mother—and, rather suddenly, a new theme: that Oberon has forsworn his queen until there can be discovered a pair whose union can "fate's severest stroke sustain" and who "truth prefer mid tort'ring fires to syren pleasure on a profferr'd throne." Pirates take Reiza to Tunis; Oberon's art takes Huon there. Each is offered a throne at the price of infidelity but prefers a pyre. At the last moment, their constancy is rewarded by Oberon's intervention. He is reunited with Titania, and the lovers go off in triumph to Charlemagne.

A good story. Planché, Covent Garden's house librettist and the author of some two hundred stage pieces, changed it. He began with Oberon's "fatal vow," cut Huonet, the hermit, and the island idyll, and altered the motivation so that the lovers' tribulations become trials deliberately set them by Oberon. On the "Entführung" model, Planché contrived a sub-affair between Huon's lusty squire, Sherasmin (an old man in Wieland), and Reiza's merry attendant, Fatima. He rejected the charge brought by Weber's son that the drama is vitiated by the lovers' ability to summon supernatural aid whenever they are in a tight spot. That is true only of Huon's first exploit. Otherwise, their ordeals, more varied and picturesque than Tamino's and Pamina's, are, as Planché indignantly and fairly retorted, "among the severest known to humanity—shipwreck on a desolate island—separation—slavery—temptation in its most alluring forms, and the imminent danger of death in the most fearful manner." And all these when they are "utterly hopeless of fairy aid."

This is also a good story for an op-



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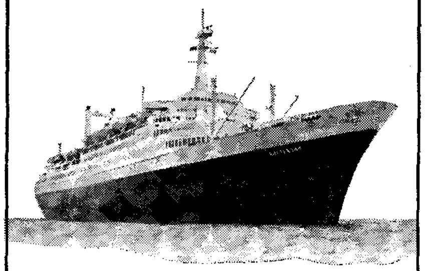

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era. The trouble is that Planché told it almost entirely in spoken dialogue—blank verse for the fairies, prose for the mortals—since, as he later explained in his memoirs:

> Ballads, duets, choruses, and glees, provided they occupied no more than the fewest number of minutes possible, were all that the playgoing public of that day would endure. A dramatic situation in music was . . . inevitably received with cries of 'Cut it short!' from the gallery.

Weber regretted "the intermixing of so many principal actors who do not sing" and "the omission of the music in the most important moments," but he thoroughly approved the Covent Garden décor and stage machinery (in providing for much scenic transformation, Planché was being true to his subject), and, as I wrote eleven years ago, he was compelled to conjure up Wieland's three different worlds—the enchanted, the chivalric, and the Oriental—in tiny space. Into numbers sometimes only a few measures long he packed his memorably vivid, delicate inventions, making every fine touch of harmony and instrumentation tell. "Oberon" is the most concentrated and the most beautiful of his scores. When he was given a chance to expand—in the overture, the chorus and storm, "Ocean! Thou mighty monster," and the three act finales—he wrote marvellously gripping dramatic music, but his short pieces are more wonderful still.

There have been many attempts to improve the dramaturgy. For the Met, Artur Bodanzky made a version with sung recitatives which held the stage for three seasons, 1918-21. (Reiza was Rosa Ponselle's second Met role; Martinelli sang Huon.) In 1967, I saw within a few days three different productions of the opera. The Dresden State Opera used an edition by Horst Seeger (at that time Felsenstein's dramaturge), who tidied the plot but disordered the music. Nottingham University added to Weber the melodramas that Mahler composed to underpin the spoken supernatural scenes, and retained enough Planché to expound his whole plot, not just the episodes with music. Cambridge University linked Weber's numbers with dialogue cut to an extent that made the abruptness absurd. After seeing those productions and looking through half a dozen other editions, I became convinced that the way to "save" the opera is not to reshape it but to accept, for better for worse, the original pantomime that Weber turned into poetry. Today, Planché's diction even has a certain period charm. "Oberon" needs only to be superbly

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well acted, sung, and played, and elaborately staged with every magical trick in the book. I have gone into this detail about it because Miss Queler's concert performance must have whetted many appetites for a full-scale production.

The Opera Orchestra company did just the musical numbers (and did them, for no good reason, in German translation), but listeners were handed a printed libretto containing just enough Planché to provide an immediate context for each item. The straight-through performance of the score, act by act, unbroken by narration or dialogue, focussed attention on Weber's leitmotif technique; in ever-changing guises, the call of the magic horn winds through most of the movements. Reiza was sung by Betty Jones, replacing Roberta Knie. She was secure and powerful, a sound musician and a reliable singer. The tone was not exactly beautiful, but the music was all there, clear, definite, and expressively shaped. The role is hard to cast; it needs a Donna Anna who can be as gentle and tender as Agathe in "Der Freischütz." Sir Huon must be a Max in "Der Freischütz," a Rienzi, and a Don Ottavio in one; few singers fit the bill as well as Nicolai Gedda. Even if his sustained high notes were hard and screamy, they were well controlled. He gave a brilliant account of the fiendishly difficult rondo "I revel in hope and joy again," which was omitted in the three 1967 productions and is also omitted, by Placido Domingo, in the Deutsche Grammophon recording. Julia Hamari, the Fatima of that set, repeated her supple, attractive, but, except in the "Araby" aria, not quite twinkly enough performance. The loveliest singing of the evening came from Carmen Balthrop as she voiced the mermaid's "witching strain" in smooth, limpid tones. Anne Pinsker, first cello, and Paul Ingraham, first horn, deserve special mention. The singing of the Dessoff Choirs was sure. Miss Queler chose the original, mixed-voice version of the houris' chorus; during rehearsals Weber rearranged the number, more aptly, for female voices. The whole evening was a pageant of enchantments as Miss Queler's baton, like Oberon's wand, transported us by means of Weber's music from flowery bank to foaming river and glittering minarets, to tempest, glorious sunset, and gently lapping waves where mermaids float on the sea and sing in the moonlight—and as, against these backgrounds, the noble pair sang their songs of hope, fear, and steadfast love, and their attend-

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ants sang their songs and duet of simple, uncomplicated pleasures. The first-act finale, where Reiza's "O my wild, exulting soul" wings out toward freedom while the music of the Turkish patrol plods and grinds across the stage, is one of opera's great moments.

THE day after "Oberon," the Juilliard School's opera training department put on a captivating account of Cavalli's "La Calisto," in the performing edition made by Raymond Leppard for Glyndebourne in 1970. It was described as a workshop production, and the costumes and scenery were assembled from in-house materials, but it was a full performance, lovingly and carefully rehearsed, not a sketch for one. Calvin Morgan's décor boasted an aerial car, a grotto plashy with living waters, and flying devices that enabled Jove and Callisto (as her name is usually spelled) to sing their final duet floating in midair, on their way to the stars. Giovanni Faustini's libretto is a mythological extravaganza. Jove, disguised as his daughter Diana, seduces Diana's favorite nymph, Callisto. Diana is having a secret and tender affair with the shepherd Endymion. Wandering around Arcady, the nymph, the shepherd, Pan (who is in love with Diana), and—indistinguishable—Diana and Jove-as-Diana have plentiful opportunities for mismeeting and mismating. The jealous Juno arrives in a blaze of fury, complaining that Jove gets back to Olympus at night too tired to be of any use to her. A sexy little satyr advances upon Lymphaea, an elderly nymph of Diana's, bored with her virgin state, and is rejected, he claims, only because his little *coda* is still so small and tender. In revenge, he calls his elder brothers, who gather for a scene of gang rape. It is a frankly bawdy libretto—and yet the opera proves extraordinarily poetic and touching. Leppard has added romance in the form of two extra arias for Diana—"Ardo, sospiro, e piango," from Cavalli's "Artemisia," and "Amara servitù," from his "Mutio Scevola." Both are pierced by the chromatic stabs of grief that were a Cavalli specialty, and they paint a poignant picture of the virgin goddess racked by love. Yet in "La Calisto" Cavalli was romantic, too. When the little satyr sings of his ancient lineage, the music suddenly becomes proud, grand, and strangely majestic. When Pan's attendants seek to comfort their master for Diana's coldness, it becomes heartbreakingly beautiful. I use the gushy

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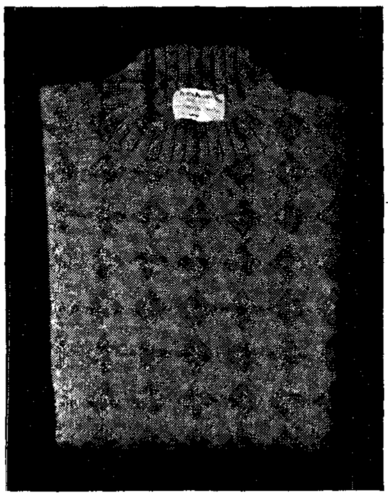

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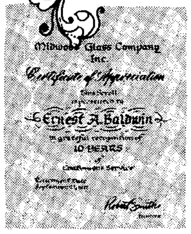

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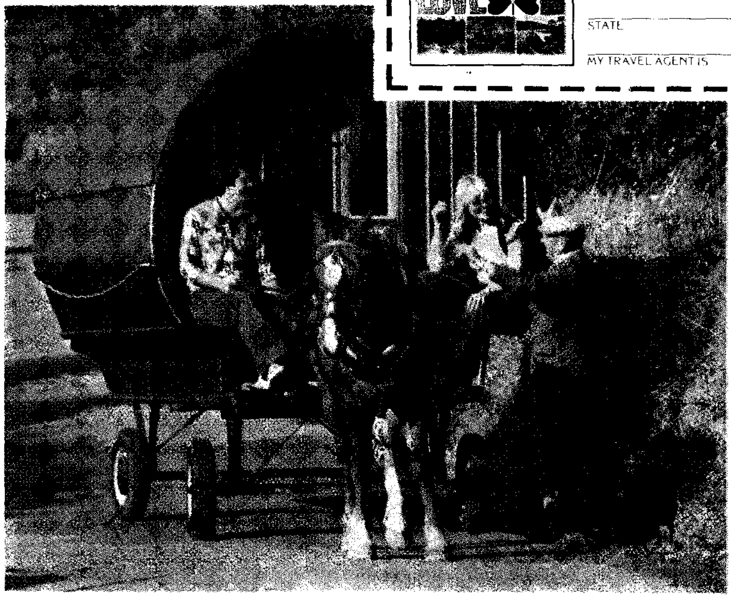

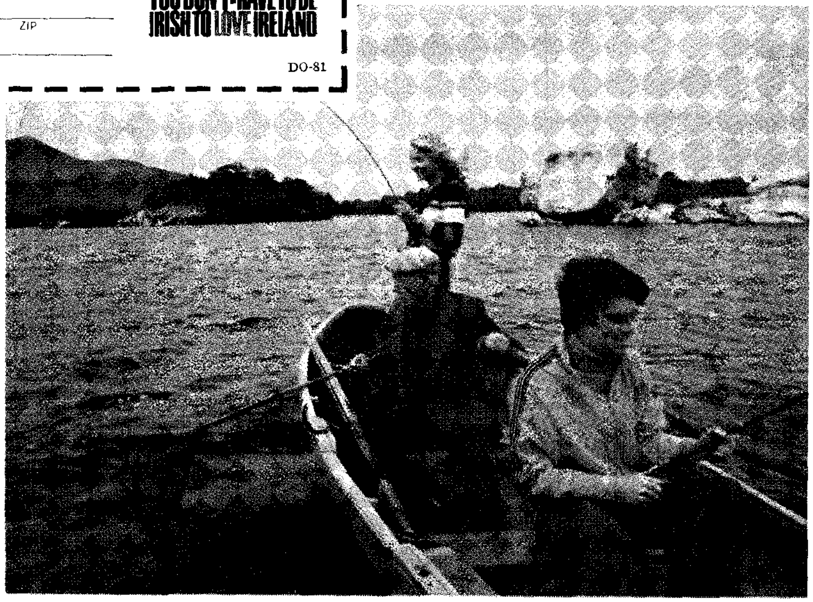

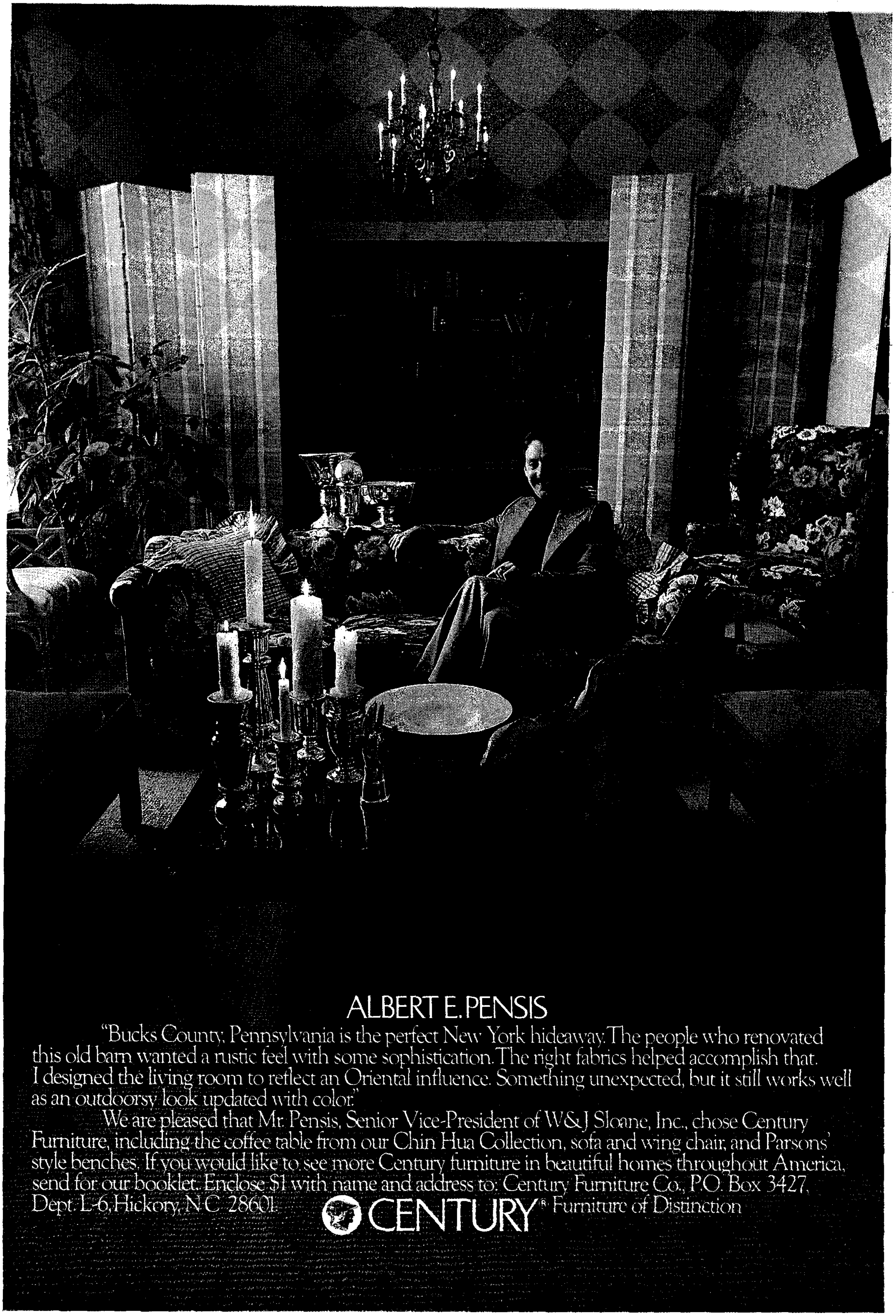

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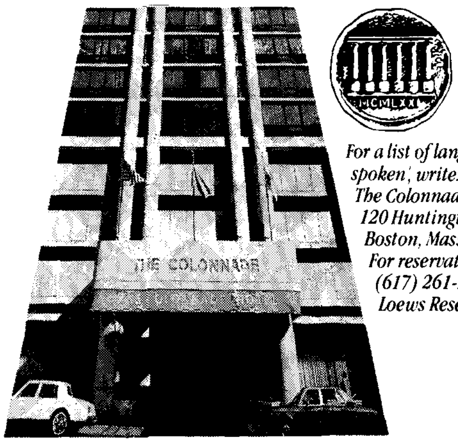
adverb knowing that Leppard himself composed (on Cavalli themes) the melting "Pane, consolati" first-act finale of this version, that he composed (on Cavalli themes) the softly radiant second-act finale, and that he has sentimentalized many of Cavalli's numbers with his singing-strings accompaniments. A glance or two at Cavalli's score is enough to show that, besides adding, Leppard has cut, trimmed, transposed, and shuffled. In time, the Cavalli-Leppard "Calisto" will no doubt be placed beside the Gluck-Wagner "Iphigenia in Aulis" and the Mozart-Strauss "Idomeneo" and be studied only as an example of how one century brought the works of another century to performance. But since, like them, it is an act of restoration undertaken with admiration, love, understanding, and high musical skill—and since, if my memory of the original score is correct, Leppard has not, as in his Monteverdi realizations, destroyed any careful dramatic patterns—I cannot but be grateful for his "Calisto." It would have been more adventurous of the Juilliard to bring one of Cavalli's unfamiliar operas to the stage ("Eliogabalo" awaits its world première, and there is a score in New York) and to create a performing edition of its own instead of reproducing one devised for the voices and temperaments of Janet Baker (Diana and Jove-as-Diana), Ileana Cotrubas (Callisto), and Hugues Cuénod (Lymphaea), and divided for the two-act evening, interrupted by dinner, that suits Glyndebourne best. But, having chosen "La Calisto," it did very well by it.

Martin Isepp, the director of the department, conducted (at the Glyndebourne première of the piece he played the harpsichord), and he drew sensitive, stylish phrasing from his singers and players. The outstanding performers in the first of two casts were Gail Dobish, clear, bright, and charming in the title role; Linda Wall, a commanding Juno; and, as Endymion, James Justiss, a pure, even countertenor. David Ostwald, the director, occasionally let his singers fall into boompsadaisy student heartiness, but most of the time he kept them on the tricky stylistic tightrope they must tread if "La Calisto" is to be at once entertaining and profound. The opera was sung in Geoffrey Dunn's neat, witty English translation.

Tovey, in his essay on the "Oberon" overture, tells of three good ideas that Weber discerned in Planché's pantomime and "promptly turned into



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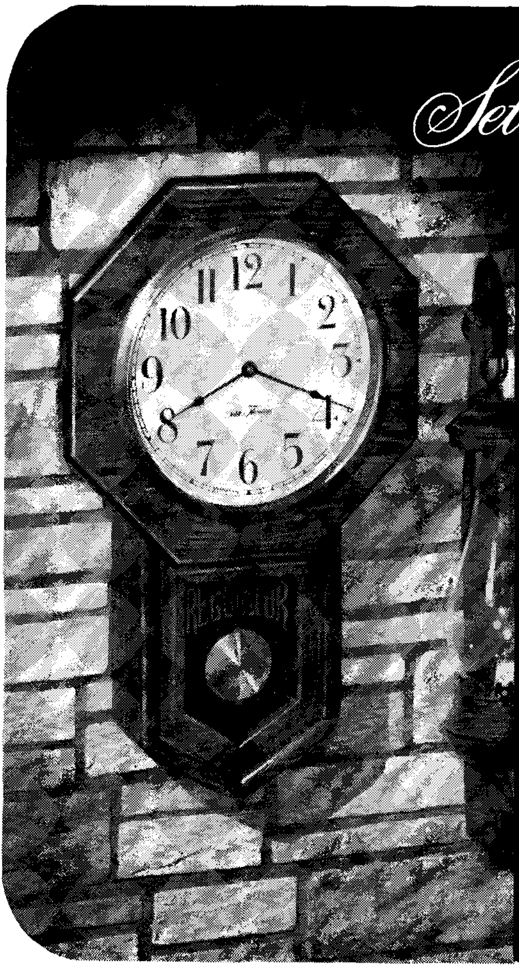

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traits of genius": Oberon's horn, which is "capable of real poetic power" ("When it sounds, we see and hear as if space were annihilated; and everything becomes exquisitely clear and tiny, because its immense remoteness is that of our own inmost soul"); the vision of human love awakening (which brings "the revelation to Sir Huon the Bold of something better in life than boldness"); and—an idea that "even in its crudest manifestations is a sure mark of greatness in the artist who ventures to use it"—"the conviction that 'the light of common day' is not a thing to be blasphemed." "La Calisto" is a set of variations on the expression of a single idea: that love, shattering barriers of caste, creed, and convention, can make men and women break their vows, forget their duty, and tread strange paths of ecstasy, despair, and self-discovery. "La Favorite" as Donizetti composed it was another expression of that idea: set in Spain, and not Arcady; clad in the elaborate trappings of *grand opéra*, and not rendered with seventeenth-century directness and wit. At the Met, that idea is lost in an empty display of costumed vocalism. There are people who do not take opera seriously. The performance of "La Favorite" may show why, but the performances of "Oberon" and "La Calisto" showed that they are wrong.

—ANDREW PORTER

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Charm

COMING across the restless, insistent, and absolutely first-rate George Gershwin tune "Say So!" for the first time, on a new record called "These Charming People" (RCA ARL 1-2491), was as pleasant and surprising as discovering an overlooked short story by a favorite author or an unfamiliar turn of a path in Central Park, and I haven't been able to keep the tune out of my head for long since. It was written for a hybrid musical, "Rosalie," for which Gershwin provided only half the score, Sigmund Romberg turning out the rest. (The Gershwins, at work on the songs for "Funny Face" in 1927, received a call from Florenz Ziegfeld to help out on "Rosalie.") "Say So!" has a lyric jointly conceived by Ira Gershwin and P. G. Wodehouse, and it may be of some interest that their contribution to this neglected song's "release" (the B in its AABA construction) suggests the origin of the Kalmar-Ruby hit "Three Little Words" of several years later, though, to be sure, such cross-

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references crop up everywhere in popular song. At any rate, "Say So!" is just one of seven Gershwin numbers on "These Charming People," the remainder consisting of two numbers by the team of Wodehouse and Kern, two by that of Rodgers and Hart, and one Harbach-Kern rarity, "Let's Begin."

All the selections are delivered charmingly indeed by the singers, Joan Morris and Max Morath, and their piano accompanist, William Bolcom, whose voice joins theirs in the title song—a tongue-in-cheek piece that the Gershwin brothers set down for "Tip-Toes." Somehow, Miss Morris's trained lyric soprano and the cruder but nonetheless expressive baritone of Morath—he is best known, as I am sure you are aware, as a ragtime pianist and singer and a longtime Scott Joplin advocate, though he has ranged far and wide through America's popular-music past—complement one another nicely, and Bolcom, a classically trained musician who obviously finds a good deal of enjoyment in the popular field, gets in some fancy licks on his own from time to time.

Besides the Gershwin pieces I have mentioned, you'll find these irresistible and relatively unfamiliar works of theirs: the joyously scampering "The Half of It, Dearie, Blues," from "Lady, Be Good!" (though often "jazzy" in his musical outlook, George's association with the blues was a tenuous one, relying almost exclusively on the repeated use of the minor third, or "blue note"); the lovely and contrarily ascending "Feeling I'm Falling," from "Treasure Girl," which I'm afraid I find more affecting in renditions that are smoother than Morath's almost conversational treatment; the teasing "I Don't Think I'll Fall in Love Today," also from "Treasure Girl," and a piece typical of what we have come to consider the innocent musical-comedy world of the twenties; and a pair of songs ("Hang on to Me," from "Lady, Be Good!," and "The Babbitt and the Bromide," from "Funny Face") that I've never really taken to, the former because it strikes me as being commonplace enough to have emerged from almost any corner of Tin Pan Alley rather than the theatre, and the latter because after its novelty wears off its deliberate and repeated platitudes inevitably produce monotonous effect. All the Gershwin songs, incidentally, are from the twenties.

Only one of the others, the Rodgers-and-Hart standard "You Took Advantage of Me," from "Present

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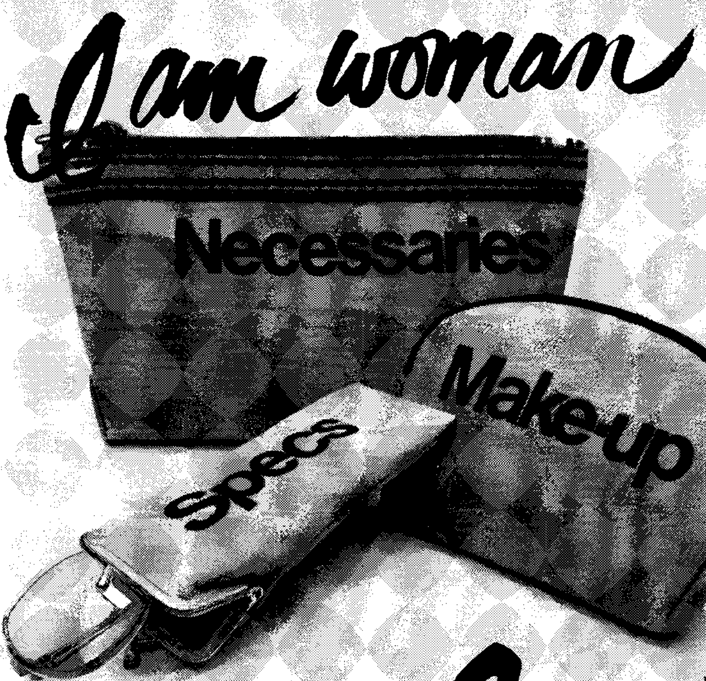

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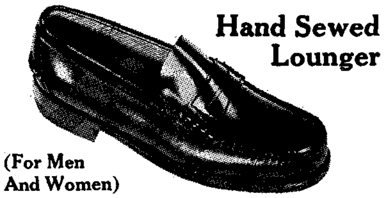

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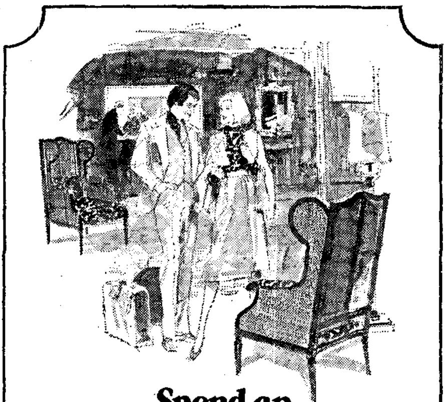
Arms," belongs to that decade. The same team's enduring "There's a Small Hotel" is from the balletic "On Your Toes," of 1936; the Kern-Wodehouse pair, "You Never Knew About Me" and "Till the Clouds Roll By," are out of "Oh, Boy!," of 1917; and the Harbach-Kern "Let's Begin" was part of Kern's prodigal score for "Roberta," in 1933.

By the way, the singers perform the verses as well as the choruses of all the songs they do, and I wished (for perhaps the dozenth time) that the opportunity had been taken to include the delightful "trio" section of "There's a Small Hotel," a work that is said to have been inspired by Hart's stay at a hostelry—still standing, complete with wishing well—called Colligan's Inn, in Stockton, New Jersey.

A couple of tunes from another popular-song recital, "Starting Here, Starting Now" (RCA ABL-2360), have also been running through my mind of late, though perhaps not as assertively as "Say So!" This unassertiveness may help to explain why the musicals for which the majority of the nearly two dozen items on "Starting Here, Starting Now" were set down either died on the road to Broadway or never even reached the production stage. All the numbers are the work of Richard Maltby, Jr., lyricist, and David Shire, composer, and they are performed here by Margery Cohen, Loni Ackerman, and George Lee Andrews—the same forceful and engaging singers who presented them last spring in a midtown theatre-restaurant. To paraphrase Miles Gloriosus, these three are, if not a parade, then a musical in themselves, so merry, exciting, and tender an array of sounds do they make as they thread their way through pieces that possess to a high degree the rhythm, beat, and wit—the special breeziness—of Broadway musical comedy. It is easy, knowing that none of these songs ever made it to Broadway (though several Maltby-Shire songs have made their way onto recordings by Barbra Streisand, Roberta Flack, Pearl Bailey, and other well-known singers), to shrug them off, with the assumption that, while taken all together they offer a ravishing display, they are not quite strong enough individually to register from a Broadway stage, and it may be so. On the other hand, I can easily imagine a scene heightened by a beautiful ballad such as "Autumn," which is sung in this album by Miss Cohen. "Autumn" was Maltby and Shire's first joint effort, written for a musical version of "Cyrano de Bergerac" during



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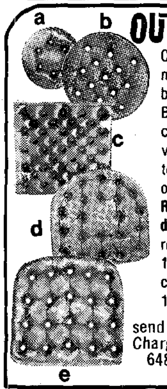

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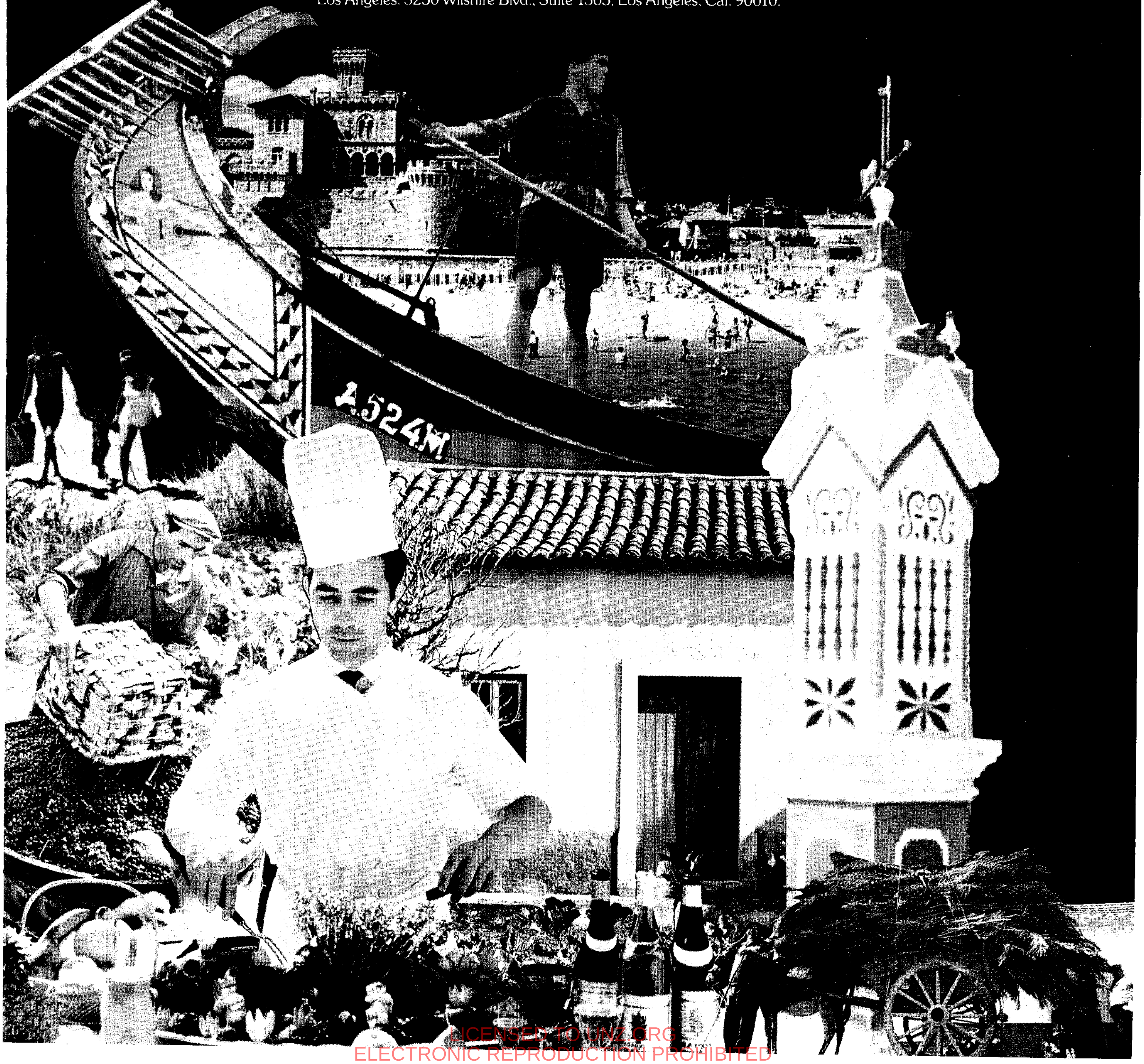

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their junior year at Yale. Another number that seems to me strong enough for the stage is the dazzlingly inventive, witty, and rueful "Crossword Puzzle," also an early piece, which I first encountered, as I recall, in one of those Upstairs at the Downstairs revues years back. It is sung here by Miss Ackerman.

Not only did the team maintain a high standard over the years but it also grew in sureness and skill, and perhaps the most disarming of all the numbers is "Flair," sung by Mr. Andrews, which was written expressly to open the second half of the theatre-restaurant entertainment last year. Elsewhere, there are such striking songs as the bitter, driving "I Don't Remember Christmas" and the grinning "I Hear Bells," with its fresh slant, both of them sung by Andrews; "I Don't Believe It," an expression of doubt about a "perfect" marriage, in which all three singers take part; and a cheerful variation on the old soft-shoe "One Step," again employing all three performers. Yet the sad fact is that Shire has for several years now been living and working on the West Coast, turning out film and television scores, while Maltby has remained in the East, pursuing a career as a stage director. What a pity! For in these songs Maltby reveals himself to be a lyricist with few peers, and Shire shows many facets as a composer.

THE Smithsonian Institution is engaged in what it somewhat formidably terms "archival reconstructions" of songs from musical shows that were produced before anybody thought of recording live performances. For the most part, the albums have been assembled from later recordings of the show tunes. Often, the stars of the shows did single recordings of this or that song, either here or, if a London replica was mounted, across the water, and whenever that happened the Smithsonian uses these renditions. (Sometimes they are the only ones available.) Cole Porter, whose "Anything Goes" is one of the Smithsonian's three initial releases, and George Gershwin, whose "Lady, Be Good!" is another (the "Ziegfeld Follies of 1919" is the third), did some recording, too—Porter providing voice and piano, and Gershwin piano alone, both in solos and as accompaniment—and these performances are also included in the archival reconstructions.

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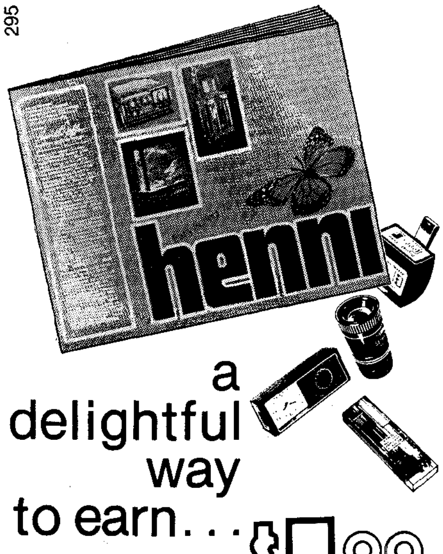

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will find several duplications here) are all right as far as they go, but either they don't go far enough (after all, only the most likely pieces were singled out by recording firms) or they go too far. The "Anything Goes" set contains three separate performances of "You're the Top" (one by Ethel Merman, the show's original female star; one by Jack Whiting and Jeanne Aubert, the London leads; and a third by the composer), and two each of "Blow, Gabriel, Blow" (one by Merman, the other by Aubert) and "Be Like the Bluebird" (one by Sydney Howard, of the British cast, and the other by Porter). And though it's nice to have a Gershwin piano solo of "The Man I Love" (taken down from a 1934 radio broadcast), and though the number *was* written for "Lady, Be Good!," it was dropped from that show and two subsequent ones before any of them reached New York. Still, hearing all those nifty choruses of "You're the Top" (including some special references, such as "Patou" instead of "Bendel," for British audiences) can start one quietly singing that most buoyant and brilliant of show tunes all over again.

"Anything Goes," of course, represents Porter's richest contribution to the musical theatre before "Kiss Me, Kate," and included here, aside from those pieces already mentioned, are such gems as the title number (again in a Porter rendition), "I Get a Kick Out of You," and "All Through the Night." There's also a dialogue scene in the brig of the transatlantic ocean liner that is the show's setting, a colloquy between the hero and the comedian, by Whiting and Howard, and two numbers, "Sailor's Chanty" and "The Gypsy in Me," performed by the show's original male quartet, the Foursome. "The Gypsy in Me" is of particular interest, because it appears to have been a precursor of Porter's "Begin the Beguine," from the following season's "Jubilee."

"Lady, Be Good!" has its repetitions, too: four versions of "Fascinating Rhythm," three of "So Am I," and two of "Oh! Lady Be Good." Still, this compilation of American and British recordings has its special attractions: Gershwin's piano, which is heard a great deal; the piano duo of Ohman and Arden, used for pit embellishments in several shows of the period; and, it goes without saying, the stars, Fred and Adele Astaire. One could certainly do without Cliff (Ukulele Ike) Edwards and a song of his own called "Insufficient Sweetie" (which is

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included in this album because it was part of the original show), but another piece, "I'd Rather Charleston"—a Gershwin tune with a lyric by a man named Desmond Carter which was written for the London production—is fun in a sprightly duet by the Astaires, with Gershwin at the piano.

"Ziegfeld Follies of 1919" is a curio, all right; in fact, since it was a splashy revue depending on its appeal to the eye at least as much as to the ear, and since a great many of the recordings here are of numbers that weren't even in the show, one may wonder why the project was undertaken at all. Well, there are four Irving Berlin songs in the score—"Mandy," "I've Got My Captain Working for Me Now," "You'd Be Surprised," and that crowning glory "A Pretty Girl Is Like a Melody." The original recording of "A Pretty Girl" is used—the one by the tenor John Steel, who introduced the song in the show and whose recording was as popular at the time as a Caruso or McCormack record. For some reason, the female stars—Marilyn Miller was in the show—weren't recorded, nor was Eddie Dowling, who was also in it. But Eddie Cantor and the comedy team of Van and Schenck were. And the famous black entertainer Bert Williams is especially worth hearing, though only one of his many offerings, "The Moon Shines on the Moonshine," was in this "Follies." An additional Williams recording, "Somebody," was obviously written (not by Williams) with his 1905 hit "Nobody" in mind. Another big hit from the 1919 "Follies," "Tulip Time," whose melody you may recognize, is also sung by Steel.

All three Smithsonian recordings, by the way, come with copious background notes and photographs. They may be bought by mail order only—from Smithsonian Customer Service, P.O. Box 10230, Des Moines, Iowa 50336—unless you happen to find yourself in Washington, D.C., where they may be bought at any one of the eight Smithsonian Institution museum shops.

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BOOKS

Telic Reforms

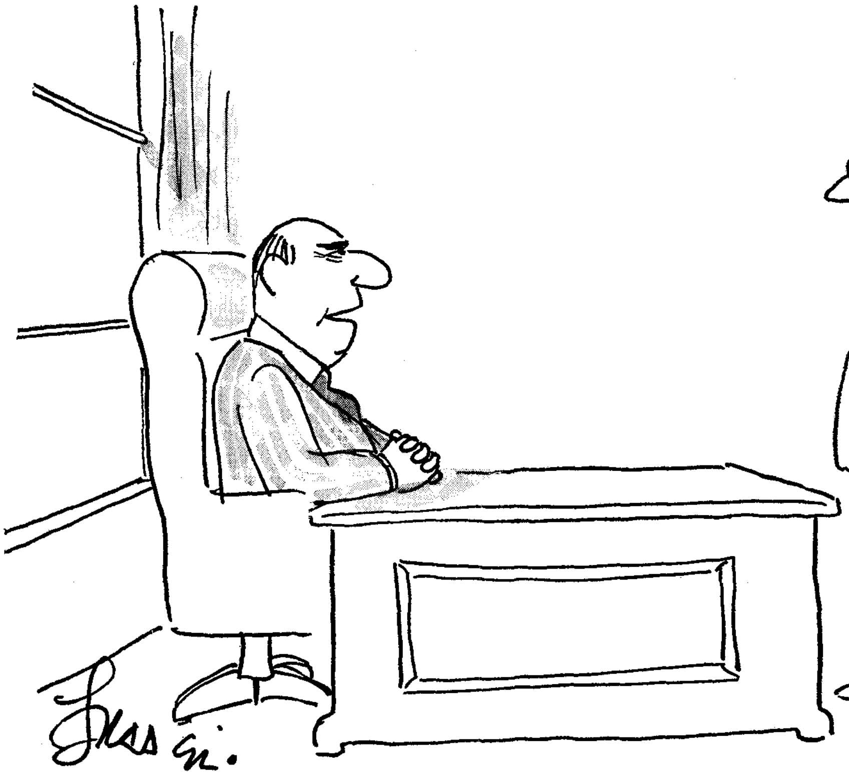
FOR many of us, colleges are not only educational institutions but repositories of hope and faith. We assume that the baccalaureate provides one a chance for a better job, hence a better life. Besides, knowledge is supposed to pave the way for understanding—of others, of the world in general, and, not least, of ourselves. "The Perpetual Dream" (University of Chicago; $15) is an excellent title for the recent book that Gerald Grant and David Riesman have written, for it is an effort to examine closely some of the honorable enthusiasm and optimism generated, as well as some of the banalities and frauds perpetrated, in the name of higher education. The authors are both sociologists. Riesman is a professor at Harvard and has been nationally known and respected for decades; Grant teaches at Syracuse University. The writing in "The Perpetual Dream" is clear and has none of the jargon of sociology, however, and, according to the authors, the book is meant to be "not so much prescriptive as . . . descriptive and analytical."

During a period of seven years, the two observers visited some four hundred colleges and universities. More than thirty campuses, we are told, were studied in a fairly intensive way. About three hundred faculty members were questioned—in many instances repeatedly. As the observers did their work and, later, wrote their book, they maintained contact by phone and correspondence with a substantial number of teachers, deans, and administrators, to whom eventually draft copies of particular chapters were sent for suggestions and corrections. The chapters were then revised and sent out again—an unusual and generous kind of research methodology, and evidence of exemplary interest in what those studied have to say about what has been said of them. The authors were primarily interested in documenting the nature of "telic reforms," defined as "those attempts to change undergraduate education which embody a distinctive set of ends or purposes." They point out that not all the reforms discussed have been carried out extensively or with great public fanfare, but "their impact has been large," in the sense that other colleges, while not necessarily adopting the new methods, have stopped to take notice of them, and have even questioned some of their own assumptions and values.

The first example of "telic reform" that Professors Riesman and Grant discuss at length is the curriculum and general educational atmosphere at St. John's College. (St. John's has two campuses—one in Annapolis, Maryland, and the other in Santa Fe, New Mexico.) This college has experimented with what the authors refer to as a "neoclassical revival." Though some observers consider St. John's "reactionary"—much too preoccupied with the required study of certain "great books"—Grant and Riesman have quite another view: they see the college as "a radical neoclassical experiment whose roots lie in classical humanism—above all, in Plato's Academy." They point out that by ordinary criteria the revival has failed. Many students leave before graduating. By conventional standards, most of the professors are not distinguished scholars; that is, they don't involve themselves in much research and publication—don't achieve a high rate of "scholarly production." And the authors say that many of the students are discontented. But the teachers stubbornly hold to their own standards. According to one instructor:

> Our faculty should be rewarded for refusing to add to the heaps of triviality that often pass as modern scholarship. Too many of the gatekeepers of the modern disciplines are men of limited vision, unfit to judge us. Nor will we pander to students. Many will leave; the way to wisdom is not easy, and few will persevere.

The authors acknowledge a touch of arrogance in such an outlook, but they also tell of a humble, self-effacing side to St. John's College. The teachers defer to the books taught, and consider themselves students only somewhat more advanced than those they are teaching. Plato is the major influence—a levelling presence. There is an ethic in some ways similar to that of a religious order, we are told: "The faculty member . . . is expected to abjure any right to special status because of special knowledge or scholarly competence and to apprentice himself to the college's unique program." There is a strong emphasis on Greek and the classics, though such modern writers and thinkers as Yeats, Baudelaire, Freud, and Einstein have been welcomed aboard. Students are taught how to write clearly and fluently, but the authors, who have read a number of essays by St. John's undergraduates, note that many of them seem to have "difficulty finding their own voice." Perhaps those awesome great books discourage independent literary initiative. Seminars favor what is often called ex-



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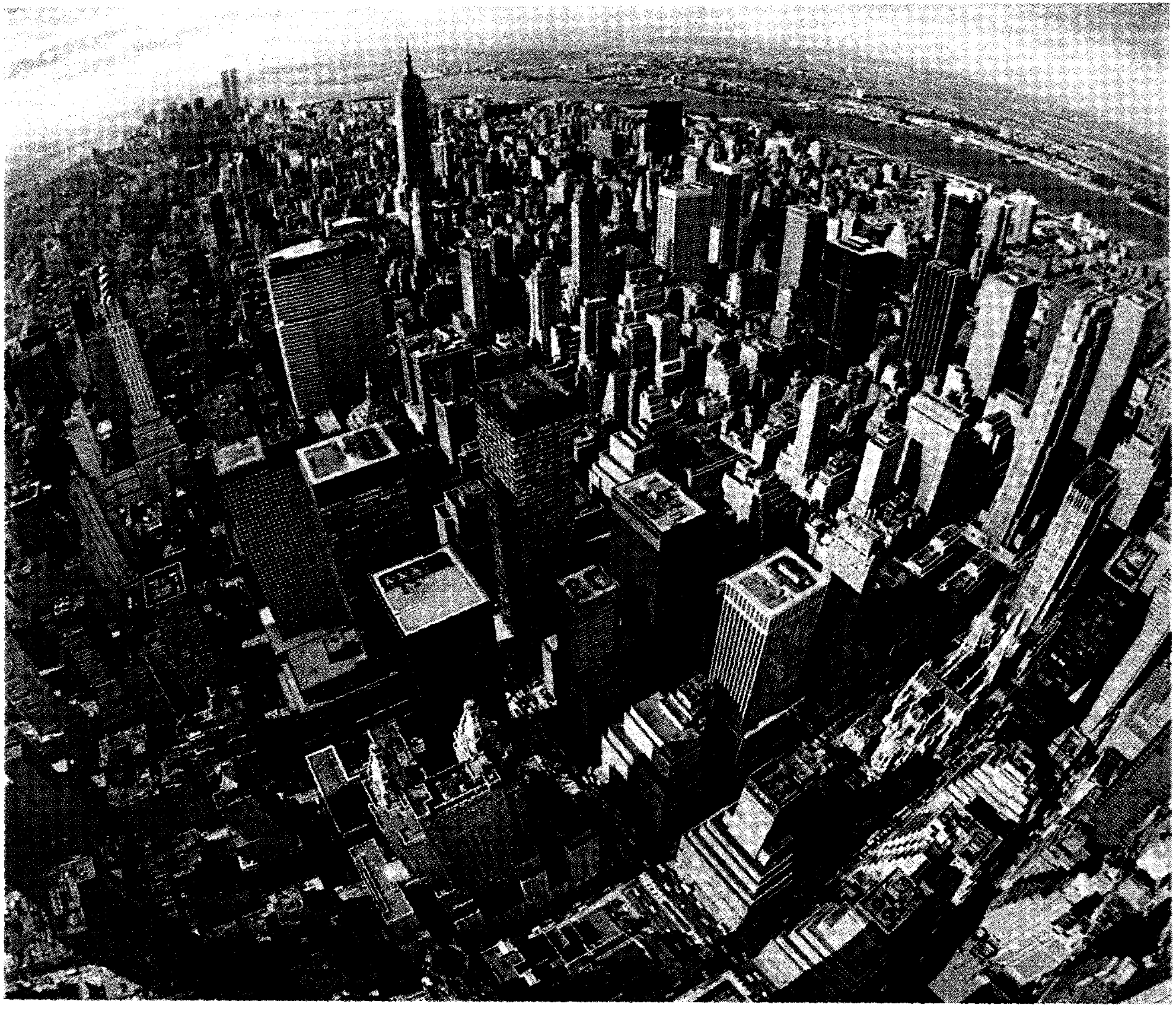

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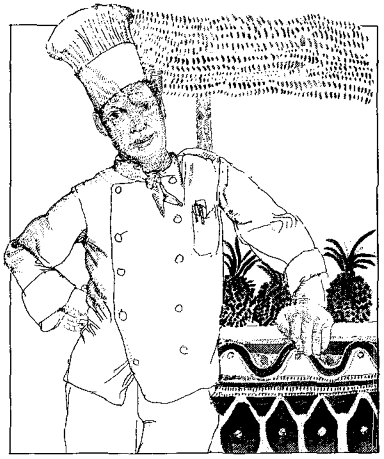

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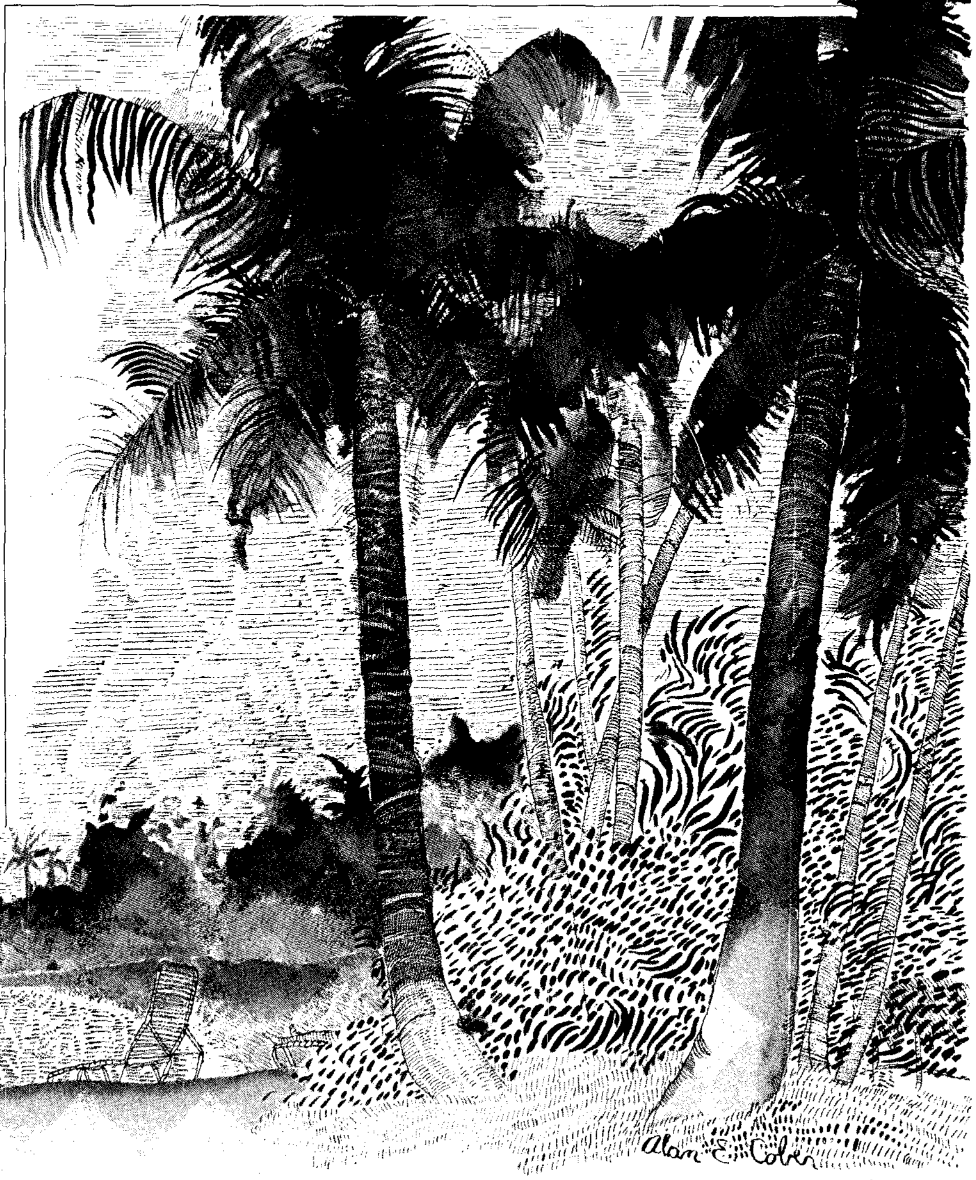

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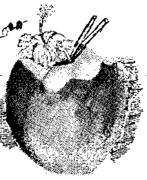

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plication—a direct analysis of whatever text is being studied. The students learn that method well and make it their own. They also learn the importance of moral inquiry and ethical reflection. There is a decided emphasis on what the two sociologists describe as "the development of character." Young people are not asked, as part of the curriculum, to probe their fantasies, dreams, and free associations; they are asked to discipline their thinking and reflect upon the rights and wrongs of the world and how one may try to live a reasonably thoughtful, just, decent life. (Ironically, Plato's "Meno," which is taught to all freshmen, mentions that virtue may not be a quality of mind or spirit which can be taught in a classroom.)

Riesman and Grant are sensitive enough to abstain from judging St. John's by the criteria of our pragmatic, capitalistic twentieth-century society. At one point, they frankly acknowledge that "the only evaluation that matters is one that is nearly impossible to have: what kind of lives do St. John's graduates lead?" We do get an interesting, though anecdotal, evaluation. At a meeting of alumni, an attempt was made to find out how their particular and unusual college education had affected those increasingly removed from it by time. One graduate remarked upon difficulties experienced in his marriage: "You must understand that I am a chicken farmer and in order to make any money raising chickens you must cheat. My wife blames St. John's for the fact that I won't." Not many colleges or graduate schools of law, business, or public administration, one might guess, find alumni making such complaints. Which is not to say that the students at St. John's are moralistic or priggish; on weekends, especially, there is plenty of rock music, beer, pot, and dancing—goodbye for a while to the earnest Socratic ironies of ancient Greece. But there is an unyielding academic insistence on what used to be called "moral scrupulosity," and a concomitant refusal to embrace very much of what other college teachers and students consider important—especially the social sciences. The two social scientists who have written this book worried that such a "latent hostility" toward their kind of work might anger and prejudice them, and, as they tell us, they were closely watched: "The college takes a visitor's measure even more intently than the visitor takes its measure." But there is no sign of bias in this account; in fact, Riesman and Grant acknowledge that the experi-

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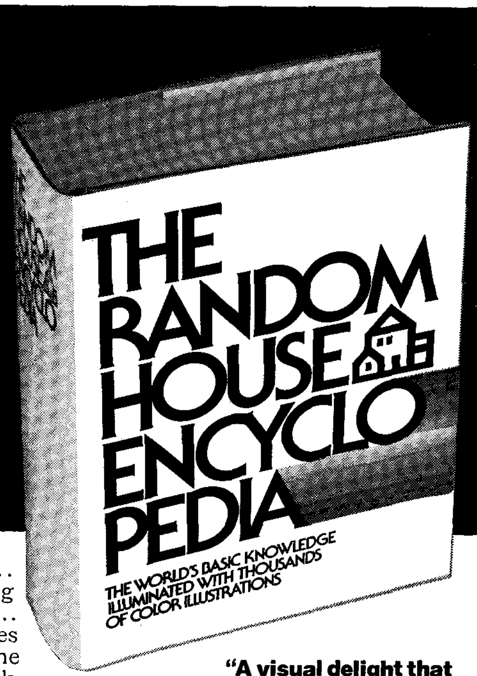
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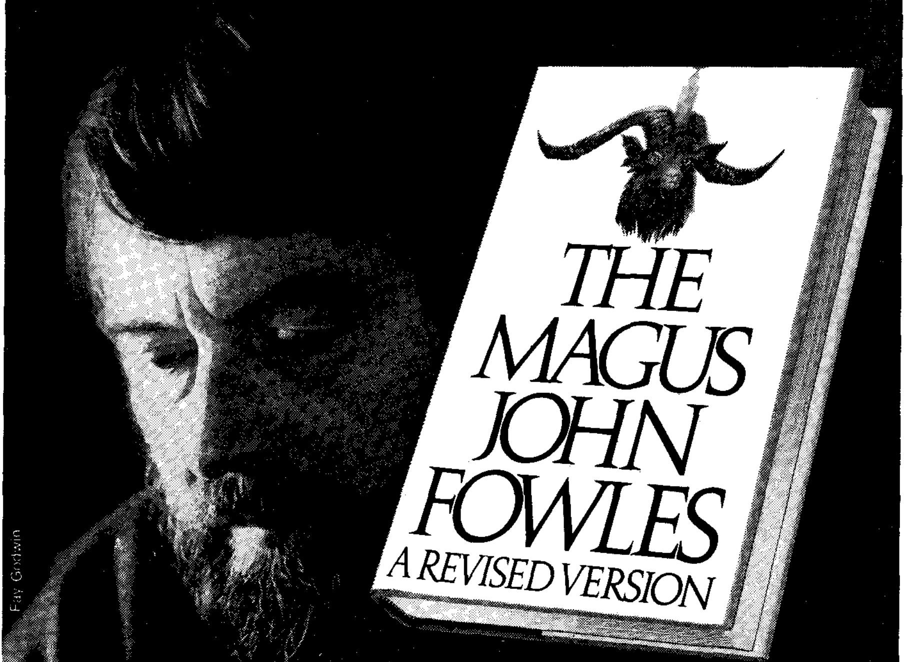

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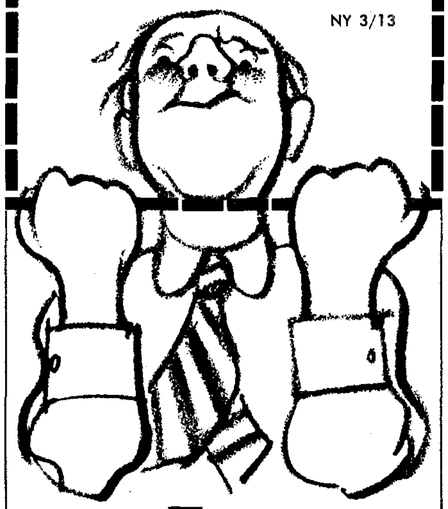

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ment at St. John's, despite instances of smugness or self-importance, represents a brave resistance to a good deal of the uninspired, dreary, and all too lax curricula that these days pass for higher education.

At St. John's, there is much worry about "hubris"—the self-centeredness that each of us struggles against or else permits triumphant assertion. At Kresge College, part of the Santa Cruz campus of the University of California, quite another kind of worry dominates. Kresge is an example of what Grant and Riesman call the "communal-expressive" experiment. The influence that shaped Kresge is briefly summarized in a statement in the 1970 catalogue: *the college was founded in* order to "explore educational innovation through a human relations approach." What are the elements of such an approach? The "patron saint," we are told, was Carl Rogers, the presiding spirit that of an "encounter or sensitivity-training movement," which Rogers did so much to initiate and encourage. We are given other important words, phrases, and clues to the nature of Kresge's ideology: "humanistic psychology;" "barriers to communication," which prevent the best kind of "human interaction;" "a context of personal growth and creativity;" the importance of "intimacy;" the need for each of us to be part of a "community."

The chapter devoted to the rise and partial eclipse of Kresge College is especially compelling and challenging. There is so much to be legitimately doubtful of, to parody, to dismiss outright. Instead, we are offered patient, cogent analysis, and not a little sympathy for a well-meaning desire on the part of teachers and students alike to create a world in which people are less isolated, less competitive, and (sometimes literally) more in touch with each other. In an especially valuable, poignant moment of appraisal, reminiscent of passages in Riesman's "The Lonely Crowd," the founders of Kresge are characterized as in some ways typically American:

> They bespoke the hope and innocence, very "American" in origin, of a nation that has forgotten Calvinism, fatalistic Catholicism and other forms of caution in a country of an open frontier. They reflected an America in which many people believe that character is so malleable that it can really be altered by T-groups or by the National Training Laboratories.

The authors do not question the human capacity for psychological change, but they are skeptical of institutional ef-

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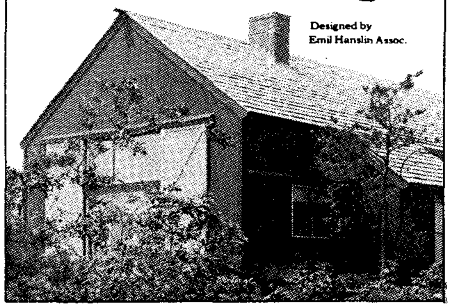

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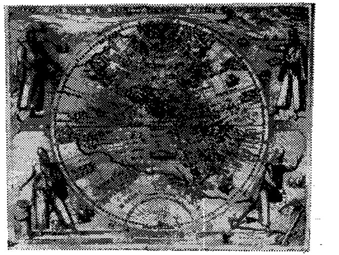

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forts to accomplish what is, after all, a personal matter—the shifting of emotional gears which one or another individual may find it desirable to make. Kresge was founded so that individuals could become part of a so-called community. But antagonisms and splits soon developed. Some students and faculty wanted emphasis placed on "internal states;" others were preoccupied with analyzing "oppressive structures in the real world." And, for all the declarations of love, there was no complete victory over Satan. One student wrote the following in a Kresge newsletter:

> Too often we tend to be of an overly trusting nature toward our fellow humans. The open door policy at Kresge has been a great help in so far as it makes it easier for us to visit each other and borrow things from our friends next door.... The trouble is that in just our small group of apartments we have had about $400 of money and merchandise ripped off due to our gullibility.

Riesman and Grant mention an "evangelistic anti-intellectual romanticism" that developed out of the T-group movement. They also point out that an ethic of love, of "caring," of "expressiveness" is not immune to parochialism, arrogance, and intolerance. Some people are naturally quiet and are inclined to be discreet in the ways they show affection; they aren't eager to share their fantasies, erotic or truculent, with other people; they treasure their privacy; they are even happy as loners or quite satisfied to have one or two friends at most. Should such men and women be regarded as "uptight"—as in need of help, of catharsis? Professors Grant and Riesman are aware of the hypocrisy, the smallness and meanness of spirit to be found occasionally in academic life—the rigid, pompous, self-serving postures that the Kresge experiment, at its best, fought against. Still, one person's liberation can be another's utter turmoil. The ecstasy that some who have belonged to T-groups keep speaking of may well be, in the authors' words, not evidence of "dramatic renewal" but the result of a program that is "constraining and, on occasion, manipulative."

A third kind of reformist impulse has a kind of social manipulation as an avowed purpose—the education of political reformers. New York City's College for Human Services is the institution that Professors Grant and Riesman studied as an example of what they call an "activist-radical" experiment. The aim of the college is to help

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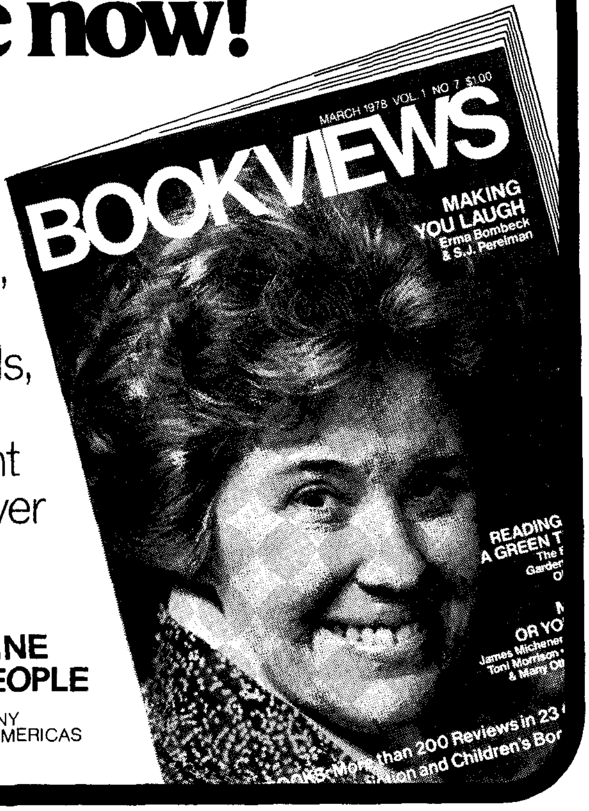

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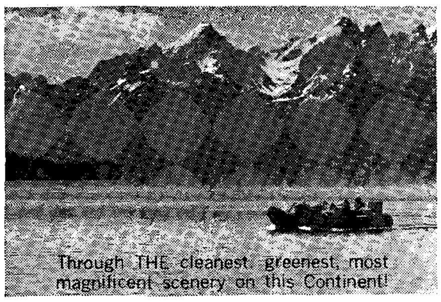

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educate poor and working-class people, mostly through on-the-job experiences. People who were once destined to remain unemployed or, at best, in menial positions are given a chance for more rewarding work by doing certain jobs while also gaining college credits. They work under supervision, and there are, in addition, required courses, and reports to be written or given orally. But, as the authors put it, the admissions process "not only admits a student but, acting as a proxy for various agencies, in effect is hiring him." The college wants to serve the economic and social interests of its students but also aims at changing the professions (medicine, law, nursing, teaching, library work) by making them more open to minority groups—to poor but intelligent people who may not be able to acquire the learning to become, say, lawyers or doctors but who can do important and useful work in clinics and hospitals, in courtrooms, and in places set up to rehabilitate delinquents, addicts, and alcoholics. Men and women down on their luck but eager and street-smart are encouraged to take a chance on themselves, on their learning capacities. Whereas students in more conventional colleges know that a few years down the road their degree will be worth money, social position, and various privileges, the students who attend the College for Human Services (and others like it, in Florida, Pennsylvania, California) learn one advantage of higher education right away—the opportunity to hold an interesting and remunerative job.

There have been disappointments and failures. The professions give a little but are not about to be overwhelmed by the unconventionally trained, by men and women who may know a lot more about "doing" than about theory—the whys, the ifs, and the buts. But the authors are, on the whole, admiring: "The achievements of the College for Human Services, begun by amateurs in rented quarters on short-cycle budgets, are remarkable." The pioneering faculty members of the college, themselves well educated and well-to-do, were rather more patient than other reformers:

> The program took ten years to develop. Not a long time as historians would measure it, but much longer than most contemporary American educational innovators are willing to wait: they expect to have committee meetings this month and a revolution next semester.

The college is visionary, idealistic, and firmly critical, but it is also short on rhetoric and long on specific, concrete

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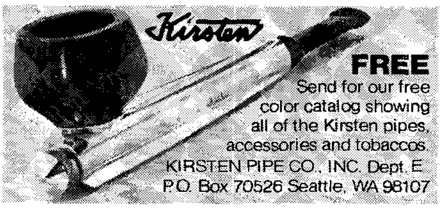

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programs, geared to the limited but expanding horizons of men and women who want to better themselves and are willing and able to do so with their minds as well as their hands. There is, unavoidably, a "tension between knowledge and action": between the intellectual antecedents of the professors—and, for that matter, the scholarly potential of some of the students—and the practical need that these undergraduates (often in their thirties or forties) have for a job, for a reliable source of money. That "tension" has not been resolved, but it does not seem to cause bitterness or cynicism.

The authors demonstrate—in chapters devoted to Florida's New College, at Sarasota, and the various parts of New Jersey's state system—how many dissatisfactions are at work in today's higher-educational institutions: students who yearn for something more than cold, impersonal rote learning, and teachers anxious to challenge the imperatives of departmental territoriality and careerist narcissism. Yet the hegemony of the so-called mega-university by and large goes unchallenged. "Schools, those factories of despair," William Carlos Williams said in his novel "White Mule," and if he has been echoed by those who initiated the reforms described in this book, there is, unfortunately, no prospect that our moral and intellectual landscape will be spared the depressingly dark and sooty clouds that many such "factories" continue to generate—minds in many ways restricted. Gerald Grant and David Riesman would like it to be otherwise for a future generation of American college students and teachers, but they recognize how difficult professional life can be for some of our best teachers, who are often at the mercy of rules and norms established by "giant research-oriented" institutions. It is important, the authors insist, to devise ways in which these teachers can be protected and enabled to pursue their honorable and important objectives on behalf of the many who seek out such teaching.

It is interesting that these two exceptionally sensitive and thoughtful observers mention one "essential condition" if even modest teaching reforms are to be realized—a "deep commitment . . . at the presidential level" of a given college. In our educational institutions, as elsewhere, power has become concentrated in fewer and fewer hands, and so there is little chance that broadly based reforms will be generated by ordinary people. As has often been the case, our colleges and universities now

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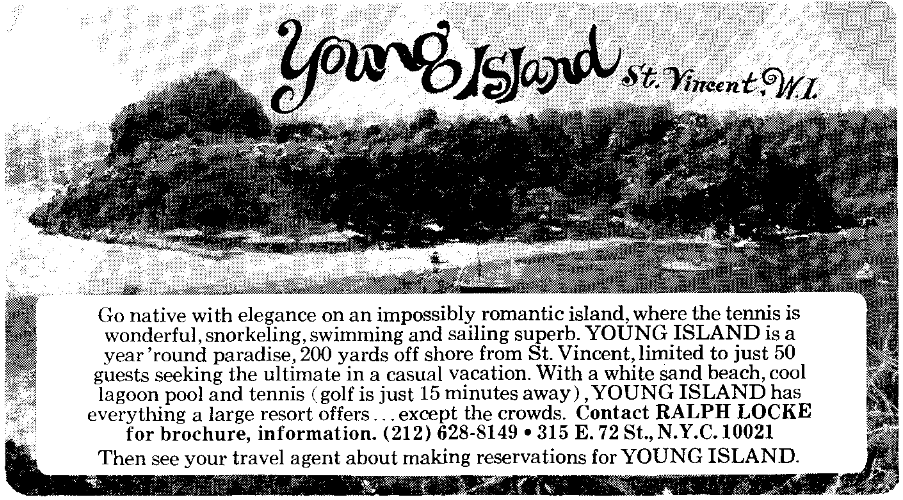

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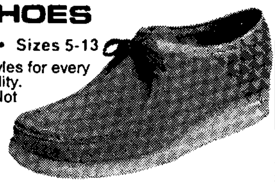

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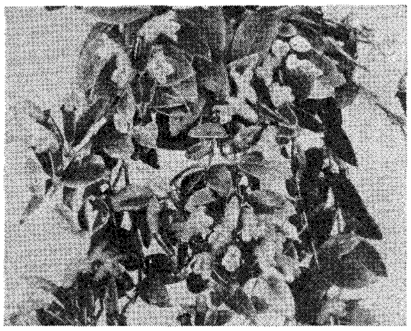

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FICTION

TRANSATLANTIC BLUES, by Wilfrid Sheed (Dutton; $9.95). Mr. Sheed's new novel makes one think a little of "Krapp's Last Tape": it is a fictional autobiography in the form of a confession spoken into a tape recorder in the hope of personal absolution by one Pendrid (Monty) Chatworth, a television talk-show celebrity and an Americanized English Roman Catholic who is sick of his faith ("I am a Catholic. I am a Catholic. I am a man saying he is a Catholic"), sick of his work, sick of his split nationality. In Chatworth's self-revulsion at the adulation he inspires in his audiences, it also makes one think a little of "Miss Lonelyhearts": "Praise tastes passing sour as it leaves; the lies lose their candy flavor and reveal their strychnine base. Those people don't love me; they are sending me their sickness." But these, of course, are only fleeting resemblances. Mr. Sheed's gallows humor is entirely his own, both in its blackness ("Being Chatworth all the time is like trying to keep a straight face in church") and in its humor (as when he justifies having a child by arguing that there is a need for intelligent children to carry on the cause of population control), and he speaks in a voice that—like the voice with which Chatworth is cursed—pierces us to the bone.

INJURY TIME, by Beryl Bainbridge (Braziller; $7.95). Edward Freeman is a married, muddleheaded English tax accountant and the feckless, if loyal, lover of Binny, a harried, divorced, irascible mother of three. Binny is tired of meeting only Edward's pub friends, and demands an intimate supper with some of his more legitimate friends—i.e., a married couple. Edward reluctantly provides a couple; Binny, who is no cook and a casual housekeeper at best, provides the burnt lamb chops and baked apples; and a hideous evening ensues, which is topped off by the bursting in upon the scene of a gang of bank robbers. The story has some wonderfully comic moments and, until the entrance of the robbers, reads like a kind of declawed "Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?" After that, alas, it deteriorates badly into an awkward cops-

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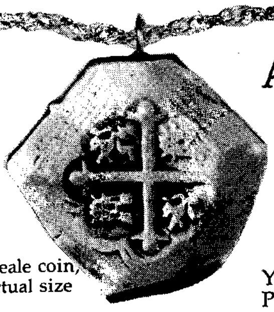
and-robbers drama that keeps the author's gift for madcap dialogue sadly in the background.

GENERAL

MISSING PERSONS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY, by E. R. Dodds (Oxford; $13.50). The author, born in 1893 in Protestant Ireland to an alcoholic schoolmaster father and a driving mother, is emeritus Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford, and this short book is a reflective review of his superficially uneventful life. It is, surprisingly, a stirring memoir. Mr. Dodds' experiences outside his academic circle are interesting—a few weeks as a paramedic in Serbia during the First World War, some parlor revolutionizing in Dublin in 1916-18, a good-will visit to Chiang Kai-shek's China in the Second World War ("It was the Middle Ages with electric light and no Pope")—and he counted among his friends a number of well-known figures: Yeats, Lennox Robinson, James Stephens, T. S. Eliot, Arnold Toynbee, Isaiah Berlin, W. H. Auden, and, most particularly, Louis MacNeice. But the strength of his self-portrait (and it is a photographic likeness) lies in his ability to communicate the feeling of a real life being lived—a life shaped, like most of our lives, as much by chance as by opportunity. "One incident follows another without logical or psychological reason," he observes in needless embarrassment. "People and places drift in and out of the story, play for a time what looks like becoming a major role, then recede into the shadowy background out of which they came."

THE ROMANCE OF AMERICAN COMMUNISM, by Vivian Gornick (Basic Books; $10). The raw material of this book comes from interviews with forty-seven former Communists. None was merely a parlor pink or simply a fellow-traveller; most were Party functionaries or officials, and all were, for a time, wholly dedicated to the American Communist Party. The author stresses her sources' variety of origin and experience: black and white; Catholic, Protestant, and Jewish; immigrant and native American; rural and urban upbringings; childhoods of poverty, comfort, and even wealth. She also goes beyond these crude demographic classifications to show us their individuality—the diversity of their temperaments and talents, of their reasons for joining and leaving,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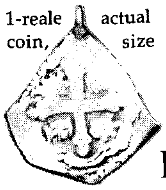
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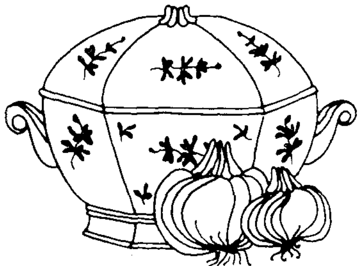

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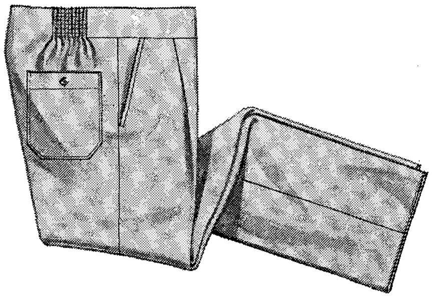

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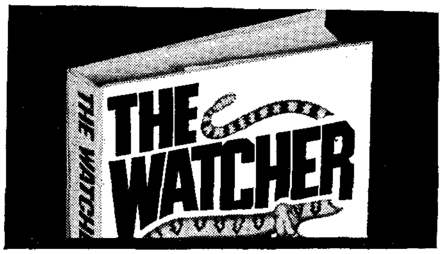

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and of their retrospective feelings about the years they gave to the Party. The reader can spot at least one reason for the failure of American Communism: the Party's insistence upon robotlike conformity from such a heterogeneous group of human beings.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE DARK GODDESS, by Marvin H. Albert (Doubleday; $10). The wife of a Nobel Prize-winning American historian is kidnapped by the Russians. The historian, who has the ear of the President of the United States, is told that if his wife is to remain alive he must pass along whatever secret information he gleans from his frequent meetings with the President. The historian is deeply in love with his wife, whom he met late in life, so he reluctantly agrees to the scheme, but not without launching a counter-plan of his own. Another counter-plan is hatched by the C.I.A., which has caught a whiff of strange goings on from its East European operatives. Mr. Albert is equally adept at character portrayal, narrative, and believable descriptions of the latest gewgaws of espionage, and this *extremely suspenseful book purrs along* like a machine. A Literary Guild selection.

THE JUDAS PAIR, by Jonathan Gash (Harper & Row; $8.95). The antiques trade—part profession, part passion, part swindle—lends itself very nicely as the setting for crime and detection, and Mr. Gash, himself an amateur antiquarian, makes the most of his possibilities in this English thriller. The title refers to a pair of Regency duelling pistols that may or may not exist. A certain Lovejoy, of Lovejoy Antiques, Inc., finds himself curiously commissioned to track down these reportedly exquisite machines. The action, though lively enough, is less diverting than the cornucopia of esoteric trade information that Mr. Gash pours out along the way.

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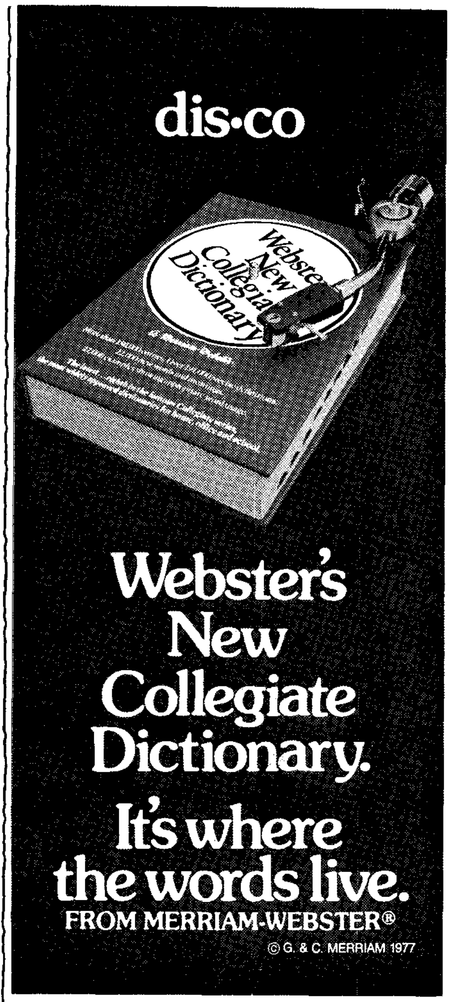

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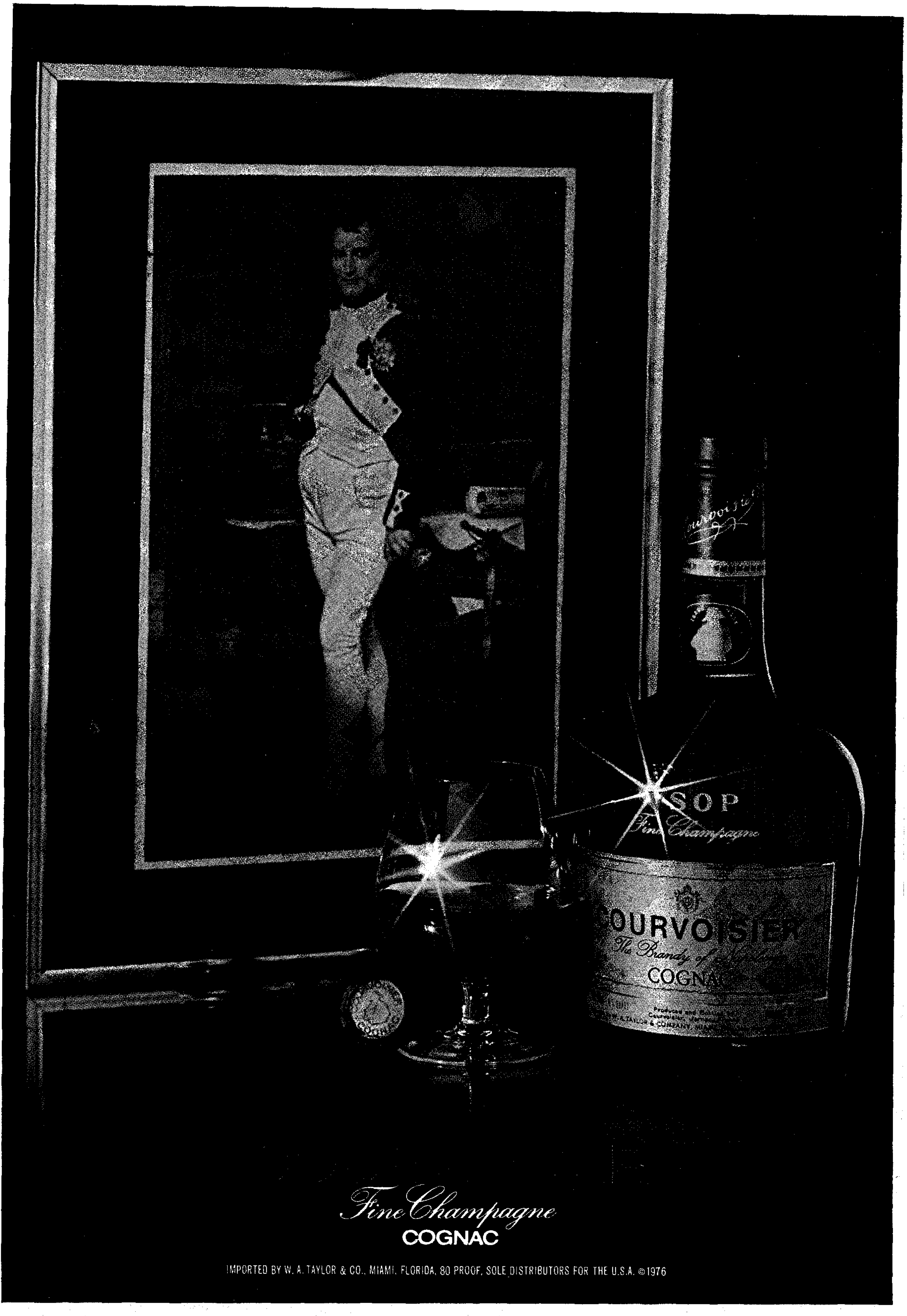
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